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FROM

APOLLYONVILLE

TO THE

HOLY CITY.

A POEM.

BY THE

REV. J. S. ALLEN,

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

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## PREFACE.

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In offering this Poem to the reading public we make no apology. The writing of it has spread over two years and has been prosecuted under all the varying circumstances incident to the working of a Circuit, second to none in the Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island for the number of preaching places and the distances to be travelled. The intelligent reader will doubtless find many things capable of great improvement. At no distant date we hope to find time for a thorough revision of the entire Poem.

THE AUTHOR.





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## PROLOGUE.

By Fate the bards have been ensnared  
Upon the couch the muse prepared,  
Who over them her pinions spread,  
And placed her hand beneath their head,  
That, sweetly they might take repose,  
As inspiration from her flows.  
Her golden chain their senses bound,  
Until within the spell profound,  
Their captive souls were all on fire,  
And visions did their hearts inspire.  
The outer world was lost to view ;  
Material things dispers'd as dew  
That flees before the burning ray,  
Sent by the Monarch of the day.  
With mystic bonds the will was chain'd ;  
Invention over reason reign'd—  
Imagination burst her cell,  
And like the partridge from the shell,  
She rambled thro' the great unknown,  
And makes its treasures all her own.  
With all these floral treasures sweet,  
And goodly pearls stor'd at their feet,  
They bid us come and fear no harm,  
Then o'er us throw the veil-like charm ;

And bind us with their chains of gold,  
And hold us firm with fold on fold.  
As thro' their being flames the fire,  
Which more and more their thoughts inspire,  
Their numbers roll in strains sublime,  
And thoughts take form in burnish'd rhyme.  
Heroic deeds of warriors great,  
Who show'd their might on fields of fate,  
Resplendent stand before our eyes,  
Like stars that shine in cloudless skies.  
And orators with silvery tongue,  
Who o'er the soul the spell have flung,  
Which multitudes have captive led,  
Before us pass with silent tread.  
The statesmen of stupendous powers,  
Whose heads above the nation towers ;  
Whose smiles with peace the nations crown,  
But war attends whose fatal frown,  
Before us stand adorn'd with fame,  
Or subjects of reproach and shame.  
Astronomers, who sweep the skies,  
At whose command new worlds arise ;  
And proud philosophers have been  
Full orb'd cast on the poets screen.  
Musicians, who with voice and lyre,  
Have filled the soul with magic fire,  
Transformed have stood before our eyes,  
Like cherubim just from the skies.  
Forgotten, sculptors have not been,  
Who in the unhewn rock have seen

The angel form with beauty graced,  
Which by consummate skill was traced;  
And patriots, whose native land  
Has call'd forth love intense and grand :  
While kings, who have the sceptre borne,  
And jewelled crowns with pride have worn,  
Are made immortal by their song,  
Altho' in death they've slumber'd long.  
And cities grand have been portray'd,  
With all their mingled light and shade.  
Before our gaze their domes arise,  
Their battlements mount to the skies.  
As in a mirror we behold,  
Their palaces of gems and gold,  
And street, and mart, and theatre,  
And mighty multitudes astir ;  
While massive walls on every side  
Lift up their towers of strength and pride.  
And as we hear the numbers roll,  
The mystic flame darts thro' our soul ;—  
With subtle heat our spirits glow,  
The frost-bound hills begin to flow,  
Until imagination's powers  
Begin to paint their beauteous flowers.  
As thro' her mystic lens we gaze,  
We fill with wonder and amaze,  
To see how mighty empires rise,  
And spread abroad 'neath laughing skies,  
And like a giant in his might,  
Have smiled complacent with delight.



But soon their mighty sceptre broke,  
And startled and dismay'd they woke  
From gorgeous dreams on fancy fed,  
To find the crown had left the head;—  
The tide of greatness ceas'd to flow,  
The sword was broken by the foe;  
Our hearts beat with intensity  
To see them fall and cease to be.  
And then the bards stretch forth the wand,  
And bid us follow their command;  
And as the arrow leaves the bow,  
So after them we swiftly go;—  
On mountain peaks we take our seat,  
With smiling valleys at our feet;  
Before us spreads the forest grand,  
Whose trees as monarchs proudly stand,  
Regardless of the lightning's flash,  
Undaunted by the thunder's crash.  
The sparkling brooklets prance around,  
And sylvan lakes in sleep profound,  
Repose upon their peaceful bed,  
By living springs supplied and fed.  
Mosses of richest shade and hue  
Are gorgeously held out to view;—  
Before our eyes ten thousand flowers  
Hold out their hands to catch the showers;  
The foaming cataract we see,  
And listen to the melody  
Of songsters in the tree-tops high,  
And larks that warble in the sky.

From crag to crag we fondly leap,  
And daring climb the frowning steep.  
While at our feet the billows roar  
And rave along the rocky shore.  
But when their wrath has ceas'd to burn,  
They to the caverns deep return,  
Then out upon the mighty sea,  
The emblem of eternity,  
We look and scan the mirror'd sky,  
As slumbering all the billows lie.  
We catch the zephyr's plaintive moan,  
And hear the dread tornado's groan :  
The stately ships, of gallant mien,  
Sit on the billows like a queen,  
With wings outspread, as white as snow.  
Before the goodly winds that blow.  
And when the mighty tempests rise,  
And in their fury rend the skies,  
Then up to heav'n they sprightly leap,  
And madly plunge into the deep ;  
Careering then before the blast,  
The shroud gives way and breaks the mast,  
And as the billows laugh and mock,  
They dash upon the hidden rock.  
Then as the morning vapors rise,  
Our thoughts ascend the sunlit skies ;  
From pole to pole the scene expands,  
Displaying sea and solid lands ;—  
Great sol lights up the mighty dome,  
Where meteors dart and comets roam,

And clouds like golden drapery  
Seem fit to deck the Deity.  
And when the nightly curtain falls,  
And midnight gloom all nature palls,  
We see ten thousand spheres of fire,  
With dazzling light for their attire,  
Come from the depths of boundless space,  
With angel smiles upon their face.  
And when the earth is wrapt in sleep,  
The moon climbs up the azure steep;  
Her throne she takes by dint of might,  
And sways her sceptre o'er the night.  
Then as the bards their story tell,  
They bind us with their magic spell,  
And swifter than a ray of light  
Our throbbing spirit takes its flight  
Away to scan the orient,  
Away to view the occident,—  
Among the northern icebergs roam,—  
And lave ourselves in southern foam.  
And nature's panoramic scene  
Of wintry white and vernal green,  
And summer flowers from every shore,  
And autumn, with its ripened store;—  
Yea, all the sights that thrill the soul,  
In one grand panorama roll,  
Before our charm'd and ravish'd gaze,  
And fill us with profound amaze.  
Their mandate we with joy obey,  
And at their shrine our homage pay,

And hear embodied in their verse,  
The anthems of the universe.  
Of nectar founts we fondly drink,  
And then into their depths we sink :  
The viands fit for gods to eat,  
Are lavishly strewn at our feet.  
We tread on moss and dainty flowers,  
And hide away in emerald bowers,  
Where golden sunbeams gladly stray,  
And with the timid shadows play.  
Then on the wings of thought we're borne,  
Away beyond the rosy morn—  
Away beyond the ocean's shore—  
Away beyond the thunder's roar—  
Away beyond the queen of night—  
Away beyond the king of light—  
Away beyond the throbbing star—  
Away, away in heaven afar,—  
Where stands the great Jehovah throne,  
Where storm and night are never known.  
The crystal fountains we behold,  
And streets of pure, transparent gold ;  
From living trees we gather fruits,  
And watch the angels with their lutes,  
As they their anthems loud rehearse,  
Whose chorus fills the universe.  
Each moment stronger grows the spell,  
Each moment doth the vision swell,  
While more and more our spirits thrill,  
As with the magic flame we fill,



Till from ourselves we seem to flee,  
And melt away in ecstasy.  
And then of fabled lands we dream,  
And walk by mythic lake and stream,  
We climb the heights ne'er climbed before,  
Thro' new-made firmaments we soar;  
We look on lands of golden light,  
On which ne'er fell a shade of night;  
Where storms ne'er rend the atmosphere,  
And death calls forth no burning tear;  
Where sorrow never breathes a sigh,  
And darkness never dims the sky;—  
Where deadly lightnings never flash,  
And vengeful thunders never crash:  
But where the winds their vigils keep,  
Above the waves that calmly sleep;—  
Where famine never lifts its hand,  
And earthquakes never shake the land;  
Where mountains rise unto the sky,  
And smiling valleys round them lie;—  
Where hungry cannon never roar,  
And none hath heard the sound of war:—  
But peace, as Empress, proudly reigns,  
And harmony with golden chains  
The elements and forces bind,—  
And matter bows to God-like mind.  
Immortal flowers in colors grand,  
Adorn and beautify the land,  
While forests rise with wings outspread,  
With em'rald crowns upon their head.

O'er golden sands the brooklets play  
And gambol thro' supernal day.  
Among the forest—thro' the vale,  
Majestic rivers never fail,  
Until they reach the ocean grand,  
And lave the undulating strand.  
With finny tribes the seas abound,  
Which dart into its depth profound.  
Then to the placid surface rise  
To greet the light that floods the skies.  
And birds, full-fledged in snowy white,  
Like stars, float in a sea of light;  
And flowers, whose peerless beauties blend  
On zephyrs soft, aromas send  
To lull us into rhapsodies,  
And drown us in elysian seas.  
But soon the thrilling song is hushed,  
The magic wand lies in the dust;  
On lightning wings the visions go,  
And leave us in a world of woe.

I cannot paint such beauteous flowers,—  
I cannot sketch such fragrant bowers,—  
I cannot sing such magic lays,—  
I cannot tread such starry ways,—  
I cannot wield the magic rod,—  
I cannot make of man a god,—  
I cannot raise to ecstasies,—  
And with elysian glories please.

But listen to my homely verse,  
And breathe a prayer as I rehearse  
The dreams whose mystic fetters bound,  
My spirit while in sleep profound,  
And in a vision did portray  
The dangers that around me lay,  
And caused me for my life to flee  
Away from that iniquity  
That holds the spirit in its arms,  
And slays it with its fatal charms,  
That I the narrow path might find,  
That leaves destruction far behind,  
And every foe with valor meet,  
And lay them bleeding at my feet ;  
Or, when engaged in stubborn fight,  
They will, as arrows, take their flight,  
That I may pass the pearly gate,  
Where cherubim in glory wait,  
And worship and adore the King,  
And thro' the deathless ages sing  
The heavenly chorus and refrain,  
And on a throne of splendor reign.

## PART I.

## APOLLYONVILLE.

“For here have we no continuing city.”—*Paul.*

The king of day had left the mighty deep,  
And fast was climbing up the eastern steep;  
His brow shone with a diadem of light,  
As he was moving towards his zenith height,  
And darkness left its proud imperial throne,  
Beyond the western seas in haste had flown.  
As I went forth my daily work to do,  
The morning shadows from my path withdrew,  
In hazy garb the distant mountains lay,  
The forests glittered in the light of day;  
The vales put on their most bewitching charm,  
The timid flocks were feeding free from harm,  
Among the trees the crystal lakes repos'd,  
Ten thousand flowers their loveliness disclos'd,  
And to the gentle winds their incense flung,  
While birds in plumage bright their anthems sung.  
Before the light the sparkling dew retir'd,—  
The mountain rills the boundless main desir'd;  
The truant clouds were floating in the sky,  
But to the sun they dare not venture nigh.  
For hours I labored in the growing heat,—  
Then eagerly I sought the wild retreat,



To throw myself beneath the cooling shade,  
Which nature for the sons of toil had made.  
The moss-clad knoll was charming to the eye,  
Where shadows did with golden sunbeams vie ;  
Upon the yielding moss I calmly lay,  
Till gentle sleep my senses stole away ;—  
Imagination then from slumber woke,  
The bonds of will she like a giant broke.  
And far away on vision's wings she bore,  
And placed me on a strange and distant shore ;  
Then took me up a high and fruitful hill,  
Where stood a city called Apollyonville.  
The rosy morn was casting forth the light,  
And driving from the place the gloom of night.  
I seemed a native of the place—at home—  
And soon the thoroughfares began to roam.  
It was a city of stupendous size,  
Whose domes and towers reach'd to the azure skies ;  
The streets were pav'd with stone, and straight and wide,  
And thro' the city ran from side to side.  
The walks were marble—finish'd for the feet,  
As they reposed beside the busy street.  
Between the walks and streets were princely trees,  
With em'rald charms admiring eyes to please,—  
Whose roots beneath the street and sidewalk grew,  
And held them firm when mighty tempests blew,  
And like the moon among the stars of night,  
The fountains rose resplendent in the light ;—  
The waters arched the streets with rainbows rare,  
As up they rose into the perfumed air.

In many places gardens stocked with flowers,  
Lay half-concealed in amaranthine bowers :  
With choicest fruits the vineyards did abound,  
Whose vines in purple clusters hung around ;  
And monuments, raised to the rich and great,  
Whom death had call'd to meet their solemn fate,  
Appear'd like mountain peaks in golden light,  
As they stood forth in sculptur'd garments bright.  
And drinking-fountains called the panting throng,  
Who slaked their thirst and quickly pass'd along,  
That others, thirsting, might the fountains gain,  
That they might drink, and not of thirst complain.  
Along the streets which thro' the place did run,  
Were marble structures shining in the sun,  
While other structures, built of stone and wood,  
In comely blocks throughout the city stood.  
But in some parts the buildings had grown old—  
Were falling down, and covered o'er with mould.  
From times remote the street Iniquity  
Was lined with haunts of vice and infamy ;—  
For, standing there, were houses of ill-fame,  
Where the licentious glori'd in their shame.  
On either side the gambling-halls were found,  
Where rioting and tumult shook the ground.  
Unto these haunts the sons of labor went,  
And with the tribes of wealth and fashion spent  
The daily gains that made the sweat-drops start,  
And drove the shafts of languor thro' the heart ;  
Until the midnight oil had burn'd away,  
And in the sky was seen the morning ray.

Then high the domes of Stock Exchanges rose,  
As they their grand proportions did disclose :—  
Within their stately walls large gains were made,  
And bags of gold in trusty safes were laid.  
For gain, like merchandize, the fools were sold,  
The innocents were slain to win their gold.  
A motley crew of vile extortioners  
Put up their signs to gather customers,  
And simple souls as by a spell were bound,  
And drawn into the fatal gulf and drowned :—  
While others went to the deceitful mart,  
But left in agony and cruel smart.  
There was a noted place called Tattle Lane,  
Where strife and discord did triumphant reign,  
To whom each one the knee in homage bow'd,  
And their fidelity and service vow'd.  
Each in this lane about the other knew,  
And every word pronounced, both false and true,  
Was soon pronounced again, with many more,  
Till all around was heard the noise of war.  
In sight of Tattle Lane was Gossip Row,  
Where each the others business strove to know,—  
To see and hear the things each day were done,  
Appear'd enough to blush the noonday sun.  
The stalwart sires and matrons by the score,  
Were standing round and crowding every door ;  
And youths and maidens stood, in groups around,  
Or, in their unkept toilets, strew'd the ground.  
Of all I saw no one had ought to do,  
But each had open ears for something new ;

And some were stored with news too good to keep,  
Which, told to others, made them shout and leap:  
And if a stranger to that place should go,  
The winds of slander round him soon would blow.  
About the absent none had good to tell;—  
Their ripple faults would into billows swell;—  
The truth was chang'd to falsehood black as night,  
And character, with outspread wings, took flight;  
And every one who would another meet,  
His color'd story would aloud repeat,  
Till gossip-gales would whistle thro' the Row,  
And slander-tides the place would overflow.  
But frequently the current took a turn,  
And tempers hot as furnace fires would burn,  
Till blasphemy, unfit for fiends to hear,  
Would echo thro' the region far and near;—  
And words as vile as human tongues ere spoke,  
Upon the ear as dismal thunders broke;—  
Then blows were struck, and red the current flow'd,  
Till each with blood had paid the debt he ow'd.  
Yet of disgrace no one appear'd to think,  
Nor from the light of day would blushing shrink.  
Yea, virtue was dethroned and crucified,  
And slander there was crown'd and deified;  
While shame, "farewell" unto the place had said,  
And modesty on tarnish'd pinions fled.  
I then beheld on Degradation Street,  
The two extremes which did together meet:—  
For there was grandeur calling to admire,  
While wretchedness stood near in vile attire;



And both would promenade this thoroughfare,  
As they pursued the pleasure everywhere,  
And often plunged into the foulest mire,  
Before they would from the pursuit retire.  
Along this street were palaces for gin,  
Where wealth and fashion drank destruction in;  
And meaner haunts for poverty were found,  
In which all hope and happiness were drown'd.  
Within these haunts great throngs would congregate,  
To drain the cup, their thirst to satiate,  
There wealth, like morning clouds, soon fled away,  
And health and beauty there could never stay.  
In threadbare garments want went thro' the place,  
With lines of deepest sorrow on her face;—  
And multitudes of men with wither'd forms,  
As if the victims of a thousand storms,  
Would lie about upon the filthy floor,  
Like soldiers slaughter'd by the hand of war.  
And wan despair appear'd with bloodshot eyes,  
And wail'd the hours away with piercing cries.  
As wanes the golden light at close of day,  
So virgin innocence did fade away.  
And when I came unto Destruction Street,  
I found that ruination was complete;—  
For reason left her high imperial throne,  
And order on that street was never known.  
There human fiends would stagger to and fro,  
And loudly sing their ballads coarse and low;  
And made the region hideous with their yells,  
Like maniacs confin'd in gloomy cells.

And multitudes, delirious, loud blasphemed,  
Their frenzied eyes, like fireballs, wildly gleamed,  
While others, overcome and deadly drunk,  
Into the loathsome slough and cesspool sunk ;  
And savage hordes, as if wild beasts of prey,  
Went prowling round in search of some to slay.  
Unto the heart the fatal dagger went ;—  
With murder-cries the fetid air was rent ;—  
Then cold and rigid as the winter clay,  
And in his blood the breathless victim lay.  
In days before these had a smiling face,—  
Were beautifi'd with comeliness and grace ;  
But over them corruption sternly reigned,  
And every one with treble bonds was chained.  
Dreams never saw a viler place than this ;  
Such could not be above the " great abyss."  
I then mov'd on to Fashion Avenue,  
Whose dazzling sights, as stars, rose to my view ;—  
For gaiety and grandeur did combine,  
And on the marble pave as suns did shine ;  
On either hand, high in the lucid air,  
A thousand structures show'd proportions rare ;  
Whose fronts, transparent stood before my eyes,  
Stored with all sorts of costly merchandise ;  
Where wealth and taste their greed could satiate,  
And vanity could fly on wings elate.  
Whate'er imagination could portray,  
Address'd the eye with riches of display.  
From hand to hand a golden current went,  
Back thro' those hands another tide was sent,

Amid the voices sounding like the roar  
Of distant billows breaking on the shore.  
Along the pav'd and garnished avenue,  
The scene was ever changing to the view.  
Upon his high-bred steed the warrior bold,  
Appear'd, bedeck'd with stars of burnish'd gold  
The high-born nobleman, with coach-and-four,  
Bow'd to the sage of philosophic lore.  
The sceptred prince, in jewell'd livery,  
With mighty statesman walked in company ;  
The admirals of powerful fleets were there,  
With burnished blades beset with jewels rare ;  
And proud commanders from the distant seas,  
Were plucking fruitage from the fashion-trees.  
The scientist and learn'd historian too,  
Were ever seen upon this avenue ;  
And from the schools the half-fledged scholar came,  
With pompous mien to make himself a name ;  
And high officials, from the state and trade,  
With wealthy citizens of every grade,  
Appear'd in fashion's costly garb complete.  
Too proud to tread the dust beneath their feet.  
As golden fruits in silver pictures stand,  
The ladies did from all, regard command.  
For multitude they were as forest trees,  
And all attired admiring eyes to please.  
The choicest dress by human skill prepar'd,—  
The jewelry which they profusely shar'd,  
Show'd that they bow'd at vanities false shrine :—  
The god of fashion they proclaim'd divine.

When I left Fashion Street I did repair  
Unto another place called Pleasure Square,  
Where graceful bowers and hedges stood around,  
And matchless flowers were carpeting the ground.  
The fountains in the morning light did play ;  
In haste the laughing streamlet fled away,  
And pavements smooth and bright beguil'd the feet,  
Of mighty hosts from avenue and street,  
Who from the comely trees would take the bloom,  
And deck'd themselves as soldiers with their plumes.  
I saw upon the South of Pleasure Square,  
A massive structure rising grand and fair.  
"Temptation Theatre" in sparkling gold,  
Was on its front conspicuous to behold.  
And when the tempting doors were open wide,  
No one could stop the strong and rapid tide,  
Which by its very weight was borne along,  
Until the spacious walls refus'd the throng.  
It was a spring from which they loved to drink ;  
It was a sea in which they loved to sink ;  
And when the king of day had gone to rest,  
And all the land in nightly robes was dress'd,  
Then hither came the tribes of vanity,  
Clad in the garb of merriment and glee,  
Until they crowded gallery and floor ;  
Whose words were like the distant ocean's roar.  
A thousand jets of gas threw out their light,  
Which instantly devour'd the gloom of night ;  
And from the vault above hung stars of gold,  
And on the walls arrang'd in fold on fold,



Were hanging choice and costly tapestries,  
The wanton eyes of the refin'd to please ;  
Where softly cushion'd seats allur'd the eye,  
And bid each one their matchless comfort try.  
And when aside was drawn the brilliant screen,  
Then all attired in robes of witching sheen,  
The Actors on the gaudy stage appear'd,  
And Actresses with loud applause were cheer'd,  
When stillness thro' the vast assembly reign'd,  
And silence had her wanted palm regain'd,  
The thrilling tragedy at once began,  
And thro' the crowd the tide of feeling ran.  
The repartee each mind with fetters chain'd,  
And o'er the soul with subtle influence reign'd,  
And as with pleasure-cords each heart was bound,  
And every soul with ecstasy was crown'd,  
Then all the multitude arose complete,  
And stood exultingly upon their feet,  
And then as loud as ocean's billows roar,  
They every one exclaim'd, "encore ! encore !!"  
Then to the North of Pleasure Square I saw,  
A structure stand that filled my soul with awe,  
It was an amphitheatre of sport,  
And on its front was chiselled " Ball Room Court."  
An edifice it was, of wondrous size,  
Whose turrets rose into the arching skies.  
The walls surrounded rooms whose floors were white,  
And what the eye could see was clean and bright,  
And there the gloom of night could never stay,  
A thousand lamps turn'd darkness into day.

Within these walls appear'd the warrior bold,  
Upon whose breast were burning stars of gold,—  
The mighty statesman and the noble peer,  
With wealth, and fashion, came their hearts to cheer  
The sceptred princes of the royal blood.  
Poured thro' these halls like waters of a flood ;  
And ladies proud, in gold and jewelry,  
With toilets which from every fault was free,  
And like the full orb'd moon their face was bright,  
Whose eyes had charms beyond the stars of night.  
Society of every rank and grade,  
Came to these halls in midnight joys to trade.  
The music starts with clear and thrilling notes,  
And thro' the restless mass of beings floats,  
Till every nerve vibrates like subtle wire,  
And every throbbing heart is set on fire,  
That all might blend in harmony and grace,  
With swiftest feet the midnight hours to chase.  
Then in my dream I saw upon the East,  
A structure where was served a nightly feast:—  
Upon its front in characters of gold  
Was "Opera," inviting to behold.  
The viands served within was music sweet,  
Of which the multitudes delighted eat,  
The full-toned organ with the numbers roll'd,  
Pianos sweet their choicest accents told,  
And harps took up the soft and trembling song,  
While violins the measures would prolong ;—  
Sweet were the numbers from the dulcet lute,  
And slow and plaintive was the gentle flute ;—

A thousand lyres struck in with magic strain ;  
And loud the clarion sounded the refrain ;—  
The cornet's tones subdued the throbbing soul ;—  
The contra-basso did its thunders roll,  
And cymbals spoke aloud their startling lays,  
While bands of music thrilled with rapt amaze.  
The anthem grand broke forth upon the ear,  
As in the eye was seen the crystal tear ;  
And marches every heart with life inspir'd  
And solos with their charms the spirit fired ;—  
Duets were like the songs Euterpe sung,  
And with the trios sweet the arches rung ;—  
Amid the cheers and bursts of loud applause,  
That none could ere control by use or laws ;—  
Quartettes would like the pealing thunders roll,  
And with their subtle cords they bound the soul.  
Upon each heart the wand of music fell,  
That of its charms the listeners all might tell ;—  
While some o'er-power'd bowed down beneath its weight,  
And others soar'd away on wings elate.  
'Twas music that the soul did most inspire,  
And fann'd into a flame the latent fire,  
Till o'er the empire of the mind it reign'd ;  
But of its tyranny no one complain'd.  
Then on the West an edifice rose high,  
Whose battlements embraced the azure sky.  
Imposing were its sculptured marble walls,  
Inside of which were large and brilliant halls,  
Where all the gambling tribes would congregate,  
The passion of their soul to satiate.

Within these garnished walls the sons of toil,  
In games of chance consumed the midnight oil.  
Courageous sailors from the stormy main,  
Met with the plebians from the fertile plain,—  
And mountaineers, a coarse and hardy band,  
With the refin'd and gentle struck the hand ;  
And many learn'd professors took a seat,  
With the untutored novice at their feet ;  
And scribes who were expert the pen to wield  
Gam'd with the hero from the gory field.  
The flatter'd banker who in wealth had roll'd,  
Sat with the man who dug the earth for gold ;  
And they who boasted of their dividend,  
With others strove, who did on interest lend.  
The merchant prince who prided in his wealth,  
The burglar who had made his pile by stealth ;  
The artizan, with small and hard-earn'd gain ;—  
And day-laborers, a huge and motley train ;  
With noble peers of every rank and age,  
Together with the wise, the learn'd, the sage,  
Would nightly come and throng this grand saloon,  
Till western hills concealed the full orb'd moon.  
The crystal goblet with its ruby wine,  
Before the eye did most resplendent shine ;  
Then round and round the tempting goblet went,  
Until the thirst consuming draught was spent.  
The face was flush'd—the eye was wild and red,  
And like the eddy-tide went round the head ;  
The sluggish pulse at once with new life beat,  
The icy heart dissolv'd with fervent heat,—

And as flow'd out the bitter oath and curse,  
The trembling fingers clasped the swollen purse ;  
The Nabob piled his heap of shining gold,  
The sight of which made fearful hearts grow bold.  
The indigent his paltry mite array'd,  
And then with skilful hand the game was play'd.  
Unto the front the billiards quickly came,  
And cards with many was the fav'rite game ;  
While dice from others drew large patronage,  
And not a few with chess strove for the wage.  
Then soon the precious gold found other hands,  
And then was staked the goodly house and lands.  
They hung a moment on the thread of chance,  
That thread in sunder broke as in a glance,  
The fathers staked their hungry children's bread,  
Nor did appear their burning tears to dread.  
The winners boasted loudly what they gain'd,  
The losers in deep agony complain'd,  
And in despair for loss of lands and gold,  
They quickly with their frenzied hand took hold  
Upon the haft of the unflinching knife,  
When warmly flowed the crimson tide of life :  
While some who staked and lost their earthly all,  
With cruel rage would on their victims fall,  
And thro' their heart would drive the fatal steel,  
And vengeance would, as quick as lightning deal.  
Of all who sought these tempting joys to try,  
Tho' they might be of low estate or high,  
No one regarded character or birth,  
Compared with gain these were of little worth.

Each one went hungry for the others pelf,  
And glori'd most in gratifying self.  
Then in my dream I saw on Pleasure Square,  
A grand pavilion rising in the air ;—  
And many roods of ground it overspread,  
While many pleasant walks unto it led.  
Unto the eye it was a tempting sight,  
With roof and walls alike of snowy white :—  
From scores of poles as many flags did fly,  
Like evening clouds that tarri'd in the sky ;  
'Twas there the Circus troop their feats performed,  
And as it were, when hives of bees had swarmed,  
The people from the town and country round,  
Went in vast crowds unto this circus-ground.  
To rouse and captivate the multitude,  
The city with emblazoned prints was strew'd,  
Which eager throngs allured, and bound with thongs,  
And led away with merriment and songs.  
And that success might the performance crown,  
A gilded car pass'd thro' and thro' the town ;  
Drawn by a score of steeds in cloth of gold,  
Which wondering throngs enraptured might behold.  
A band proficient, music rare discours'd,  
And in the growing train the throngs were forc'd :—  
The lab'rer dropp'd the implements of toil,  
As thro' his veins the crimson tide did boil ;—  
The artizan of every name and trade,  
Must for himself behold the grand parade.  
The teacher and the scholar with delight,  
Stood gaping at the captivating sight.



Professionals from business did refrain,  
Went forth to see the ever-growing train;—  
The merchant-prince his counting house forsook,  
Himself unto the street in haste betook;—  
The banker left his bags of precious gold,  
That he the grand procession might behold;—  
The noble peer could not refrain his eyes,  
But watch'd the pageantry with deep surprise;—  
And they whose hearts with royal blood did beat,  
Were pleas'd and charm'd the gaudy scene to meet;—  
The scientist and learn'd philosopher,  
Felt in their hearts the deep emotion stir;—  
And pleasure seekers more than tongue could tell,  
Before this deity adoring fell.  
The invalid by pains and fever bound,  
Leaped from his couch to hear the music sound;  
And from his window looked with yearning soul,  
To see the gilded car in splendor roll;—  
And when with sight and sound the heart was fired,  
Then to the grand pavilion they retired,  
That each might satisfy his hungry heart,  
With every viand from this pleasure mart.  
The horsemanship entranc'd the jostling crowd,  
And clownish tricks created laughter loud;—  
When comic songs were by the minstrels sung,  
With bursts of cheers the huge pavilion rung;  
When thro' the rings the girls like arrows went,  
With loud applause the startled air was rent;—  
And all were borne away with rapt delight,  
Entranc'd and ravish'd by the witching sight.

If other feats with ease and grace were done,  
They were applauded as the best of fun,—  
Which gaping multitudes devour'd with greed,  
Like beasts of prey which on the carcass feed.  
But there were minds possess'd of such a store,  
Alike of ancient and of modern lore,  
They could not take delight in things like these ;—  
'Twas the menagerie their hearts did please :—  
Yet, passing strange, it seem'd to many there,  
When they had seen the beasts they did not care  
To leave the tent till every act was past ;—  
And when the throng dispers'd, they were the last.

As in my dream I stroll'd thro' Pleasure Square,  
I saw the countless throngs that gather'd there,  
And all the springs of bliss I could espy,  
Which every where beguil'd and charm'd the eye,—  
And suited minds of every rank and mould,  
Alike the youth, the middle-ag'd and old.  
These pleasures did in countless numbers rise,  
And show'd their comely forms to wanton eyes,  
Adapted to the want of every one,  
Like golden light sent by the kingly sun.  
'Twas pleasure met you at the rosy dawn,—  
'Twas pleasure tarried when the day was gone—  
'Twas pleasure greeted at the noonday bright,—  
'Twas pleasure haunted at the dead of night,—  
'Twas pleasure spread her wings before the eyes,—  
'Twas pleasure fill'd the soul with its surprise,—  
'Twas pleasure that invok'd upon the right,—  
'Twas pleasure on the left allur'd the sight,—

"Twas pleasure's form that follow'd in the rear,—  
"Twas pleasure's voice that echo'd in the ear,—  
"Twas pleasure's song that everywhere was sung,—  
"Twas pleasure's shouts that thro' the city rung,—  
"Twas pleasure's bread of which the hungry eat,—  
"Twas pleasure's cup that to the taste was sweet,—  
"Twas pleasure's couch on which the weary lay,—  
"Twas pleasure's hand that drove all care away,—  
"Twas pleasure's path each foot desired to press,—  
"Twas pleasure's garb in which all wish'd to dress.—  
With pleasure's shoes the feet were ever shod,—  
And pleasure every one adored as God.

Then in my dream I went to Worship Street,  
Where things quite diff'rent did my vision greet:—  
Upon a block of consecrated land,—  
Stupendous temples rose on either hand,—  
Whose bells, melodious, call'd the restless throngs,  
To come and worship, and unite in songs,  
To praise the deities, and to adore,  
And at their shrine the votive offering pour.  
There Nature's temple proudly rais'd its dome,  
Up where the blazing meteors tireless roam:—  
Its stately minarets of shining gold,  
Amus'd and gambol'd with the lightnings bold;—  
And massive tow'r adorn'd the huge facade;  
On either side a sculptur'd colonnade,  
Supported marble walls of snowy white,  
That glow'd and sparkl'd in the morning light;—  
And as in haste I pass'd the open doors,  
My timid feet embraced mosaic floors,

That led away thro' peerless court and aisle,  
Of this unique and consecrated pile.  
The walls and arches show'd their frescoes rare,—  
Gigantic columns with proportions fair,  
Were wreath'd about with jewelry and gold,  
And fashioned by unique and perfect mould ;  
And everywhere before my wondering eyes,  
Were altars waiting for the sacrifice.  
High in their places did these altars stand ;—  
From worshippers the off'ring to command,  
Who bow'd before them with profoundest awe ;  
And as I gazed with anxious eyes, I saw  
An altar to the potentate of noon,—  
An altar to the mild and queenly moon,—  
An altar to the burning stars of night,—  
An altar to the subtle, golden light,—  
An altar to the rugged mountains high,—  
An altar to the vaulted azure sky—  
An altar to the solid, fertile land,—  
An altar to the ocean wild and grand,—  
An altar to the woodland fair and green,—  
An altar to the balmy air serene,—  
An altar to the clouds that float in light,—  
An altar to the grateful dews of night,—  
An altar to the thunder's awful crash,—  
An altar to the lightning's deadly flash,—  
An altar to the storm that hurries by,—  
An altar to the bow that spans the sky,—  
An altar to the bright auroral flame,—  
An altar to the flowers of every name.

As in my dream I gazed with curious eyes,  
A cloud of incense rose unto the skies ;  
For nature's priesthood to these altars went,  
And worshipping, their offerings did present.  
In harmony they all began to sing,  
And with their notes the Temple vast did ring :—  
“ Mysterious Nature no beginning knew,  
“ And all her potent laws benign and true.  
“ Into existence came spontaneously,  
“ And acted with the utmost harmony.  
“ In atoms first stupendous nature lay,  
“ Submissive to the proud, triumphant sway,  
“ Of midnight, clothed in robes of regal state,  
“ And bound the elements with chains of fate.  
“ But soon began to act those potent laws,  
“ As the omnipotent and final cause,  
“ Which did beget the universe profound,  
“ That nothing but infinit can bound.  
“ Then from the sepulchre of deepest night,  
“ Triumphantly arose the mellow light,  
“ And darkness drove, on swiftest wings away,  
“ And put her diadem upon the day.  
“ The new-born suns put on their radiant smile,  
“ And round them planets marshall'd rank and file ;  
“ In haste the comets started on their way,  
“ And meteors bright began to dart and play ;  
“ And queenly moons put on a smiling face,  
“ Unto the planets came and took their place.  
“ Then chaos by unique and lawful birth,  
“ Brought into being this our mother earth.

“ The giant mountains rais’d their heads on high,  
“ And trembled to behold the new-built sky ;—  
“ And at their feet alluvial plains repose,  
“ Thro’ which in haste the laughing streamlet flows.  
“ The gentle hills found rest upon the plain,—  
“ The boulder-sentinels stood by the main,—  
“ The hungry floods did to the deep retire,—  
“ And from the crater fled the shafts of fire,—  
“ The forest trees stood in full uniform,  
“ Prepar’d to meet and battle with the storm ;—  
“ And all the undulating land o’erspread,  
“ Upon whose fallen plumes the mammals tread.  
“ Among the hills the crystal lakes found rest,—  
“ The forest trees were mirror’d on their breast,  
“ And in their depth the star-spheres lov’d to play,  
“ As motionless the limped waters lay.  
“ Content the seas repos’d between their shores,  
“ Across their breast the mighty tempest roars,  
“ And when the angry billows cease to rave,  
“ The king of day comes down himself to lave ;  
“ And oft he slumbers in the briny deep,  
“ While winds and clouds their constant vigil keep.  
“ And mighty rivers in their matchless pride,  
“ Refuse among the mountains to abide,  
“ But swiftly travel thro’ the woody plain,  
“ Until they reach the wide and awful main,  
“ Among the mountains of the deep to dwell,  
“ As pris’ners in the ocean’s cavern-cell.  
“ Then nature hath devoid of foreign aid,  
“ The living creature of all orders made :—



“ Spontaneously the living germ had birth,  
“ Which nature’s hand plac’d in the fruitful earth;—  
“ Then soon appear’d the tender blade of green,  
“ And then a large and graceful plant was seen;—  
“ The plant and flower and herb with virtues rare,  
“ Held up their heads to breathe the balmy air,—  
“ And trees that tempted with delicious fruits,  
“ Struck down into the soil their hungry roots.  
“ Upon the rocks the Protozoans appear’d,  
“ Their forms unique the thermal waters cheer’d,  
“ Presenting life before unknown to earth,  
“ Which in its turn to other life gave birth.  
“ Next in their order came the Radiates,  
“ As if produced by evolution-fates,  
“ And into families they soon were form’d  
“ Which everywhere the mighty ocean swarmed.  
“ Then by a mystery that none hath solv’d,  
“ The Molusk tribes from these were all evolv’d,  
“ Which we as fact most heartily receive,  
“ And its profound philosophy believe.  
“ The laws of evolution still held sway,  
“ And then Articulates began to play,  
“ Some in the crystal waters of the deep,  
“ Some wing’d the air—some on the land would creep.  
“ Yet evolution mov’d at steady rate,  
“ Producing the inferior Vertebrate,  
“ Which in the sea and on the land prevail’d,  
“ The fit surviv’d, while the inferior fail’d,  
“ Till evolution thro’ the cycles ran,  
“ And gained her latest triumph—Godlike-Man.”

Upon this block of consecrated land,  
Stood many other temples, large and grand,—  
Their gilded towers as mountain peaks rose high.  
And made their homes up in the stormrent sky;  
And every thing that human skill could do,  
Was here conspicuously brought out to view.  
Which fill'd the soul with deep astonishment.  
And awe-emotions thro' the spirit sent.  
Around, beneath, above was shining gold,  
Which dimmed the eyes of all who would behold;  
And precious stones their shades and colors blent.  
And to the scene their great attractions lent,  
Beguiling worshippers while at the shrine,  
And then intoxicating as with wine.  
Then on their carved and elevated throne,  
Were many gods of gold, and wood, and stone,  
Whose breast with warm affection never glow'd,  
Thro' whom the living current never flow'd;  
Upon whose eyes the light would powerless fall,  
To whom in vain the devotees would call,  
Whose outspread hands a blessing ne'er contained.  
Whose lips from benedictions ere refrain'd;—  
Yet at their feet the sacrifice was laid,  
And unto them the solemn vow was paid,  
And all rejoic'd their anger to appease,  
And sought their favor prostrate on their knees.  
The gods, for number, were like sheaves of grain.  
That stand upon the fertile harvest plain,  
And some were chaste and beautiful to see,  
As they appear'd in sculptur'd livery,

While others a most hideous look possess'd,  
Beyond what human language ere express'd,—  
Some in a comely human form appear'd,  
Some to the image of the brute adher'd,—  
Some, in the form of reptiles, met the eye,  
To some the mongrel nature would apply;  
Licentiousness some visages defil'd,  
While others from their niches blandly smiled,  
The worshippers these temple courts would crowd,  
Who rais'd their voice in songs devout and loud,  
Their gifts upon the altar they would lay,  
And then upon their knees bow'd down to pray.  
They ask'd for bread, their hunger to remove,  
And that in war they might victorious prove;—  
To these they sought for sunshine and for rain,  
That autumn might be crown'd with golden grain;—  
If sickness came the gods must health restore,  
When death appear'd they would the gods implore,  
With throbbing hearts they every sin confess'd,  
Which like a weight upon their conscience press'd;  
And from the altar went as light as air,  
Rejoicing that they ceas'd their guilt to bear.

Of all I witness'd in Apollyonville,  
The grandest spot was known as Royal Hill,  
Unnumbered trees for ornament were seen,  
Clad in their robes of most enchanting green;—  
Like ranks of sentinels, erect and tall,  
They stood, the wonder and delight of all,  
With graceful boughs they met the fleeing cloud,  
And to the lightning and the storm they bow'd.

As goodly flow'rs as human eyes e'er scann'd,  
Display'd their forms attention to command ;—  
Up from the mellow soil they did arise,  
To watch the rays that lit the morning skies.  
Their garments were of every shade and hue,  
Like queens, they wore their crowns of silvery dew ;—  
And sunny lawns laid out in modern style,  
Were clothed with grass as soft as velvet pile.  
Among the trees were nestling comely mounds,  
Prepared to ornament the Royal grounds.  
Upon their crest were sculptured granite blocks,  
And pyramids of vari'gated rocks,—  
And these were crown'd with vases fill'd with flow'rs,  
Which tasty hands had cull'd from Royal bowers.  
Some were of rare and costly porcelain,  
Of bronze, and wood, of finest shade and grain,—  
And faultless marble carved in every part,—  
And silver, finished in the highest art,—  
While not a few were made of ivory,  
And gold was ravishing the eyes to see.  
From tree to tree the thrifty hedges ran,  
Whose woven branches shelter'd from the sun ;—  
And thro' the hedges by each lawn and mound,  
Were walks that intersected all the ground,—  
All paved with marble beautiful and white,  
On which reposed the morning's golden light ;  
To give protection from the noontide heat,  
Were summer-house and tempting rustic seat,  
That did invite the languid to recline,  
And gather fruit from the o'erspreading vine.

Among the trees the sparkling fountains play'd,  
Whose waters did the air perfumed, invade—  
To meet the light that stray'd among the bow'rs ;—  
Then to their place returned in genial show'rs,  
And then away in laughing streams they purl'd,  
And in a thousand eddies leap'd and whirl'd.  
That Royal Hill no harm should e'er befall,  
It lay within a high and massive wall,—  
Whose tow'rs were strong assailants to oppose,—  
Whose gates were proof against invading foes ;—  
And none within of danger could complain,  
And every one without must there remain.

Upon the very crest of Royal Hill,  
A Palace stood built by consummate skill,  
High in the air, magnificent it rose,  
And to the eye its splendors did disclose ;—  
And in that palace King Apollyon reign'd,  
Where he his most illustrious throne maintain'd :—  
And from his throne the law supreme went forth,  
Unto the East and West, and South and North,—  
And every one that trod Apollyonville,  
Most meekly bow'd unto the Royal will,—  
And ever strove his Majesty to please,  
By heartily accepting his decrees :—  
And round his throne they loyally would sing,  
“ Forever live, thou great Apollyon king.”  
And then to execute the Royal laws,  
And to promote the great Apollyon's cause,  
The Royal troops did ever-waiting stand,  
To put in force the king's august command ;

And all were arm'd with rifles proof and new,—  
Were faithful to his Majesty and true.  
Efficient bands with music did inspire,  
And fann'd in every soul the loyal fire,—  
With quicken'd life the failing pow'rs would start,  
And courage laid its wand on every heart,—  
And all the city was from treason free,—  
Rejoicing to obey his Majesty.

Altho' Apollyon in his strength and pride,  
Within these walls of safety did abide,  
Yet he was wont to go the city through,  
To see if all unto his throne were true.  
Sometimes his Majesty in state would go,  
And other times he went incognito;—  
He was at home on avenue and street,  
And with his subjects ever lov'd to meet,  
And would encourage them with word and smile,  
Lest they should be ensnar'd by words of guile.  
Oftimes he went to nature's temple, grand,  
And with the priests devoutly took his stand,  
That he with them might join and loudly sing,  
And make the courts of nature's temple ring,  
With anthems sweet and soft harmonious lays,  
Which they in triumph sang to nature's praise.  
At nature's shrine, devout, he homage paid,  
And then the gift he on the altar laid,—  
Then soon his feet the other temples trod,  
Where each one bow'd unto his fav'rite god;  
And there he strove the deities to please,  
And lent his aid to pious devotees.



From Worship Street he went to Pleasure Square,  
To revel in the joys that cluster'd there,  
And satiate himself from pleasure's store,  
To which he always found an open door ;  
His Majesty quite often would prefer,  
The great inducements of the theatre ;—  
Intense delight beamed from his very eyes,  
While thrilling acts produced a glad surpris .  
Again he was enchanted by the sport,  
Which, as a feast, was served at Ball-Room-Court ;  
And 'twas to him a great and precious boon,  
To taste the viands of the grand saloon,  
Where gambling tribes risk'd every thing for gain,  
And where the innocents by scores were slain.  
The Opera he often would attend,  
To swell the chorus he his powers would lend ;—  
In every song he took a leading part,  
As a proficient in the music art.  
The Circus warm'd his soul with magic fire,  
Of going there he ne'er was known to tire,—  
Each play was like a chain to bind him fast,  
And kept him there till every act was pass'd.  
In royal garb he travell'd Fashion Street,  
That he the tribes of vanity might meet ;—  
Their hands he grasp'd, and bid them all be gay,  
And to the utmost make a grand display.  
Tho' of his Royalty he made his boast,  
And was surrounded by a martial host,  
Yet oft he visited each row and lane,  
To gaze upon the ruin'd and the slain,

And seem'd well pleased with death and drunkenness,  
If they to him allegiance would profess.

Apollyonville had neither street nor lane,  
Of which his Majesty could ere complain,  
And thro' them all he oft was wont to go,  
That for himself he every one might know.

Then in my dream I saw the Forts and Tow'rs,  
That lay conceal'd among luxuriant bow'rs ;  
And giant castles built of solid rock,  
The fiercest foeman to defy and mock.  
From fields of green, Redoubts in menace rose,  
As if they strove their terrors to disclose ;  
And batteries appear'd on every hand,  
Which did Apollyonville entire command.  
The well-stor'd arsenals were made secure,  
The fierce assaults of foeman to endure,  
And everywhere were trenches deep and wide,  
That lay, from sight concealed on every side ;  
The monster guns were bristling from the tow'rs,  
To meet the enemy with deadly show'rs ;—  
And when aloud would sound the drum of war,  
Then from the Forts the monster guns would roar.  
And sentinels, a large and faithful host,  
With bay'nets fix'd were standing at their post,  
Who sounded instantly a loud alarm,  
When foemen ventured near and threaten'd harm.  
Apollyonville thus trench'd and fortified,  
Rais'd up her head in majesty and pride,  
And loudly boasted of security,  
And frown'd defiant on the enemy.

Complacently she smiled in wealth and ease,  
And sought for nothing else but self to please,  
Rejoicing in her many springs of joy,  
Which flow'd in broadest streams without alloy.

And yet I saw all round Apollyonville,  
A country beautiful in vale and hill,  
With area and resources rich and great,  
Where multitudes abode in grand estate.  
The towns and villages were full of life,  
Where order walk'd the streets along with strife;  
The vines luxuriant grew on fruitful hills;  
And from their base the springs sent out their rills,  
From which the panting beast his thirst would quench,  
And timid birds came near their plumes to drench,  
The mountains high were cloth'd with forests wild,  
And at their feet the fruitful valleys smil'd;—  
The full bloomed flow'rs a thousand charms possess'd,  
Which by the light and zephyrs were caress'd;  
And from their censor's rose the incense rare,  
That floated out upon the bracing air.  
The roads like nerves thro' all the country run,  
The lakes and brooks were sparkling in the sun,  
Thro' rolling valley and by wooded hill,  
The flying trains went to Apollyonville.  
The travelling public many cars would throng,  
Who did to town and country both belong;  
And freight of every kind was on the rail,  
While other cars contain'd the royal mail.  
Thus all by train with swiftness and with ease,  
Could travel when and where as self would please.

And so Apollyonville both night and day,  
With every town and province far away,  
Held, constantly, unbroken intercourse  
By the swift-footed, tireless, iron-horse.  
And everywhere the telegraphic wire,  
Pulsated with unseen electric fire,  
And on its wings the messages would fly,  
As swift as lightning through the stormy sky,  
Across the mountain, and through wild and plain,  
Until it would its destination gain.

In ancient times the place was Sinland nam'd,  
And thro' all time its people have been fam'd  
For loyalty supreme, unto their king,  
And tribute unto whom they lov'd to bring,  
And in his service ever did rejoice ;—  
His Majesty extoll'd with heart and voice ;  
Content beneath his sceptre to remain,  
And of his service never to complain.

Beyond my sight along the Sinland shore,  
There was a stream whose waves ne'er ceased to roar,  
As swift they ran, or swell'd in billows high,  
And raised their night-crown'd heads up to the sky,  
Its dread-inspiring shores were steep and bold,  
And of its depth no one has ever told.  
The craggy rocks stood forth a mighty train,  
And thrust their arms into the swelling main.  
The mists unpierc'd by keenest human eyes,  
Did ever from that dismal river rise,  
And formed into a soul-appalling cloud,  
That clothed the stream as if a midnight shroud.

Long ere the first man drew his latest breath,  
That stream had borne the awful name of Death.  
Its source was at the limit of Sinland,  
And, started by a fratricidal hand,  
Flowed on until a river it became,  
As deep and dark as signified its name.  
That restless stream whose mists were dark and chill,  
Flow'd from its source unto Apollyonville ;—  
And thence it flowed into a boundless sea  
Which bore the dreadful name—ETERNITY.  
And by a law which none could violate,  
Each one that dwelt within the city great,  
And all whose homes were in the country round,  
Were drawn unto that dismal tide and drowned,  
And in that awful deep they must remain,  
Nor could they rise its myst'ry to explain.  
But many sages in Apollyonville,  
Have toil'd with indefatigable will,  
To fathom and explore that flood profound,  
In which the generations have been drown'd.  
But what would be their everlasting lot,  
When in Apollyonville they were forgot,  
The sages 'mong themselves could not agree,—  
For thro' the mists no one could clearly see.  
Yet some suppos'd that in the swelling deep,  
They all will thro' the endless ages sleep ;—  
But others say they know the day draws near,  
When every one a trumpet-voice shall hear,  
And from the deep in splendor shall arise,  
Unto a city in the upper skies.

Yet more declare most certainly they know,  
Tho' every one must to the river go,  
And pass beyond its dark and rugged brink,  
And down into its noiseless caverns sink,  
Yet every one has gain'd a distant shore,  
Where they in joys shall dwell for evermore,  
And to Apollyonville will ne'er return,  
And of its pleasures never more will learn.

Thus in my dream I saw the wondrous hill,  
On which so proudly stood Apollyonville ;—  
Its stately structures did before me rise,  
And filled my being with profound surprise,  
I look'd abroad on avenue and street,  
And saw the bow'rs that shelter'd from the heat,  
Some flow'rs I pluck'd, and smelt the odors rare,  
Knew something of the joys of Pleasure Square,  
And from its springs my soul desired to drink,  
While in its fountains I began to sink.  
The country round I could but dimly see,  
Because from morning mists it was not free ;—  
I look'd with horror on the stream of Death,  
Which seem'd to hunger for my very breath,  
And in the city thought I must abide,  
Until I sunk into the dismal tide.



## PART II:

## THE PREACHING OF APOSTLE.

“Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.”—*Jesus.*

In my dream thro' the streets of the city I stray'd,  
To behold all the grandeur around me display'd,  
While the sun was consuming the dim morning hours,  
And the clear-shining dew was embalming the flow'rs,  
For the darkness had roll'd down the steep of the west,  
And the city was waking from slumber and rest.  
The dark river of Death was half hidden from sight,  
By the clouds that remain'd when the darkness took flight,  
And the star-spheres no more did the blue vault adorn,  
And all Sinland was greeting the light of the morn.  
In the vault of the sky all the winds took repose,  
On the wings of the air the cold vapors arose,  
And the day with its burden of pleasures and toils,  
To the multitude offer'd, unstinted, its spoils.  
Then a stranger was seen in a garb plain and neat,  
With a step bold and quick, going up Worship street;  
At the temple facade he remain'd for a while,  
And saluted each one with a bow and a smile.  
When around him had gather'd a dissonant crowd,  
From a volume he read with clear accent and loud,

Then in tones sweet and clear which thro' Worship street  
rang,

To a Being unseen a short praise-hymn he sang;—

And then down on his knees he adoringly went,—

To a Presence divine a devout prayer he sent,

When that prayer, full of unction, had come to a close,

Then with feelings profound from his knees he arose,

And with voice clear and loud as the lark in the sky,

He proclaim'd unto all of estate low and high;—

“ That Apollyon the great, of Apollyonville grand,

“ And of all the vast region well known as Sinland,

“ Had adoringly bow'd at the great and high throne,

“ Of that Being who reigns as Jehovah alone.

“ But he said in his heart like Jehovah I'll be,

“ And the worship He claims shall be given to me.

“ Then no more would he bow at the throne infinite,

“ But with fiendish resolve he declared he would fight,

“ And be crushed by defeat and to prison would go,

“ Ere he'd worship again at the throne of his foe.

“ Like the lightning that leaps from the overcharg'd cloud,

“ And attended by thunders terrific and loud,

“ Far and wide ran the news thro' Jehovah domain,

“ That the rebel Prince stood at the head of a train,

“ Who for multitude no one would venture to tell,

“ And the ranks of Jehovah no more would they swell.

“ Then Jehovah the King did Prince Michael command,

“ 'Gainst the rebels he march'd with an uncounted band,

“ And the battle was speedily set in array,

“ When the foemen did courage and valor display.

“ Tho' the conflict was great and the day was hard fought,

“ All the rebels in chains to Jehovah were brought.

“ Then away to the battlements mighty and strong,  
“ He triumphantly led all that manacled throng,  
“ And with arm that no longer its vengeance could keep,  
“ He relentlessly hurled them far down in the deep,  
“ There in darkness profound and eternal to dwell,  
“ That Apollyon might reign in the burning of hell.  
“ While the flames of his wrath thro’ his being would burn,  
“ Not a chance should he have, offer’d mercy to spurn.  
“ Then away to this city on swift wing he came,  
“ Its high throne to secure was his object and aim ;  
“ With its people he met and his story he told,  
“ Their submission he ask’d with a manner so bold,  
“ While his countenance shone with a grandeur and grace,  
“ They supposed that he came as the king of the place.  
“ So his reign he began, and he set up his throne,—  
“ And to him all the people allegiance did own,  
“ Thro’ the centuries long that dominion hath stood,  
“ And has nurtur’d the evil and frown’d on the good.  
“ But a long time ago a grand triumph was won,  
“ Tho’ it was by the death of Jehovah’s own Son,—  
“ For that Son was sent down from his imperial throne,  
“ To recover this city and make it his own.  
“ But the king and the people rose up in their might,  
“ And the field stain’d with blood show’d the terrible fight,  
“ And Apollyon the king, overcome, had to yield,  
“ Tho’ the Conqu’ror lay dead on the cold, gory field.  
“ But from death he arose, his high throne to regain,  
“ That hereafter he might o’er Apollyonville reign,  
“ For a season Apollyon his throne will uphold,  
“ But the word that ne’er fails hath distinctly foretold,

“ That his throne shall go down and rise nevermore,  
“ And his subjects, Jehovah the King, shall adore.  
“ Even now there are signs that his throne ’s on the wane ;  
“ And the prestige he lost he will never regain ;  
“ And the day is foretold but no one knoweth when,  
“ And the Son of Jehovah ’ll return here again.  
“ Then in splendor and glory he’ll set up his throne,  
“ And not one to Apollyon allegiance will own ;—  
“ But an angel will chain him and lead him away,  
“ To a bottomless pit where the darkness holds sway,  
“ In his anguish to writhe and Jehovah blaspheme,  
“ While upon him no sunlight of pity will gleam.  
“ When the Son of Jehovah in might shall return,  
“ Then this city and country together shall burn,  
“ And their ashes will speak and most plainly will tell,  
“ What a terrible judgment these places befell.  
“ But beyond the dark stream is a sapphire pav’d shore,  
“ Where the pilgrim in triumph shall reign evermore.  
“ If your life you would save and that shore you would win,  
“ Then delay not your pilgrimage now to begin.  
“ Tho’ Apollyon will hinder yet if you endure,  
“ You will conquer each foe and the City secure,  
“ And a throne shall be yours thro’ the ages unknown,  
“ And the crown is undimm’d when the cycles are flown.  
“ When millenniums are past every harp is in tune,  
“ And each hand bears a palm which is victory’s boon ;  
“ Every garment is pure and as white as the snow,  
“ Along streets of pure gold all the pilgrims shall go ;—  
“ No delight shall they want as the ages roll by,  
“ For Jehovah himself is a constant supply.”

Every word was an arrow that Wounded the heart,  
And I saw many writhe with a terrible smart,  
And the burning téars fell like the rain from the cloud.  
As with weeping they vented their anguish aloud.  
Then as pilgrims they hasted away from the place,  
And thro' Sinland they march'd with a quick steady pace.  
At the throne of Apollyon no more would they bow,  
To Jehovah the King they allegiance did vow,  
And resolved that the City of light they would find,  
And the joys of Apollyonville leave far behind.

When the dimness of morn could no longer bear sway,  
But was yielding by force to the sceptre of day,  
And the bright golden sun hung o'er mountains of blue,  
And with brush of bright rays was dispersing the dew,—  
Prattling children were dotting the sidewalk and street,  
And fair maidens were chanting melodious and sweet.  
And the lab'rer had gone to the scene of his toil.  
And the merchant was storing his coffer with spoil,—  
As I pass'd to and fro to obtain the delight,  
That had come with the morn to remain till the night.  
But as I was approaching where pleasure abounds,  
I was startled and stopp'd by unusual sounds;—  
As I stood for a moment in painful suspense,  
While my heart wildly throbb'd with emotion intense.  
I beheld a vast concourse of people quite near,  
And the voice of Apostle I plainly could hear,  
When approaching that throng which vibrated and shook,  
I beheld in the face of Apostle a look,  
Which explain'd why he spoke with such feeling and pow'r,  
To the crowds who had come from the mart and the bower.

“ Tho’ in war you engage with the vet’rans of night,  
“ And your strength and your courage be tried in the fight,  
“ Tho’ the dark cloud may rise and o’ershadow the way  
“ And the veil of the night may be drawn o’er the day;—  
“ Tho’ the damsels of pleasure bewitching may smile,  
“ And by art and device may attempt to beguile;  
“ Tho’ the fountains of nectar may bid you draw near,  
“ And the roar of the lion may cause you to fear;  
“ Tho’ the ripe golden clusters may tempt on the vine,  
“ And the charms of the flow’rs may against you combine,  
“ For your life do not leave for one moment the way;  
“ To the spies the king’s secret you must not betray.  
“ If the vict’ry should hang in an uncertain scale,  
“ In the fight do your best and you never can fail;  
“ And when passing along thro’ the darkness profound,  
“ Let your feet be secure on the well-trodden ground.  
“ When the sweet smiles of pleasure allure on each side,  
“ And the vapors come in from the cold swelling tide,  
“ Then remember the way and the word of the King,  
“ For not long and of triumph you loudly shall sing.  
“ As the day of your trials and conflicts shall prove,  
“ So your arm shall be strong and your feet shall not move?  
“ When your course shall be finish’d by entering the tide,  
“ Where the chill vapors rise, then the waves shall divide,  
“ And with light in the darkness shall pass thro’ the main,  
“ And the city imperial with shouting shall gain;  
“ Thro’ its wide-open portals in triumph to go,  
“ And to walk its pure street in a robe white as snow.  
“ Now to you I appeal in the name of the King,  
“ Which is best?—to abide where they loud anthems sing;



“ Where no groan grates the ear, and no tear greets the sight?  
“ And each face, like the sun, is resplendent with light?  
“ Where no hunger shall come like a wolf to the door,  
“ And the hot flames of thirst shall torment you no more?  
“ Where the roar of Death’s river shall never affright,  
“ And its clouds and its vapor shall not dim the sight?  
“ Where with weapons of war shall no foeman be seen,  
“ And no gore shall be shed on the fair fields of green?  
“ Or in chains to go down to a region of night,  
“ There to dwell in a flame that will burn without light,  
“ And look forward with horror to ages unborn,  
“ And to sigh, without hope, for the breaking of morn;  
“ While the demons of woe, with perfection of art,  
“ In the name of Apollyon will act well their part,  
“ And will give you no rest from thy terror and pain.  
“ But will ever upon you calamities rain.  
“ And each temper and passion like flame will arise,  
“ And the spectres of darkness your soul will surprise,  
“ While the strong hand of mem’ry will smite like the hail,  
“ And the drawn sword of conscience will reason assail,  
“ And despair, like a fountain, will never run dry,  
“ And the hot tears of sorrow will stream from the eye?”  
From a heart that appear’d to be melting with grief,  
And in tones that appear’d to afford him relief,  
He proclaimed in the name of Jehovah the king,  
“ Unto you do I come and life’s offer I bring,  
“ And of good I can promise an infinite store,  
“ When the din and the carnage of battle are o’er;—  
“ And the joys which are now in Apollyonville found,  
“ And the death, and the ill, and the groans that resound.

Then in tones that convinc'd that his words were all true,  
“ With a message I'm sent from Jehovah to you;—  
“ Of Apollyon I'll speak for a very short while,  
“ As I dread not his frown and I ask not his smile.  
“ He in ages gone by 'gainst Jehovah rebell'd,  
“ Then by justice was tri'd and by vengeance expell'd,  
“ Then on wings swift as light to this city he came,  
“ Which he conquered and call'd by its far-renowned name.  
“ He may give you some pleasure and promise you more,  
“ And delight you by telling of infinite store,—  
“ He may lead you to groves where the shadow is cool.  
“ And may tell you of water that gleams in the pool,—  
“ You may drink from his cup and forget every woe,  
“ And then down every street of amusement may go;—  
“ To the Square and the Park and the Avenue grand.  
“ He may lead fast away with a firm, loving hand;—  
“ Of no ill he may say shall you ever complain,  
“ Just so long as he shall in Apollyonville reign.  
“ But his heart is as false as the bloom without fruit,  
“ And each promise he makes with that false heart will suit,  
“ Tho' his fruit to the taste be delicious and sweet,  
“ Like the wormwood and gall it is bitter when eat.  
“ You may pluck his fair flow'rs and their incense inhale,  
“ But the heart receives poison and never can fail.  
“ You may lie down to sleep in his beautiful tent,  
“ But the nail thro' your temple is speedily sent.—  
“ He may come to you rob'd in his garments of gold,  
“ But his hand holds the dagger concealed in the fold,—  
“ With the cords of deception he binds you secure,  
“ And beguiles you with visions while life shall endure,—

“ And when down to the river of Death you shall go,  
“ Where the cold vapors rise and the dark waters flow,  
“ He will have there to meet you in dismal attire,  
“ His vile agents to lead you to regions of fire,—  
“ Where in darkness profound and in flames without light,  
“ You shall writhe in deep anguish thro’ undying night;  
“ And the smoke of your torment forever shall rise,  
“ And your song will be woe, lamentation, and cries;—  
“ Where no mercy is shown and no pity is felt,  
“ And the full cup of vengeance to each one is dealt,  
“ But to you I have come with a message of love,  
“ From the throne of Jehovah the great King above,  
“ And altho’ you’ve rebell’d from his sceptre and throne,  
“ Yet he pities you still and he calls you his own.  
“ And beyond the dark river of Death there’s a place,  
“ Where his people rejoice in the light of his face;—  
“ There is day without night in the home of the blest,  
“ And the pilgrim will there be forever at rest;—  
“ He shall hunger no more and of thirst not complain,  
“ And on thrones of pure gold shall eternally reign.  
“ To protect from the foe that might chance to come near,  
“ All the troops of the king with their weapons appear,—  
“ The Commander is faithful—the warriors are true,  
“ And in fight they are sure to o’ercome and subdue.  
“ In the name of Jehovah by whom I am sent,  
“ Of your sin and rebellion I bid you repent,  
“ And Apollyonville leave and thro’ Sinland make haste,  
“ And no longer your time and your talents here waste.  
“ And the spies of Apollyon you often may meet;—  
“ Tho’ the path may be narrow and thorns pierce your feet,

## PART III.

## PILGRIMAGE BEGUN.

“Escape for thy life.”—*Angel to Lot.*

The sun was climbing up the eastern steep,  
And looking over towards the western deep;—  
The shadows shorten'd with the lengthening day,  
And men began to feel the burning ray;—  
The sweat-drops stood upon the labor's brow,  
As he went forth the fruitful soil to plow.  
No storm-cloud gather'd in the peaceful sky,  
To sound alarm, and tell of tempest nigh.  
The nightly winds were waking from their rest,  
The billows moan'd upon the river's breast,—  
Among the flow'rs the damsels joyful stroll'd,  
That they their morning beauties might behold,—  
And children shouted in the growing light,  
Which was victorious over gloomy night.  
Apostle's voice no more disturbed the ear,  
But in his eye was seen the crystal tear,—  
As from that throng he suddenly withdrew,  
And eager look'd to see what each would do.

Procrastination raised his voice and said :—

“ Apostle’s words have filled my soul with dread,  
“ And I a pilgrim have resolved to be,  
“ And soon I from Apollyonville will flee ;  
“ But still it is the early morning hour,  
“ The dew has scarcely left the opening flow’r,  
“ The valleys ’neath the mountain shadows lay,  
“ The lambkins only have begun their play,—  
“ The forests just begin to feel the heat,  
“ Of that proud king who treads with burning feet,  
“ His concave pathway thro’ the azure sky,  
“ Where all the stars of night in slumber lie.  
“ And then ’twill take some hour of golden day,  
“ To drive the mists and moisture from the way,  
“ And make it meet for pilgrims feet to tread,  
“ That we the path may travel without dread.  
“ Besides, I wish to pluck the tempting fruit,  
“ That bends the boughs until they touch the root,  
“ And revel where the rose and lily bloom,  
“ And see the goodly cedars wave their plume ;  
“ To watch the fountains playing in the light,  
“ And please the taste and gratify the sight.  
“ And when the sun has dried the pilgrim way,  
“ And when has come the proper hour of day,  
“ Then heartily I will the course begin,  
“ And tarry not until a throne I win.

Then Doubtful spoke with hesitating voice,  
About the making of a hasty choice ;—

“ ’Tis true we all shall to that river go,  
“ Where mists are chill, and dark the waters flow,

“ Thro’ the halls dark and drear of the prison below,  
“ And the groans that ascend from the burning of woe,  
“ Are now left to your choice and you each must decide,  
“ And you all by that choice must forever abide.  
“ There is life—there is good, on the one hand now set,  
“ On the other by evil and death you are met,—  
“ But the life and the good I beseech you to choose,  
“ And the death and the evil make haste to refuse.  
“ For if now as a pilgrim you start in your might,  
“ And with diligence strive for the City of light :—  
“ If Apollyonville now you are willing to leave,  
“ And the name of a pilgrim content to receive ?  
“ Tho’ thy sins be as countless as stars in the sky,  
“ Or the sands which on shores of the wild ocean lie,  
“ Yet as free as the night gives the clear sparkling dew,  
“ Will Jehovah bestow a full pardon on you.  
“ Tho’ thy garments the foulest pollution may show,  
“ From the vapors that rise from the region below,  
“ And unfit you to dwell with the cherubim bright,  
“ In the mansions of gold, in the City of light.  
“ Yet a fountain is open to all that may go,  
“ Where the garments are wash’d and made whiter than  
    snow.  
“ Tho’ the cords of Apollyon your limbs may enthrall,  
“ Yet Jehovah the King offers freedom to all,—  
“ And his people rejoice when the fetters give way,  
“ And their countenance shine with the light of the day.  
“ Now the message I bring from Jehovah Most High,  
“ I deliver to you and I now must pass by;—  
“ I may see you no more till the trumpet shall blow,  
“ And we all to the seat of the judgment shall go.



When they all who Apollyonville would not forsake,  
Shall be driven like chaff far away to that lake,  
Where their sighs fan the flames thro' the undying years,  
And which cannot be quench'd by an ocean of tears.  
But the pilgrim shall go to the City of light,  
“ With an escort of angels in garment of white,  
“ While the music shall roll thro' the bright cloudless sky,  
“ Lending speed to their wings as up thither they fly,  
“ To delight in the joys of that deathless estate,  
“ Which outnumber the trees of the forest so great,  
“ And look forward to ages and glories unknown ;—  
“ With the King to partake of his Imperial throne,  
“ And be deck'd with a crown of the finest of gold,  
“ All bespangled with gems for the saints to behold.”

“ To welcome us into its mansions great,  
“ Where gath’ring joys will other joys create.  
“ But then my heart is torn by savage fear,  
“ By reason of the tidings which I hear ;—  
“ For some who on a pilgrimage would go,  
“ Have fled in haste before the threat’ning foe,  
“ Nor would they for a moment look behind,  
“ To see the foe whose arts and wiles combined,  
“ To stop the pilgrims in their onward course,  
“ And drive them back by their united force.  
“ And now they in Apollyonville rejoice,  
“ And serve her mighty king with hand and voice ;  
“ While of the path they have no good to say,  
“ Altho’ each one supposes that it may  
“ Lead those who cross the dark and awful tide,  
“ Up to a City great, whose streets are wide,  
“ Whose walls are high, whose gates a welcome give,  
“ Where thro’ unending years they all shall live  
“ In mansions never made by mortal hands,—  
“ In joys more numerous far than ocean sands.  
“ As swift as ships the briny waters cleave,  
“ So quickly I Apollyonville would leave,  
“ And haste away thro’ Sinland to that place,  
“ That I might see the great Jehovah’s face,  
“ And shun that deep and dark abyss of woe,  
“ Where light and good no one shall ever know,  
“ If I were sure they were realities,  
“ And not inventions, itching ears to please.  
“ Yet still I dread that narrow path to try  
“ On either side of which the foemen lie,

“ Which hide in rocks and in the wild morass,  
“ Or lie conceal’d among the tangled grass,  
“ And quite as quick as one can draw a breath,  
“ The pilgrim seize as with the jaws of death.  
“ Or if he fight, his heart and powers may fail,  
“ And all the foes against him shall prevail,  
“ Until in utmost haste he doth retreat,  
“ Reward ungain’d, and smarting by defeat.  
“ The price we pay I cannot but believe,  
“ Will far transcend what we may ere receive;—  
“ So on a pilgrimage I fear to go,  
“ Lest I should fall or flee before the foe.”

Great Infidel stept forth with manner bold,  
And with proud eloquence his story told:—  
“ Apostle’s voice was like the thunders crash,  
“ His eye gleam’d like the lurid lightning’s flash,  
“ As by imagination he surveyed,  
“ And then by high wrought imag’ry portray’d,  
“ A dark and awful region which he said,  
“ Lay far beneath the dismal river’s bed,  
“ Where flames ascend without producing light,  
“ And all are subject to the sway of night,  
“ And writhe in pangs which in their spirits feel,  
“ Like poison’d arrows barb’d with burning steel,  
“ Where burning thirst compels the soul to sigh,  
“ For streams that must remain forever dry.  
“ Again he said, let each a pilgrim be,  
“ And from this city with all promptness flee;  
“ Thro’ Sinland haste—turn not to left or right,—  
“ If foes appear, be strong to give them fight,

“ But 'tis beyond my pow'r to comprehend,  
“ A deep abyss from which the flames ascend,  
“ And yet the darkness as a monarch reigns,—  
“ Enslaving all with adamantine chains,  
“ And when the stars from very age shall die,  
“ Within those prison walls they all shall lie.  
“ 'Tis hard for me to think such message true,  
“ I cannot tell what's best for me to do.  
“ And that there should another City be,  
“ Where they who from Apollyonville shall flee,  
“ Shall reign as kings and priests on sapphire thrones,  
“ And anthems swell without discordant groans,—  
“ Where fruits abundant bend the deathless tree,  
“ That strikes its roots beneath the living sea,—  
“ Where night is vanquish'd by victorious day,  
“ Whose sceptre shall triumphantly bear sway  
“ Where comets cease to roam the vaulted sky,  
“ And suns have burn'd till they in ashes lie ;  
“ And if that word as Nature shall be true,  
“ And every victor swells the anthems new,  
“ Yet still Apostle said the way is straight,  
“ That leads thro' Sinland to the City's gate,  
“ And care is needed lest we lose the way,  
“ And miss the place where shines eternal day.  
“ Besides, the storm will rise and rend the air,  
“ And fierce tornadoes will the woodland tear,  
“ And foes determin'd will besiege our path,  
“ And make us feel the fierceness of their wrath,  
“ While we beneath their feet shall lie in gore,  
“ And never see the shadow of that shore.

“ Before I start another place to see,  
“ I must be sure that such a place there be ;  
“ Before I seek to shun a place of woe,  
“ 'Tis right that I more of that place should know.  
“ And should these things be true beyond a doubt,  
“ Are we sufficient all our foes to rout ?  
“ And urge our way like ships before the gale,  
“ Or shall we in the trying moment fail ?  
“ And turn our backs and flee o'er vale and hill,  
“ Nor stay until we reach Apollyonville ?  
“ Now if Apostle I can prove correct,  
“ The pleasures here I will at once reject,  
“ And in a moment start that place to gain,  
“ And with Jehovah there forever reign.”

When Doubtful brought his story to a close,  
Then Fearful, trembling, to his feet arose ;  
“ There is a place I must believe,” he said,  
“ Far down below the dismal river's bed,  
“ Where many go to dwell in torturing flame,  
“ And wail in deep contempt and cruel shame ;  
“ For I have seen them in those vapors hide,  
“ And sink from sight into the swelling tide,  
“ While agony was pictured in their face,  
“ As if they had a vision of that place,  
“ That filled their soul with deep and crushing dread,  
“ From which, away in haste all gladness fled.  
“ And as we wish our being to prolong,—  
“ Instead of groans to swell a joyful song,  
“ It does appear to me some City grand  
“ And vast with open gates should tempting stand,

“ He asked, ‘ Whoever came across that stream,  
“ ‘ To tell you of that place of which you dream ?’  
“ Now let me tell you of the distant past,  
“ How many angels cross’d that river vast,  
“ Sent by the great Jehovah to this place,  
“ With messages unto our fallen race.  
“ They say they in Jehovah’s presence stand,  
“ And do his bidding in another land.  
“ Whence did they come ? if not from that blest shore,  
“ Where a great City stands forevermore,  
“ And as they’re gone, pray whither are they flown,  
“ Unless where great Jehovah builds his throne ?  
“ And men of strict veracity of word,  
“ Have told us they Jehovah’s voice have heard,  
“ And more than once they saw the vapors rise,  
“ Which hide that City from our wistful eyes,  
“ And looking o’er the dark and heaving tide,  
“ Have seen that City on the farther side.  
“ And many pilgrims clad in snowy white,  
“ With angels who appear’d embodied light,  
“ Whose joys are num’rous as the stars above,  
“ And all moved in an atmosphere of love.  
“ And then Jehovah sent his only Son,  
“ Who, in a desp’rate fight, the battle won,—  
“ He told them of their fall and lost estate,  
“ And what, assuredly, would be their fate,  
“ Unless they from Apollyonville would go,  
“ And take the narrow path which he would show,  
“ That leads thro’ Sinland to a City grand,  
“ Which beautifies the unseen better land.



“ To prove beyond a doubt his message true,  
“ He promised that he would great wonders do,  
“ And all men know when at the river’s side,  
“ Some heard his voice and came up from the tide.  
“ And mingl’d with the pilgrims on their way,  
“ Unto that city robed in cloudless day.  
“ And some who wore for years affliction’s bands,  
“ Were liberated by his mighty hands,  
“ While many hearts their secrets did unfold,  
“ And hidden deeds were by his knowledge told.  
“ Each word the prophets wrote he said was true,  
“ He who the promise made the deed would do,  
“ And when the work assigned to him was done.  
“ Jehovah to his foes gave up his Son,  
“ Who quickly seized him with their guilty hands.  
“ And bound him like a lamb with treble bands,  
“ And drew him down unto the river’s side,  
“ And thrust him in the deep and awful tide :—  
“ Intoxicated by their mad delight,  
“ They triumphed as he pass’d beyond their sight.  
“ But from that City, robed in morning light,  
“ An angel great whose face was dazzling bright,  
“ Came as a meteor falling from the sky,  
“ Unto the place where deep the waters lie ;—  
“ Before his wings the vapors fled away,  
“ The river dark shone with the light of day,—  
“ Beneath his feet the swelling waves were cleft.  
“ The deep was of its precious trust bereft,  
“ And he upon the chilly shore did stand,  
“ And promis’d to his friends a goodly land.

“ And, overcoming, you shall gain that land,  
“ Where a great city, deck’d in light, doth stand.  
“ With open gate to bid you enter in,  
“ That you a starry crown and throne may win.  
“ Of this I cannot possibly conceive,  
“ And therefore do the story disbelieve.  
“ A lake of fire!—a bugbear to affright  
“ The folk who dread the spectres of the night!  
“ These are the ghosts that haunt a morbid mind,  
“ And frighten those who to the truth are blind.  
“ A City, too! beyond the river Death,  
“ Where men can live and never draw a breath.  
“ ’Tis too absurd for me to entertain;—  
“ And in Apollyonville I will remain,  
“ And to the sceptre of Apollyon bow,  
“ And pay to him my homage and my vow.  
“ A City grand beyond the swelling flood,  
“ Where they shall dwell in garment wash’d in blood!  
“ And purified from every spot and stain,  
“ And all the honors of that City gain?  
“ ’Tis but a mirage in the desert air,  
“ Which in proportion rises grand and fair,  
“ Which simple folk behold with rapt delight,  
“ And eagerly pursue with all their might.  
“ As they pursue, the stately mirage flees,  
“ Which fills the soul with cruel agonies,  
“ And while they shed their disappointed tears,  
“ The subtle spectre fades and disappears.  
“ These rainless clouds no one will bid me chase,  
“ So long as I can tarry in this place,—

“ And when the unseen and resistless hand  
“ Of fate shall bind me fast with band on band,  
“ And I go down into the swelling tide,  
“ And in the awful deep my being hide,  
“ There I thro’ endless years shall peaceful rest,  
“ And grief no more shall throb within my breast.  
“ The waves that rise and roll with dismal roar,  
“ And spend their strength upon the rocky shore,  
“ Shall mingle with the sighing of the breeze,  
“ That moans and whistles in the forest trees,  
“ And with the petrels of the darkness blend,  
“ And chant a requiem that knows no end.”

When Infidel had finished his address,  
My heart was burdened with a new distress,  
For many with myself were much in doubt,  
Of various things we heard so much about.  
Some fear’d it all might be an empty tale,  
And with them resolution seem’d to fail,  
And each one by his manner seem’d to show,  
He fear’d upon a pilgrimage to go.

Just then Faith spoke in words that charm’d the ear,  
His accents, like a trumpet voice, were clear,—  
“ You all have heard what Infidel hath said,  
“ And many hearts are crush’d with fear and dread.  
“ He says, ‘Apostle strives you to deceive,  
“ ‘Therefore you must his story disbelieve,  
“ ‘And from Apollyonville you should not go,  
“ ‘That you might shun imaginary woe.’  
“ Now Infidel I challenge to the test,  
“ And you can judge whose arguments are best.

“ Where stands a City built of burnished gold,  
“ Whose glories never could on earth be told,—  
“ And they the tidings every where must tell,  
“ That many might be brought with Him to dwell.  
“ Then from that shore in majesty He rose,  
“ A mighty victor over all his foes.  
“ Beneath his feet the waves and vapors lay,  
“ As thro’ the air he urged his rapid way,—  
“ The angels gather’d round him like a cloud,  
“ And with a trumpet-voice they cried aloud,—  
“ Let all the City gates be open thrown,  
“ And let the heavenly powers the Conqu’ror own,  
“ And let Jehovah’s Son his throne obtain,  
“ That he as highest Potentate may reign.  
“ Then soon the Spirit promised to inspire,  
“ Fell on his friends like cloven tongues of fire,  
“ Constraining them to hasten everywhere,  
“ And unto all the glorious tidings bear.  
“ And as they went the message to proclaim,  
“ They wrought great wonders in His mighty name,  
“ And who refused on pilgrimage to go,  
“ Had to confess that all these things were so.  
“ And some of these in spirit went away,  
“ Unto that City robed in endless day,  
“ And all its glories saw with ravish’d eyes,  
“ As beautiful it lay ’neath smiling skies.  
“ When of its glories they began to tell,  
“ They seemed in bondage to some magic spell,  
“ That bound their tongue and banish’d every thought.  
“ And when, to tell the tidings, they have sought,

“ They all exultingly proclaimed aloud,  
“ With voices firm and heads with rev’rence bow’d,—  
“ No eye hath ever seen—no ear hath heard,  
“ No human tongue hath ere pronounced the word,  
“ That would unfold its infinite delight,  
“ Entrancing with the grand and peerless sight.  
“ Yea, I from certain knowledge must believe,  
“ That never yet did human heart conceive,  
“ The weight of glory in that endless rest,  
“ With which the faithful pilgrim shall be blest.  
“ Now all these things and many more appear,  
“ Upon the pages of this volume here,—  
“ Proclaim’d in truth to be Jehovah’s word,  
“ Which from Apostle’s lips we all have heard ;—  
“ And Infidel I challenge to disprove,  
“ Or from this page the rock-like words remove.”  
Each word that Faith pronounced was like a dart,  
That pierced its way down deep into the heart.—  
Each felt the ground he took was solid rock,  
And could endure the fiercest battle-shock ;  
While Infidel with murmurs turn’d away,  
Confessing that he had no more to say.

Just then a voice was heard in accents clear,  
Which fell like music on the list’ners ear,  
And Hope, a damsel beautiful and fair,  
Began to speak with dignity of air :—  
“ What Faith has said we every one have heard,  
“ And I devoutly now believe his word,—  
“ Apollyonville ne’er satisfied my mind,  
“ The good I sought I never here could find,

“ And, strange, it always has appear’d to me,  
“ That we should sink into that mist-clad sea,  
“ And there remain thro’ all the future years,  
“ Tho’ thither we might go with burning tears ;—  
“ Or if there be a place of burning woe,  
“ That of that place we here should never know ;—  
“ Or if by better fortune we should gain  
“ A glorious home beyond the swelling main,  
“ Why should our souls be always clad with night,  
“ Until we reach that place of golden light ?  
“ Apostle hath a wondrous story told,  
“ Which to deny, great Infidel was bold,—  
“ Yet Faith declares that every word is true,  
“ And urges us to bid this place adieu,  
“ Most gladly now Apollyonville I’ll leave,  
“ With those who do Apostle’s words receive ;  
“ For in my mind I’m fully satisfi’d,  
“ That if we still within these walls abide,  
“ Those blighting woes that now arouse our fears,  
“ Will burn our spirits thro’ the endless years.  
“ But if thro’ Sinland we as pilgrims go,  
“ With garment wash’d and whiter than the snow,  
“ And never fail until we cross the tide,  
“ Within that city grand we shall reside.  
“ For this my soul has oft with sadness pin’d,  
“ And patiently I’ve sought this pearl to find,  
“ And many times I was prepared to see  
“ The hour arrive, when I from death made free,  
“ The prize of everlasting life might gain,  
“ Beyond the deep and all-consuming main,



“ Where none shall die of malady or age,  
“ Or forfeit that most glorious heritage.  
“ Now such a priceless chance I dare not lose,  
“ And let not any here the call refuse,  
“ But let us, every one, escape away,  
“ Before expires the early hour of day,  
“ That when the sun goes down the western steep,  
“ And we must cross the river dark and deep,  
“ We shall have gain’d the narrow, shallow place,  
“ Where falls the glory of Jehovah’s face.  
“ And if we meet with foes upon the way,  
“ More time we’ll have to conquer and to slay:—  
“ If wounds we get upon the field of fight,  
“ We may be heal’d before expires the light:—  
“ And if so be that any go astray,  
“ He may the path regain while it is day.”

When Hope, whose feelings like a furnace glow’d,  
Whose stirring accents like a river flow’d,  
Had ceased to speak, and every one stood mute,  
Then all expectant stood to see the fruit  
That must result from what so many said,  
Which in each countenance was clearly read.

Then as the moon ascends the peaceful sky,  
And smiles upon the clouds that hasten by,  
So Love arose with comely countenance,  
And look’d around with a bewitching glance,  
Her virgin tones were sweeter than a lyre,  
And fell upon the soul like magic fire,  
Each by her beauty was to stillness charmed,  
And by her voice all strife was soon disarm’d.

“ My soul,” she said, “ now greatly doth rejoice,  
“ Because this moment I have made my choice,  
“ And have a pilgrim now resolv’d to be,  
“ And from Apollyonville in haste will flee,  
“ Lest I shall perish in the chilling tide,  
“ Where clouds and vapors evermore abide.  
“ Apollyonville ! What good hast thou to give,  
“ That I in thee might always wish to live ?  
“ Thou hast the chaff, but not the golden grain,  
“ The clouds thou hast but not the teeming rain.  
“ Of dross thou dost provide an hundred fold,  
“ But scanty is thy store of precious gold,—  
“ Altho’ the shadows every where abound,  
“ Yet none the real substance yet has found.  
“ Thy trees tho’ fair are rotten at the root,—  
“ Thy bloom is false and yields no goodly fruit.  
“ Farewell Apollyonville, I say farewell,  
“ I am resolved in thee no more to dwell.  
“ The prospect of a pilgrim’s life to me,  
“ My soul o’erpow’rs with untold ecstasy,  
“ And ravishes my heart with rapt delight,  
“ And lifts before mine eyes the vision bright,  
“ That makes my inmost being yearn to reign,  
“ With Him who in Apollyonville was slain.  
“ I welcome toil, and weariness, and woe,  
“ That may beset as I thro’ Sinland go ;—  
“ I welcome storms that o’er the desert sweep,  
“ And raise the billows on the awful deep :—  
“ I welcome conflicts with the legions brave,  
“ Who with my blood may strive the field to lave.

“ Affection’s tendrils from my soul extend,  
“ To Him who is the faithful pilgrim’s friend,  
“ And by His aid the battle I shall win,  
“ And safely pass thro’ all the land of Sin.  
“ Mine eyes shall then behold the stream divide,  
“ In triumph I shall reach the other side,  
“ While anthems like the mighty thunder’s roar,  
“ Reverberate along the sounding shore,  
“ And then I shall the Holy City gain,  
“ And on a throne of gold forever reign.”

Then many more desir’d a word to say,  
Who without thought occasion’d some delay;—  
But Courage, every one desir’d to speak,  
To animate the timid and the weak,  
Said he,—“ The path we go is very old,  
“ But no where is it pav’d with shining gold,  
“ That we with silver slippers on our feet,  
“ May haste away the angel hosts to meet.  
“ The way is often difficult to tread,  
“ And enemies may fill our souls with dread,  
“ But if we’re brave the enemy will flee,  
“ And we shall wave the palm of victory.  
“ Now I advise that we no more delay,  
“ For in great haste the moments flee away,  
“ So let us all with one consent arise,  
“ And fight our way until we reach the prize.”

Said Earnest with a strong emphatic voice,  
“ I too have made and will declare my choice,  
“ Tho’ it may be alone yet I will go,  
“ Unto that place where living waters flow,—

“ And none shall damp the ardor of my soul,  
“ Till, finishing my course, I gain the goal.”  
Two youthful damsels smiled and sweetly said,—  
“ The dangers of the way we do not dread ;—  
“ Unto the Holy City we will go,  
“ And walk its streets in raiment white as snow.”  
Said Strength,—“ My soul begins to feel the fire.  
“ And tho’ the road be long I will not tire ;—  
“ I am prepar’d to climb the mountain steep,  
“ And face the storms which o’er the desert sweep,  
“ And with the mighty foemen will contend,—  
“ My weapons use the pilgrims to defend,  
“ Until afar the evil lies behind,  
“ And we the City’s open gate shall find.”  
Decision said,—“ Lest any heart shall fail,  
“ By hearing of the foes that may assail,  
“ Or may not wish to leave this place so soon,  
“ But gather fruits and flow’rs until the noon  
“ Has come, with all its ripe and mellow store,  
“ And at thy feet its great abundance pour :—  
“ Stay not until the morning goes away,  
“ And waste thy time in indolence and play,  
“ And think the later hours will better suit,  
“ To leave this place with all its flow’rs and fruit.  
“ The longer in Apollyonville we stay,  
“ The less disposed we’ll be to get away.  
“ Our eyes unto the danger will get blind,  
“ And loath we’ll be this place to leave behind.  
“ A thousand traps are set before our feet,  
“ Where’er we go ten thousand snares we meet :—

“The pilgrim course its novelty will lose,  
“The Holy City we’ll not wish to choose,  
“And King Jehóvah we’ll not care to meet,  
“Nor on a throne desire to take a seat.  
“This instant let us every one decide,  
“And not a moment longer here abide,  
“Lest these delights our spirits should enthrall,  
“And on our heads tremendous judgments fall.”

While these in language strong their thoughts express’d  
My soul was rent and pungently distress’d;—  
Tho’ like the quaking earth my heart was moved,  
For which I had myself betimes reprov’d,  
Yet in my mind I made a sacred vow,  
That to Apollyon’s throne I would not bow,  
But from Apollyonville in haste depart,  
And great Jehovah serve with all my heart,  
And tread with diligence the pilgrim course,  
Till I in triumph come unto that Source,  
From which all real good must ever flow,  
To which, we all, for happiness must go.  
As those who spoke, and many others, too,  
Were saying to Apollyonville, ‘Adieu’!  
Apostle then appear’d not far away,  
And crav’d the time a few more words to say:—  
“I have Directories which you must take,  
“That safely you the pilgrimage may make,—  
“’Twill be a friend—a true and constant guide,  
“Until you safely pass the parted tide.”  
Thus saying he to each a volume gave,  
And told us all to be in battle brave,

That all might gain the city of the King,  
And there Jehovah's praise in triumph sing.  
Then as the pilgrim host moved fast away,  
I could no more the tide of feeling stay ;—  
My heart vibrated like the mount of God,  
When great Jehovah on its summit trod,  
And to Apollyonville I said "good-bye,"  
The perils of the pilgrim's course to try,  
And every joy and victory to reap,  
And with the company of pilgrims keep,  
That I with them might cross the swelling tide,  
And in the holy place with them abide.  
A rill of joy ran thro' the pilgrim band,  
When we beheld a Chart of all the land,  
Upon the page of our Directory,  
So plainly drawn that every one could see,  
That from the pathway none need ever stray,  
Unless that faithful Chart they disobey.  
We hasten'd on with hearts as light as air,  
Nor did we for the threat'ning foeman care ;—  
Behind us lay the bristling forts and tow'rs,  
With walk, and park, and all the pleasure bowers,  
And all the vice in which so many steep,  
With all the tears that tens of thousands weep ;—  
And all the temples on the hallow'd ground,  
And all that did on Pleasure Square abound.  
Just on the borders of Apollyonville,  
There was a rock from which there flow'd a rill,  
From which we drank and felt our powers renew'd,  
And then in haste our journey we pursued.

We saw that rill into a fountain rise,  
Whose purity delighted with surprise ; —  
Therefrom we took and wash'd our garment clean,  
So that there could on none a spot be seen : —  
The fount where we received the cleansing free,  
Was plainly mark'd in our Directory.

But some unto Apollyonville would cling,  
And with their shouts they made the city ring,  
And laugh'd and mock'd because we went away,  
To gain that City clothed in peerless day ; —  
And some derisively exclaim'd — Adieu !  
Not long, and back again we'll welcome you.  
But having wash'd ourselves from every stain,  
We thought of the rewards which we should gain,  
If we were faithful to the journey's end,  
And should the thrones of victory ascend.  
Just then the bristling cannon loudly roar'd,  
And from their flaming mouth destruction pour'd ;  
The missiles whistled in the startl'd air,  
And bursting shells the quaking earth did tear ; —  
A cloud of smoke the region overspread,  
That caus'd each one with care the path to tread.  
Apollyon troops came forth well arm'd and bold,  
And in the sun their weapons shone like gold,  
On flank and rear they all began to fight,  
And strove to conquer by superior might,  
But out of range we all contriv'd to keep,  
Tho' on our knees we often had to creep.



## PART IV.

## THE PATH.

“Thou wilt shew me the path of life.”—*David.*

The Patriarchs of bygone ages,  
Confess'd by all the first of sages,  
Declar'd themselves as only strangers,  
Who hasted thro' a land of dangers,  
And never knew but that the morrow,  
Would bear them far beyond the sorrow,  
That fill'd the heart with keenest anguish,  
And often caused their souls to languish,  
And sigh for some to show them pity,  
And lead them to a goodly city,  
Where they in rest might tarry ever,  
And storm and enemy should never,  
Appear to rob them of their treasure,  
And dissipate their heaven-born pleasure.  
Thus they their burdens meekly carri'd,  
And not a moment ever tarri'd,  
But climb'd the steep and frowning mountain,  
Up from whose bosom rose a fountain,  
From which they drew the nectral lotion,  
And wash'd with rapturous emotion.

Then safely down the gorge descended,  
And thro' the vale their steps they wended,—  
The foaming torrent safe they forded,  
And free from every motive sordid,  
They turn'd their backs on grainfield golden,  
And from the lands their eyes were holden,  
No house they built for habitation,  
Such things would prove a degradation,  
And if the road was rough and trying,  
And hungry wolves the prey were eyeing,—  
If by forebodings they were haunted,  
They were not for a moment daunted,  
But fac'd the ill with utmost daring,  
And trod it down with martial bearing,  
And travell'd on with growing pleasure,  
That they might gain the promised treasure.  
If wounded, and their blood was flowing,  
They would not cease their onward going,  
But bound their wounds with balm for healing,  
And thus the pain and smart concealing,  
Their countenance dismiss'd its sadness,  
And fill'd the place with joy and gladness.  
If with the clouds the winds would caper,  
And skies grew dark with chilling vapor,  
Till storms would rage with cruel madness,  
And drive them to the rock with gladness,—  
While in great anger it was raving,  
They in the cleft their strength were saying,  
To end their journey without failing,  
Like ships across the ocean sailing.

When on the mountain they were standing,  
From which the prospect was commanding,  
It was as if a golden morning,  
Display'd its glories without warning,  
Until their souls with rapture burning,  
Were prostrate by a fatal yearning,  
Which made them languish for translation,  
Unto that glorious, golden station,  
Where all are clad in robes of whiteness,  
And like the sun shine out in brightness.  
And when they reach'd the journey's ending,  
And robed themselves for the ascending,  
And as their flesh began to quiver,  
They plunged into the dismal river,  
And safely gain'd the shining portal,  
To reign in bliss with the Immortal.

Again the vision did me capture  
And overflow'd my soul with rapture:—  
The morning hour in haste departed,  
When on our pilgrimage we started.  
As each declar'd much time was wasted,  
Down thro' the lowland quick we hasted,—  
The sky was bright with sunshine golden,—  
The winds by unseen hands were holden,—  
The feather'd tribes were loudly singing,  
And with their notes the groves were ringing.  
The rippling brooks joined in the chorus,  
Which made the prospect grand before us.—  
The path tho' narrow seem'd inviting,  
No foes were seen prepar'd for fighting.

By flowers superb the path was border'd,  
So that we all with steps well order'd,  
Combined together without cavil,  
The safety and the joy of travel.  
The trees by which we were surrounded,  
With many kinds of fruit abounded,  
Whose beauteous shades of color blending,  
Was like the West when day is ending,  
And ever seem'd to offer pleasure,  
In stores beyond what we could measure ;  
While at their roots a shadow rested,  
Which like a garb the florets vested.  
'Tho' to the path we all were strangers,  
Yet no one seem'd afraid of dangers,  
But still the rock with sharp projection,  
Would bid us walk with circumspection,  
Lest we should fall and in our anguish,  
Upon the wayside die or languish,  
Or wounded, so our future going,  
Would show the crimson current flowing,  
And we discourag'd and faint hearted,  
Should wish that we had never started,  
To make this journey, long and trying,  
Where hidden dangers thick were lying.  
If we among the flowers would ramble,  
Our flesh would feel the piercing bramble ;  
By thorns our garments would be mangled,  
Or in the wild we would be tangled.  
Then pit-falls in the vale abounded,  
By tangled grass they were surrounded,—

If we should not our goings ponder,  
And from the narrow pathway wander,  
The serpents in the mosses sleeping,  
Would wake and at us madly leaping,  
Strike thro' our flesh their fangs of burning,  
And death prevent us from returning,  
Unto that path on which we started,  
When from the city we departed.  
Then streams from never failing fountains,  
That lay far up among the mountains,  
Came thundering down the rocky gorges,  
Like giants in their drunken orgies,  
And foam'd along thro' wild morasses,  
And fled away thro' mountain passes.  
Then near the stream the mire abounded,  
By grasses tall and thick surrounded ;—  
If from the path a pilgrim strayeth,  
And here his onward course delayeth,  
Down in the mire he'll sink and perish,  
Without a hand to help or cherish.  
Thus on each side were dangers many,  
But for a time I saw not any  
Disposed to loiter in the valley,  
Among the fruits and flowers to dally.  
When to the path we were no strangers,  
These things appear'd no longer dangers,  
And many seemed to lose their bearing,  
And walk'd the pathway without caring,  
But soon they stray'd among the flowers,  
Whose odors weaken'd all their powers.

And when the ripen'd fruits invited,  
They with the colors were delighted.  
And hastily they pluck'd and swallow'd,  
And thro' the wild morass they wallow'd,  
Until their powers were well nigh wasted.  
And then to find the path they hasted.  
But by the serpents they were bitten,  
And look'd like flow'rs which frost had smitten,  
And had not circumstances favor'd,  
And help'd them when they fear'd and waver'd.  
They would have been quite overpower'd,  
And by the serpents soon devour'd.  
But Daring seem'd to dread no danger.  
But acted like a "forest ranger,"  
And far away upon the valley,  
'Mong flow'r and moss he loved to dally,  
Among the thorns he got entangled,  
And terribly was torn and mangled,  
So that the serpents coil'd around him,  
And in their folds securely bound him,  
And drank the blood that fast was streaming.  
And ere the noontide sun was beaming.  
He fell and perish'd in the bramble,  
Because he was resolv'd to ramble.  
And Rover stray'd from the procession,  
And wander'd off without discretion,  
But while he was of pleasure thinking,  
Down in deep mire his feet were sinking,  
And some could not refrain from weeping.  
To see him in the quagmire leaping,—

And every moment made it clearer,  
That every struggle brought him nearer  
Unto that torrent wild and raving,  
Whose boiling waves the shores were laving,—  
Whose hungry jaws were wide expanded,  
As if they all the host demanded,  
To satisfy their hunger cravings,  
And calm away their savage ravings.  
Then as we watch'd with deepest yearning,  
We saw him toward the torrent turning ;—  
As to the place he was a stranger,  
He seemed unconscious of his danger.  
Then down the cliff we saw him falling,—  
For help we heard him vainly calling,  
But in the surf he soon was buried,  
And thro' the mountain pass was carried ;—  
As at the thought our flesh did quiver,  
He sank into the dismal river,  
Beneath the billows wild to slumber,  
No more to travel with our number.  
Beside these two there was another,  
The idol of a doting mother,  
Who had the cup of Bacchus tasted,  
And thus the precious hours had wasted.  
He was by parents call'd a treasure,  
And gratified with every pleasure,  
Which had his youthful heart delighted,  
And both his mind and body blighted.  
When from Apollyonville he started,  
And from its joy he gladly parted,



He as a pilgrim was quite zealous,  
And oft in converse he would tell us,  
How in his soul the flame was burning,  
And how he felt a constant yearning,  
To gain that high and holy station,  
Where should take place his coronation.  
But sad it is to tell the story,  
While on his way to life and glory,  
The narrow pathway was forsaken,  
And broad and dangerous paths were taken,  
Beside whose marge a fountain tempted,  
The glass he filled and quickly emptied.  
But quickly he began to stagger,  
As tho' some one with secret dagger,  
Had pierc'd his heart and caused a fountain  
To flow like rillets from a mountain.  
Then sitting down among the flowers,  
He exercised his vocal powers,  
And sang aloud with fiendish madness,  
Of all the merriment and gladness,  
Which in Apollyonville was treasured,  
The sum of which was never measured,—  
And then a palsied man resembling,  
Unto his feet he rose with trembling,—  
Then look'd around like one benighted,  
And by the darkness was affrighted,  
And stagger'd round 'mong thorns and bramble.  
And thro' the thicket strove to scramble.  
We watch'd awhile with stricken'd feeling,  
And saw him thro' the valley reeling,

Nor stay'd till he the city enter'd,  
Where his affections all were centred.  
As for myself I was unwary,  
And by the way I thought to tarry,  
But soon I stepp'd from the procession,  
Which was a dangerous indiscretion,  
And thought to fill my shallow measure,  
By what was called the wayside pleasure.  
Some tempting flow'rs I quickly sorted,  
And 'mong the mossy knolls I sported,—  
The golden fruitage I was eyeing,  
To gain it I was vainly trying,  
When suddenly I heard one calling,  
That I into a pit was falling.  
If I would shun a fate so painful,  
I must not seek the fruitage baneful,  
But to my danger must awaken,  
And gain the path which I'd forsaken.  
And when I had the danger sighted,  
My soul within me was affrighted,  
And while I stood a moment pondering,  
I saw the evil of my wandering,  
And hasted back without delaying,  
Repenting of my foolish straying :—  
Then with the pilgrims re-united,  
My vows again I gladly plighted.  
Then on our journey quick we hasted,  
Redeeming time so vainly wasted,  
We pass'd by trees of fruitage golden,  
From which our vision was withholden.

The serpents in the moss were teeming,  
With eyes like lurid lightnings gleaming,  
Came near to bite the pilgrim stranger,  
Who walked unmindful of his danger.  
By Careful was the path defended,  
As he the pilgrim host attended ;  
The miry sloughs we pass'd abhorring,  
And heard the fierce tornado roaring,  
Until we gain'd the green oasis,  
Which nestled at the mountain's basis.  
There trees of wholesome fruit were growing  
And crystal streams were smoothly flowing,  
And flow'rs the region were adorning,  
Whose incense like the mists of morning,  
Upon the atmosphere ascended,  
And with the sunlight sweetly blended,  
There 'neath a sky serene and azure,  
We ate the fruit with thrilling pleasure,  
And breath'd the incense of the flora,  
Which bore the tints of the aurora,  
Then in the stream we took a lotion,  
Which seem'd to set us all in motion ;—  
Then to the mountain's base we wended,  
And up its side slowly ascended.  
The mountain way was rough and trying,  
And treach'rous boulders thick were lying,  
And from the rock-environ'd fountain,  
The torrent thunder'd down the mountain.  
As shadows passing o'er the dial,  
So pass'd we over every trial,

And gain'd a most delightful station,  
Upon a higher elevation :—  
And while we stood a moment panting,  
We found the prospect most enchanting,  
The Sun look'd down in all his glory,  
Like kings embalm'd in ancient story,—  
And flung his rays across the mountain,  
Alike on tree and rock and fountain,  
Which kept the forest choirs a singing,  
While with their notes the glades were ringing,  
And bid the angry winds be quiet,  
Nor 'mong the mountains rave and riot,  
But drop the odors of the flowers,  
As clouds would drop the gentle showers.  
Beyond us rose the mountain higher,  
All sparkling with the solar fire,—  
It wore a robe of snowy whiteness,  
And tempted with its wond'rous brightness.  
We gazed a time tho' somewhat tired,  
Till impulse new our hearts inspired,  
And made us sigh for that high station,  
The threshold of our coronation.  
But then a forest dense and tangled,  
Where many pilgrims had been mangled,  
By beasts of dispositions savage,  
Which ever thro' the forest ravage,  
Spread far and wide before our vision,  
And seem'd to mock us in derision.  
Altho' with ills the wild was haunted,  
Yet every one moved off undaunted.

Down from that peak we safe descended,  
And thro' the glade our course we wended,  
Until we reach'd the forest gloomy,  
And found the soil both rough and loamy.  
The trees were like the oaks of Bashan,  
And fill'd with dignity their station,  
And spread abroad their arms defiant,  
As did the proud Philistine giant.  
Their shadows by ten thousand falling,  
Produced a darkness most appalling,  
Exposing us to grievous errors,  
And haunting with their spectral terrors.  
The underwood was thick and trying,  
Thro' which we passed with tears and sighing.  
And windfalls, too, with broken branches,  
Along with mighty avalanches,  
And many torrents wildly flowing,  
Confronted us in all our going;—  
While savage beasts with eye-balls gleaming.  
And hateful birds with hideous screaming,  
Appear'd, to make the terror double,  
And magnify our every trouble.  
We found the air both damp and chilling,  
With miasma the fens were filling,  
And many other things were vexing,  
And to the pilgrims quite perplexing.  
Then Faith, a warrior skill'd and daring,  
Led on the host with noble bearing,  
And tho' the dangers were uncounted,  
Yet one by one they were surmounted.

And Courage after Faith fast follow'd,  
And thro' the bramble safely wallow'd;—  
Tho' of his pow'rs Strength never vaunted,  
Yet he by hardship ne'er was daunted,  
And as he moved, the spectre vanish'd,  
His lifted hand the evil banish'd.  
Their conduct every heart inspired,  
And every spirit pulsed and fired,  
So getting all our weapons ready,  
We started off with footsteps steady.  
The forest wild we trod with singing,  
And set the shadow'd valleys ringing,  
And when the savage beast came near us,  
Our bristling weapons made them fear us,  
Sometimes a steady aim was taken,  
And when they heard the echoes waken,  
From the discharging of our rifles,  
Which they believed no empty trifles,  
And as the antelope affrighted,  
They disappear'd as soon as sighted,  
And let us travel unmolested,  
So that our weapons were not tested.  
The forest dangers soon were ended,  
By Courage, Faith and Strength attended,  
We came unto the mount desired,  
The sight of which our hearts inspired,—  
And as we needed preparation,  
To gain that tow'ring elevation,  
We tarried by a green oasis,  
That nestled at the mountain's basis.

Where streams like molten crystal flowing,  
And Eschol grapes in clusters growing,  
Presented good in boundless measure,  
Where we regaled ourselves at pleasure.

While here our pow'rs we were renewing,  
We saw one after us pursuing,  
His bearing show'd determination,  
Which made us feel some consternation;—  
But soon among us he was standing;—  
With speech and gesture both commanding,  
Declar'd it was his great ambition,  
In spite of frowning opposition,  
To join the band of pilgrim strangers,  
And with them share their ills and dangers,  
With words like these his case presented.  
The pilgrims all appear'd contented,  
Altho' we knew the real danger,  
Of taking to our ranks a stranger,  
Whose name—Besetting Sin—denoted,  
The work to which he was devoted,—  
Who in Apollyonville had striven,  
And who by subtilty had driven  
More souls to ruin without pity,  
Than any known within that city.  
But as in truth he seem'd converted,  
We hoped all danger was averted.  
When all obtain'd their proper places,  
Unto the mount we turn'd our faces,  
And soon its steep were nimbly climbing,  
Where many birds their music chiming,



Were challenging our approbation,  
And fann'd the flame of inspiration.  
Around the cliff the road went winding,  
But was not difficult of finding.  
As each succeeding step was taken,  
The slumb'ring dangers did awaken,—  
Their jaws expanded to devour,  
Each one that came within their power.  
The rocks, which stunted shrubs were crowning,  
Appear'd to gaze with awful frowning.  
And say it was unwise to venture,  
And win no other prize than censure.  
But Faith rose like a daring giant,  
And at the mountain look'd defiant,  
And like a Gen'ral in the battle,  
His weapons 'gainst the rocks did rattle,  
As he before the host ascended,  
Whom Strength and Courage both attended.  
Then up the rocky steep we hasted,  
Lest time most precious should be wasted,  
Until we gain'd a site commanding,  
Where all in safety soon were standing.  
By such success we were elated,  
Which in our souls desire created,  
To reach the height we had been scanning,  
The thought of which our zeal was fanning.  
Then like the mountain chamois springing,  
And to the rocks and windfalls clinging,  
Each strove to better his condition,  
By striving for the high position,

That rose before us quite enchanting,  
For which our inmost soul was panting,—  
Whose brow the morning sun was lighting,—  
Whose charms like Tabor were inviting.  
As up the steep I was agoing,  
Besetting Sin my danger knowing,  
Came near as if my pow'rs to rally,  
But seized and dragg'd me to the valley.  
Tho' bruise'd and bleeding I was lying,  
I had no thought or fear of dying,  
But soon I from my stupor rallied,  
And up the steep again I sallied ;—  
To tell my fall I seldom ventur'd,  
Lest I might be severely censur'd.  
Then our Directory we heeded,  
And up the mountain side proceeded,—  
As near the cliff the host was going,  
One Heedless boasting of his knowing,  
Would venture near the brink of danger,  
To which he was a perfect stranger,  
Nor would he hearken to advising,  
But toss'd his head as if despising  
The word so kindly to him utter'd,—  
And as he near'd the cliff he mutter'd,  
“ I care not if the pilgrims censure,  
“ Unto the precipice I'll venture,  
“ And tho' its height may be appalling,  
“ Yet o'er it I've no fear of falling,  
“ And when I'm satisfied with seeing,  
“ Like righteous Lot from Sodom fleeing,

“ I will myself correct and chasten,  
“ And on my pilgrimage will hasten,  
“ Until I reach that goodly dwelling,  
“ Beyond the gloomy river’s swelling.”  
While on the precipice he dallied,  
Besetting Sin quite near him sallied,  
And as he spoke like one who loved him,  
Right o’er the cliff he quickly shoved him.  
As down he went we heard him groaning,  
Then from the deep there came a moaning,  
That pierced our spirits like an arrow,  
And seemed to burn our very marrow,  
And bid us of the cliff be wary,  
And from the pathway never vary.  
So Heedless taking not the warning,  
Ignobly perish’d while ’twas morning.  
Besetting Sin in haste then fleeing,  
Conceal’d himself beyond our seeing,  
As from our midst he had departed,  
We for the highest station started ;  
The fate of Heedless caused us mourning,  
But was a salutary warning,  
And fill’d our minds with deep reflection,  
To tread the path with circumspection.  
From peak to peak we then ascended,  
By Faith and Courage both attended,—  
While strength was to the utmost serving,  
And every falt’ring soul was nerving,  
Till on its summit we were standing,  
And found the prospect most commanding.

The atmosphere was thin and chilling,  
The keen-edged frosts the flow'rs were killing,  
And while the winds were vigils keeping,  
Beneath our feet the clouds were sleeping ;—  
The giant rocks below us lying,  
Appear'd with pebbles to be vying,  
And trees renown'd as forest sages,  
The growth of all the former ages,  
Appear'd as saplings to our vision,  
Fit objects to excite derision.  
As of the chill we were complaining,  
No one was anxious for remaining,  
So Faith the pathway soon discovered,  
And round the pilgrims Courage hover'd,  
And Strength each failing pow'r did rally,  
Till all had gained the fertile valley,  
Where fruits abundantly were growing,  
And many sparkling rills were flowing,  
To satisfy the pilgrim strangers,  
And fit them for the coming dangers.

## PART V.

## THE DESERT LAND.

“ They wandered in deserts.”—*Paul.*

As Jacob, encamp'd in the desert,  
Partook of the heav'n sent manna,  
That lay round their tents in the morning,  
And each for the journey was strength'nd,  
And march'd as the cloud-pilot led them.  
So while as in sleep I was dreaming,  
We all of the rill and the fountain,  
And fruitage delicious and mellow,  
Partook as our case was demanding,  
Which fill'd every spirit with vigor,  
And then on our journey continued.  
The Sun in the sky was fast rising,  
The clouds fled beyond the horizon,  
While light all the valley was flooding,  
Each fountain that light was reflecting,  
The brooks in the glory were dancing,  
The rocks in the sunshine were sleeping,  
The beasts in the green fields were grazing,  
And birds in the tree-tops were singing,  
All Sinland was radiant and smiling.

We all were exulting in spirit,  
As out thro' the valley we journey'd ;—  
Our weapons were loaded and ready,  
To meet any foe in the pathway,—  
Or if a wild beast should approach us,  
To save us from awful destruction.  
Faith march'd in the van of the pilgrims.  
And close by his side followed Courage,  
While Strength with a countenance ruddy,  
And limbs that were pulsing with vigor,  
Was moving with firmness and caution.  
The way for some distance was pleasant,  
The trees were luxuriant and graceful,  
Their shadows were cool and refreshing,  
And were a most trying temptation.  
No rock caused the pilgrims to stumble,—  
Nor torrent alarm'd with its roaring,—  
No windfalls obstructed our going,—  
Nor quagmire our garments polluted ;—  
No thicket our progress impeded,—  
Nor thorns with their daggers assaulted.  
The path was as smooth as a pavement,  
All border'd with heather and mosses.  
While scenes such as these were surrounding,  
We journey'd with speed and with gladness,  
And seem'd to forget that a danger,  
Might meet us not far in the distance.  
But all who have thought or reflected,  
Must know that as long as we travel,  
Our feet in the snare may be taken.

We found to our sorrow and anguish,  
Our trials not all lay behind us,  
For we from our Book of Directions,  
Perceived to our great consternation,  
The path upon which we were going,  
Conducted away to the desert  
Where ills without number surrounded,  
To make every pilgrim their victim.  
And soon we had proof all-sufficient,—  
To show that a region of dangers,  
Reach'd farther than vision extended,  
To them it was out of the question.  
That path was so rough and so rocky,  
That safety lay only in prudence.  
And any who travell'd unheeding,  
O'er boulders would suddenly stumble,  
And thus would their going be hindered,  
If bones were not fractur'd or broken.  
The path we found border'd with brambles  
Which, lacking the dew and the shower,  
Had faded as sere as the autumn.  
No spring bubbled up as we travell'd,  
And brooks through that region ne'er ventured,  
While fountains abounding with water,  
And lakes that were skirted with woodland,  
The light of the sun ne'er reflected.  
No tree tall and graceful was growing,  
Whose branches provided a shadow,  
Where those who were fainting from travel,  
Might tarry for rest and refreshing.



The songsters with plumage bewitching,  
Whose home is the field and the forest,  
Had never flown over the desert,  
Or startled the air with their music.  
But vultures that hunger'd for booty,  
Like spectres were haunting the region,  
And oft would come near us with screaming,  
As if for our blood they were thirsting,  
The serpents, an army in number,  
The dust of the desert were eating,—  
Or wrapp'd in a mantle of sunlight,  
On couches of gravel were sleeping,  
Or under the boulders were hiding ;—  
Whose eyes as the lightnings were gleaming.  
Like lances their stings were protruding,  
And look'd as if freighted with poison.  
When form'd into line by the pathway,  
They made the air vocal with hisses.  
The sun like a monarch was reigning,—  
His sceptre was that of a tyrant,  
That bound all the winds as with fetters,  
And banish'd the clouds from his presence,  
And drove them beyond the horizon.  
The air like a furnace was heated,  
As hot as the breath of a mountain,  
Whose bowels were burning with fire.  
We hasted along thro' the desert,  
With thirst every moment increasing,  
Until as by fever malignant,  
We felt ourselves slowly consuming.

The rocks with the heat were all blazing,  
And glow'd with the light so refulgent,  
With blisters our feet soon were cover'd,  
Which caused us to limp as we travell'd.  
Not long and the red tide was flowing,  
And leaving a trail far behind us,  
Attracted the quick-scented serpents.  
With thirst most intense and consuming,  
And blood like the ebb-tide receding,  
Our energies quickly were failing,  
Until every pilgrim was fearful,  
That death would soon make us his victims,  
And scatter our bones on the desert.  
When some of the host were repining,  
And wish'd to give over the journey,  
And flee with all haste from destruction,  
Faith spoke with a voice most emphatic,  
And bid us not think of returning,  
For if we should enter a furnace,  
The flames would refuse to consume us,  
But purge all the dross from our being.  
And Courage declar'd in our hearing,  
He felt like a veteran of battles,  
And none should his ardour diminish,  
For many had trodden this desert;—  
Its ills and its dangers surmounted,  
And left it behind them in triumph.  
And if we are brave and undaunted,  
Like triumph shall perch on our banners,—  
While Strength with a countenance beaming,

Declar'd that we all should press forward,  
And trample on evil and danger,  
And harm on swift wing will be fleeing,  
To haunts far beyond the horizon.  
Our lips were then moisten'd with juice,  
Express'd from the fruits we brought with us,  
Obtain'd from the vineyards of Eschol.  
Reviv'd and encouraged we started,  
And look'd for an issue successful.  
Our blood from its fountain was boiling,  
And nerves were wrought up to high tension,  
As woe after woe was surmounted,  
Till each one beheld in the distance,  
What stopp'd every heart from its beating,  
And dry'd up the blood in its channels,  
And sent thro' our bodies a trembling,  
Unfitting for flight or for battle.  
Like Midian that lay in the valley,  
Whom Gideon's three hundred assaulted,  
The serpents by thousands in number,  
Were swarming the path we must travel,  
As if they were fully determined,  
Our blood should be drawn from its fountain,  
And flesh should be food for their hunger.  
While we were their movements beholding,  
The bones as of pilgrims we witnessed,  
Denuded of flesh and of sinew,  
Like those in the valley of vision.  
We knew that some others before us,  
Like those who were fleeing from Egypt,

Had fallen a prey to the serpents.  
Some shriek'd in their wildness of terror,  
And others like aspen leaves trembling,  
Were pale as the moon in the zenith.  
But Faith never falter'd a moment,  
And Courage was calm as an evening,  
When nature is cradled and sleeping.  
And Strength was as firm as a mountain,  
That heeds not the roar of the thunder,  
Nor shakes by the roll of the ocean.  
They bid us get ready our weapons,  
By loading with shot for assaulting,  
And then like an army advancing,  
Prepared to attack with a volley,  
The foemen awaiting the conflict.  
Tho' trembling we march'd where the serpents  
Were gnawing the bones of their victims.  
And as they beheld us approaching,  
With lightnings their eyeballs were flashing,  
Then madly they rushed on to meet us.  
Their mouths like the grave were wide open,—  
Their tongues were protruding like arrows,—  
But as they were getting quite near us,  
We all raised our guns to our shoulders,  
And aim'd with a fatal precision.  
Then each in the moment befitting,  
When Faith gave the word of commandment,  
His weapon discharg'd at the serpents.  
The carnage was frightful to witness,  
For there in the dust and the gravel,

The dead and the wounded were lying,  
Baptized with the blood that was flowing,—  
While those beyond reach of our weapons,  
And those who evaded the missiles,  
Retreated in haste from the pathway,  
And under the rocks found a shelter,  
And left us without opposition,  
To travel the journey before us.  
With hearts overflowing with gladness,  
And praise from our tongues freely falling,  
The pangs of our thirst quite forgotten,  
We thought that the ills of the desert,  
Would all soon behind us be lying.  
So nerving ourselves we proceeded,  
And journey'd quite fast for a season,  
Supposing that fountains of water,  
Would lie not remote in the distance.  
As up to the sky we were looking,  
Which seem'd like a furnace all glowing,  
A dimness was visibly gath'ring,  
Which told that a storm might be brewing,  
And warn'd us to look for a shelter.  
The Sun by a circle was girdled,  
Which hung like an omen of evil,  
As we on our journey were hasting.  
The dimness was deep'ning and dark'ning,  
The sunlight in haste was departing,  
The winds from their slumbers were waking,  
And moan'd as if lab'ring in travail,  
That birth to the storm might be given.

While anxiously looking around us,  
We saw in the distant horizon,  
The car of the storm swiftly rising,  
Full freighted and groaning impatient,  
To empty its burden upon us.  
As nearer the storm car was rolling,  
The light in proportion was fading,—  
The darkness around us was deep'ning.—  
The orb that unrival'd pursueth  
His course thro' the concave of azure,  
And lights up the dome of the heaven,  
Was forced to give over his shining,  
And put on the garment of midnight,—  
Until the fierce tempest was over;—  
The car of its burden was emptied,  
And pass'd beyond reach of our vision.  
The storm which upon us was breaking,  
Caused feelings most solemn and awful,  
And made us like aspen leaves tremble,  
And sigh for the end of the journey.  
Each voice was subdued to a whisper,  
Each heart as the drum that is muffled,  
Was slowly and mournfully beating,  
And big burning tears were fast falling,  
While we at each other were gazing,  
Pronouncing our words with emotion.  
Our hearts for a moment were gladden'd,  
By something that loomed in the distance,  
That might be a rock or a woodland,  
Where shelter and safety were offer'd

To those overtaken by tempest.  
But soon in the gloom that was deep'ning,  
Its form was obscured from our vision,  
But each one observed its direction,  
And strove with all haste for its shelter.  
The winds in the van of the tempest,  
March'd on at the beat of the thunder,  
And roar'd like the ocean when angry ;—  
While raving and whirling in madness,  
The sand of the desert was gather'd,  
Which soon to a cloud was converted,  
And up to the heaven was taken,  
And then in great fury and madness,  
Was deluged in torrents upon us :—  
Like snow in the path it was drifting,  
Which greatly impeded our going.  
Half strangled we scarcely were moving,  
Thro' sand every moment fast deep'ning,  
Half blind we appear'd to each other,  
Like shadows that move in the twilight.  
Thus blinded and strangled we wallow'd,  
Tho' greater was growing the peril,  
And vigor decreased in proportion,  
Till Faith with a shout like a trumpet,  
That thrill'd every heart with its accents,  
Distinctly pronounced in our hearing,  
“The rock! Yes the rock I have sighted,”  
Then fled to its safety and shelter.  
Each one his example soon follow'd,  
And from the embrace of the tempest,



We rush'd to the rock for protection,  
And found great delight in its bosom.  
A spring at its basis was rising,  
Whose waters like crystal were sparkling,—  
We bathed and our eyes lost their dimness,—  
We drank and our thirsting was solaced.  
While safe in the rock's shelt'ring bosom,  
We witness'd the storm in its fury.  
Its roar like the storm-beaten ocean,  
Was awfully grand and appalling,  
And seem'd to beguile with its terrors.  
We watch'd for some moments its raving,  
As up to the heaven it mounted,  
And mantled the sky in its frenzy,  
Then down to the desert descended,  
And then as if crazed in its raging,  
It tore up the stones and the gravel,  
And dash'd like the waves of the ocean,  
When chased by the angry tornado,  
With daring most awful to witness,  
Against the immovable barrier,  
Whose cleft gave us peace and protection.  
Then moaning as if it were wounded,  
And must in the fight be defeated,  
It seemed to proclaim by its sighing,  
The fierceness of battle was over.  
But soon was renew'd the commotion,  
And sand in huge masses went flying,  
Like clouds that were chased by the lightning,  
With roaring that rivall'd the thunder,

Away to the calm of the valley,  
Munitioned by mountains of granite.  
Then out from behind the embankment  
Of clouds that were groaning with thunder,  
And bursting with lightnings terrific,  
A moment the Sun in his glory,  
Appear'd like a monarch victorious,  
Whose foes by his might had been vanquish'd.  
But soon we beheld far above us,  
The signs of the tempest returning,  
For Jove appear'd anxiously working,  
To thwart us while out in the desert.  
His car-wheels like ordnance were roaring,  
The axles were burning and flashing,  
As if into flame they were turning.  
The car was full freighted and moaning,—  
By winds, like battalions of horsemen,  
The car of the storm was attended,  
Until it arrived at our zenith.  
And then as the winds were assaulting,  
And rending the clouds with their missiles,  
As if with the thunder they battled,  
And strove all the lightnings to vanquish,  
The storm car its portals threw open,  
And as at that notable period,  
When man by the flood was destroy'd,  
The rain in vast torrents descended,  
And beat 'gainst the rock in its madness,  
While lightnings were smiting its summit,  
And thunders around it were crashing,

Like cannon discharg'd from a castle.  
The noise of the rain in its falling,  
Resembled the cataract's roaring,  
As by the fierce winds it was driven,  
And down from the storm-car was hurried,  
And by the hot sands of the desert,  
Whose mouth was wide open and thirsty,  
Was taken and quickly devoured.  
But soon it was clear to our vision,  
Not long and the storm would be over,—  
The winds that were loud as the billows,  
When lash'd by the tempest to madness,  
And on the huge rocks rudely broken,  
Had calmed to the peace of a zephyr,  
And tranquilly breath'd on the pilgrims.  
And then thro' the clouds that were rifting,  
The sun appear'd joyfully shining,  
And streaking the desert with radiance,  
Made each think of leaving the shelter,  
And hasting away on our journey,—  
When lo! in another direction,  
The darkness was visibly deep'ning,  
As when a tornado is brewing.  
No one from the rock would now venture,  
Until in our minds we were certain,  
The storm would no more break upon us.  
Not long in suspense did we tarry,  
For that which we saw in the distance,  
As small as the rock in whose bosom  
We found both protection and comfort,—

Had grown to the size of a mountain,  
And came like an army when marching,  
Determined to sweep all before it,  
And leave in its train desolation.  
The rock in whose cleft we were hiding,  
Appear'd to be dreading the danger,  
And seemed to be moved with emotion,  
While hearts that were firm as a mountain,  
Were beating with great agitation.  
The air that was hot and oppressive,  
When first on the desert we enter'd,  
Was now like the cold breath of winter,  
And sent its sharp darts to our marrow.  
The roaring which first we heard faintly,  
Was now like the mighty Niagara,  
And aw'd us to flee from its presence.  
By seeking a cleft that was deeper,—  
There hiding till danger was over.  
The cloud that was freighted with darkness,  
And march'd to the tune of the whirlwind,  
Then raised its huge form high above us,  
As if on the prey it were springing,  
Outstretching its arms to embrace us.  
As in its great arms we were folded,  
Tho' safe in the rock's shelt'ring bosom,  
The sunlight cut off from our vision,—  
The huge stones of hail began falling.  
As down thro' the air they were hurried,  
As thick as the snowflakes of winter,  
They whistled and scream'd like the petrels,

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When storms are preparing for battle.  
The winds chased the rain-clouds before them,  
The gloom was profound and appalling,  
The volume of hail was augmenting,  
And seem'd like a downfall of crystals.  
The rock was assaulted and batter'd,  
And round it the hailstones were piling,  
Like pebbles heap'd up by the billows,  
Thrown in by the winds of the ocean.  
But still we found safety and comfort,  
Conceal'd in the rocks screening bosom,  
Beyond the assault of the tempest.  
The roar of the storm was increasing,—  
The hailstones more thickly were falling,—  
More fiercely the whirlwind was raving,—  
The sight all around more dismaying,—  
The desert and clouds seem'd uniting,—  
The rock and the pilgrims to bury.  
That death might be served with a banquet,—  
While none would bewail our destruction.  
Just then we beheld 'neath the darkness,  
What proved to be light in the distance,  
Which soon all along the horizon,  
Appear'd like the break of the morning,  
When out of the deep in his glory,  
The day-king triumphant was rising.  
The darkness made haste in departing,  
The hailstones gave over their falling,  
The whirlwind the desert deserted,  
And left us the calm and the sunshine.

But far as our vision extended,  
The desert with hailstones was whiten'd,  
Which gleam'd in the sunlight as silver,  
As if they resolv'd to ensnare us,  
Because they had failed to destroy.  
The rock in whose bosom we rested,  
By hail was completely surrounded,  
As if by a fortress defended.  
In splendour the sunlight broke on us,  
As after the rain of the deluge,  
It broke on the sea that was shoreless,  
Devouring the chill of the region,  
And melting the hail from the desert,  
And left the air moist and refreshing.  
As we by the rock had been shelter'd,  
And suffer'd no ill from the tempest,  
We all with most hearty concurrence,  
Prepar'd to set forth on our journey.  
We look'd at our Book of Directions,  
To see if the pathway was charted,  
And found that the waste, howling desert,—  
The spot where the serpents assaulted,—  
The rock which from tempest protected,—  
The path we should walk with great caution,—  
Were all noted down with precision.  
And then we all read how the tempest,  
Would come with the roar of the thunder,  
And leave desolation behind it;—  
And all who were out on the desert,  
Would fall and ingloriously perish.

But those who made haste for the shelter  
The rock to each one freely offer'd,  
Might laugh at the storm in its raving.  
So off on our journey we started,  
Well pleas'd with the rock and its comfort,—  
Our hearts beating high with emotion,  
Because of the prospect before us.  
Faith moved in the van of our number,  
With bearing like that of a monarch,—  
And Courage was fresh as the morning,  
When dews are embracing the flowers,—  
And Strength show'd the might of a giant,  
Prepar'd to engage in the battle.  
Our leaders we joyfully followed,  
With steps that were rapid and steadfast.  
The sand with the hail that was molten,  
And rain that descended in torrents,  
Appear'd to be swimming in water,  
Which added no pleasure to travel ;—  
And brooks deep and rapid were flowing,  
Which gave us no rapture in crossing.  
But nerving ourselves we press'd forward,  
And soon we look'd back on the danger,  
And saw it grow dim in the distance,  
And pass from the bounds of our vision.  
Thus ill after ill was surmounted,  
Until on the marge of the desert,  
We shouted in accents triumphant,  
The praise of the all-seeing Spirit,  
Whose providence guarded our going,



And saved from the tempest and serpents,  
That no one a victim had fallen.  
And then with one heart and one voice,  
That echo'd afar o'er the desert,  
And roll'd thro' the valley before us.  
And gladden'd the beasts that were grazing,  
And made the birds tarry and listen,  
We all a doxology chanted.

PART VI.

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## CHARACTER OF THE PILGRIMS.

“Ye are yet carnal.”—*Paul.*

On dreams my fancy still was fed,  
As I lay on the mossy bed,  
While balmy sleep my pow'rs enchain'd,  
Which o'er my senses sweetly reign'd,  
Like Jacob's tribes from Egypt free,  
Who went the promised land to see,  
We all pursued our onward way,  
While far behind the desert lay.  
We from our garments brush'd the sand,  
When stepping from that desert land,  
That all our raiment might be clean,  
And that we with becoming mien,  
Might travel on throughout the day,  
Nor foul our garments by the way.  
Then Faith raised up his kingiy head,  
And moved along with stately tread;—  
Out in the clear and sunny sky,  
His voice majestic rose on high.  
His eyes were like the opening morn,  
When night is of its triumph shorn,

His every word was full and clear,  
And fell like music on the ear,  
And penetrated like a dart,  
And lodged in every pilgrim's heart ;—  
And when aloud he gave command,  
Unto the loyal pilgrim band,  
That none might turn to left or right,  
Then Courage follow'd in his might,  
And soon with Faith kept equal pace,  
As if resolv'd to run a race.  
He did not for a moment fail,  
Tho' high the wind and fierce the hail,  
And hungry serpents could not fright,  
Altho' they gather'd in their might ;  
And now his youth appear'd renew'd,  
As with new life he was imbued :—  
Before him danger fled away,  
Like night before victorious day.  
He would not boast what he would do,  
But to the pilgrims would be true,  
And great Jehovah always serve,  
And never from the pathway swerve ;  
Nor would he while his heart should beat,  
Before the valiant foe retreat.  
Strength rais'd his mighty arm on high,  
The potent fire was in his eye ;  
His words were firm, and none could doubt,  
He was prepar'd the foe to rout ;—  
His rifle on his shoulder lay,  
His sword refused to disobey

The iron will that ruled the arm,  
Against the pow'rs that sought to harm.  
He forward went with solid tread,  
By Faith and Courage wisely led,  
And trampled down with utmost force,  
Whate'er opposed him in his course.  
Another who was little known,  
But in the host was ever prone  
To look around o'er land and skies,  
To see what ever might arise,  
Then to the leaders would resort,  
The threat'ning evil to report,  
That they might preparation make,  
Before the cloud would on them break.  
His name was Watchful, so I learn'd,  
And had his reputation earn'd,  
And would to all assistance lend,  
And proved a true and constant friend.  
His eyes were sharp—his stature tall,  
His form erect like royal Saul,  
His ears were sensitive to sound,  
His knowledge was a deep profound ;  
And like a trump his voice was clear,  
And fell in warning on the ear ;—  
Therefore, resolve at once was made,  
That he the pilgrim host should aid,  
And journey with the other three,  
That every danger he might see,  
And raise aloud the warning cry,  
That every foe might fear and fly.

Then all were fill'd with rapt delight,  
To see the damsels in their might,  
Rise up with zeal divinely great,  
Which all should strive to emulate,  
And take their leaders by the hand,  
That they might travel thro' the land,  
And from the pathway never stray,  
Nor be discouraged in the way.  
The rest their proper place obtain'd,  
And proudly every one disdain'd  
To pluck the flow'r that charm'd the eye,  
Or from the stream that hurried by,  
Receive a draught the thirst to slake,  
Or in its brink a lotion take,  
Or pluck the ripe and tempting fruit,  
That bent the branches to the root,  
Lest poison might our vitals burn,  
And from the path aside might turn,  
That we among the shrubs might lie,  
And groan in agony and die.  
We saw in our Directory,  
Our eyes should turn from vanity,  
And we, each weight should lay aside,  
And be prepar'd to cross the tide,  
Where all shall wear a crown of gold,  
And great Jehovah's face behold.  
Encouraged thus, we onward went,  
Until the force of some was spent,  
And by their acts I was inclined  
To think they wish'd to fall behind.

And secretly of fruitage take,  
And from the springs their thirst to slake.  
Then in my dream I soon espied,  
The pilgrims into groups divide;—  
Some took the right and journey'd there,  
While others sought the left with care,  
And those who seem'd to journey best,  
Moved quickly on before the rest;—  
While those who always lagg'd behind,  
To change their place were not inclin'd.  
Divided thus we trod the way,  
As from his throne the king of day,  
With open hands munificent,  
And heart that seem'd to throb for vent,  
Pour'd down the glory of his light,  
Till all the plain within our sight,  
A garb of grandest glory wore,  
And triumph'd in its boundless store.  
Then with the light there came a heat,  
Which all were pleased and charm'd to greet;—  
It came as gentle as the breeze,  
That floats above the rippling seas,  
And over us its mantle threw,  
As tenderly as falls the dew:—  
Thus profit was with joy combin'd,  
As we destruction left behind.  
Still by the chain of vision bound,  
I travell'd thro' this pleasant ground,  
And saw it was inhabited,  
Which gave my soul no little dread,

Lest some should think the journey long,  
And yield the right to win the wrong.  
Then searching our Directory,  
We saw as plain as eyes could see,  
That when we left the burning sand,  
Before us lay a fruitful land,  
Where vineyards nestled in the green,  
And gardens everywhere were seen,  
With fruits to please the eye and taste,  
And limpid streams in rapid haste,  
Pass over sands of gold and pearls,  
And, form'd into ten thousand whirls,  
With foam and bubbles for attire,  
And spray toss'd up like flames of fire,  
Haste on unto their destinies,  
Among the em'rald forest trees.  
All through this plain in snowy white,  
Palatial dwellings charm'd the sight,  
Whose inmates till'd the fruitful lands,  
With eyes fix'd on the travelling bands,  
And often used both force and guile,  
To awe by threat or win by smile,  
To keep them in the verdant plain,  
And over them control obtain.  
All this from our Directory,  
And others plainly we could see.  
As on we hasted in our might,  
Scene after scene pass'd from our sight,  
While other scenes their places took,  
Inviting every eye to look,



And all their beauties to consume,  
As hungry frosts the tender bloom.  
While all these things before us rose,  
And did their every charm disclose,  
Impress'd was every thoughtful mind,  
That art and nature both combin'd,  
To fix on us enchantment's chain,  
That in the vale we might remain.  
To some it was a bitter woe,  
To see the host move on so slow,  
And often dally by the brook,  
And at the flow'rs and fruitage look.  
But Watchful saw the danger there,  
And cried aloud, "Beware, beware."  
Yet some the warning voice despised,  
And with the people fraternized,  
But for their folly they received,  
More harm than many ere believed.  
When our Directory we scann'd,  
We found this was a dangerous land,  
For here Apollyon's spies abide,  
And in the groves and vineyards hide,  
To do the pilgrims injury,  
As they have opportunity.  
Then in the host dissension spread,  
And concord on swift pinions fled,  
And left each one without restraint,  
To nurse and cherish his complaint.  
In vain did Faith and Watchful seek,  
With motive pure and manner meek,

To heal the wound, that all might flee,  
Together from the enemy.

My int'rest was intensified,  
To see the pilgrim host divide,  
And form themselves in minor bands,  
Which dotted all these fertile lands,  
And each his act could justify,  
And give sufficient reason why,  
He should from others separate,  
And schism in the host create.

Then as the bands mov'd slowly on,  
Thro' shady bow'r and sunny lawn,  
Their sayings and their doings were,  
Descriptive of their character.

As I with wond'ring int'rest scann'd,  
The composition of each band,  
I saw a man with striking face,  
Who fill'd a most conspicuous place  
Within that band, who led the way,  
Who always had enough to say.

His name I heard was Discontent,  
Which did his nature represent.

Most heartily could he rejoice,  
Because he made such happy choice,  
By which he found society,  
Just fit for such a man as he.

Before that hour, as if by fate,  
It was his lot, tho' rich and great,  
In a promiscuous crowd to be,  
Where many things he oft would see,

That were offensive in his eyes,  
And quickly made emotions rise,  
Which pierced his soul like barbs of steel,  
Beyond the art of man to heal.  
But like the lake when winds take rest,  
He felt no ripple in his breast,—  
As midnight skies with star-sun's blaze,  
Uninterrupted by the haze,  
So did his feelings burn and glow,  
And midnight gloom he ne'er should know.  
He looked upon with utmost pride,  
Each comrade trav'ling at his side,  
And thought him like the sinless pair,  
Who dwelt in Eden's garden fair.  
He felt himself constrained to say,  
Such company would make the way,  
Perfection to his weary feet,  
And ills and snares no more he'd meet.  
But watching with a curious eye,  
I saw him from his comrade shy,  
Then seized as by a sudden freak,  
The blood went curdling to his cheek,  
And as a cloud spread o'er his face,  
He left to find another place :—  
And tho' each heart was rent with pain,  
Yet none the mystery could explain.  
As sullenly he strode away,  
In murm'ring tones I heard him say,  
Awhile he seem'd 'mong Eden trees,  
With every thing the heart to please,

But found they were the sharpest thorn,  
By which his very soul was torn.  
As with another group he met,  
His inmost soul did greatly fret,  
And like a lion fierce and bold,  
His sad experience plainly told.  
As he recounted all his woes,  
His soul convulsed with death-like throes,  
That touch'd with sympathy each heart,  
As by some unseen mystic dart.  
When welcom'd to their joyful ranks,  
He with loud voice expressed his thanks,  
And confidently he believ'd,  
That tho' at first he was deceiv'd,  
Yet now good luck upon him smil'd,  
And he no more should be beguild.  
In every face he saw express'd,  
A heart by God and nature blest,  
And many things gave promise sweet,  
And told his heart that he should meet,  
With such good will and friendship choice,  
That evermore he should rejoice.  
But soon the sombre shades of night,  
Drove from his face the golden light,  
And as the distant thunders roll,  
Deep murmurs rose up from his soul,  
That show'd his heart was full of ire,  
Which flam'd up through his soul as fire,  
And darted from his very eyes  
Like lightnings flashing thro' the skies.

As Discontent no good could say,  
Of any travelling by that way,  
All seem'd content that he should try,  
Another group that journey'd nigh,  
That he might better luck secure,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
By finding spirits like his own,  
So that he might not go alone.  
But tho' successive groups he join'd,  
And thought his happiness was coin'd,  
He always thought the spring was loose,  
Which let the waters of abuse,  
Flow like a torrent o'er his path,  
To fill his soul with holy wrath.  
And as in vain he tried each band,  
I saw him lift his trembling hand,  
And vow that all alone he'd go,  
Tho' floods might come and winds might blow,  
And cross the river dark and wide,  
Without a comrade at his side,  
And in the City of the King,  
Alone he would his anthem sing.  
Then all at once he fell behind,  
With none to ruffle up his mind.

Then Gloomy, in a certain group,  
Whose countenance was on the droop,  
Profound sensation did excite,  
Because the damp and gloom of night,  
Had concentrated on his face,  
Which he believ'd a badge of grace.

With sorrow was he girt around,  
And oft he would with sighs profound,  
Express the feeling of his heart,  
Thro' which had gone an iron dart.  
While in Apollyonville he seem'd,  
Like one whose spirit ever dream'd  
Of ills and woes and famines dire,  
That tore his soul like whips of fire,  
And made him utter hideous groans,  
And all the region fill with moans.  
But when that city we forsook,  
And thro' this land our journey took,  
We hop'd his sighs and groans would end,  
Or into songs and triumphs blend.  
But every thing he heard and saw,  
Would fill his soul with baleful awe,  
The road was rough and bruised his feet,  
The sun pour'd down his burning heat,  
His flesh was pain'd—his heart was tried,  
While climbing up the mountain's side ;—  
The serpents fill'd his soul with dread,  
The tangled wild he feared to tread,  
He shrank before the desert storms,  
Was fill'd with terror by the forms  
That prowl'd the forest dense and wild,  
His garb with mire was oft defil'd,—  
The desert fill'd him with alarm,  
Where'er he turn'd the ghosts of harm,  
Stamp'd with the visage of grim death,  
Appear'd to stop his very breath.

If he a smiling face should see,  
It indicated levity,—  
And laughter like the thunders roll,  
Lent lightnings thro' his very soul.  
With corners of his mouth drawn down,  
His visage mantled with a frown,  
Of new experienced woes he told,  
That made the tide of life run cold.  
When of the future he would speak,  
He could not tell how one so weak  
As he, could tread the foe-watched path,  
And shun the fierceness of their wrath,  
If any would his grief assuage,  
With face as solemn as a sage,  
He would declare how he would go,  
In sorrow thro' the land of woe,  
And bear the cross with wails and moans,  
And wear the yoke with sighs and groans,  
If one approach'd him in his grief,  
To minister a kind relief,  
It was more cruel than the grave,  
And made his soul with anguish rave.  
We fear'd when he the rest should gain,  
Of burning woes he would complain.

Then in my dream I chanced to meet,  
A damsel known as Self-conceit:—  
She could lay claim to noble birth,  
But seem'd to lack all real worth,  
Her pow'rs of mind were strong and clear,  
And fitted for a high career.



Her intellect with care was stored,  
With all that learning could afford.  
Her motions were with ease and grace,  
A thousand charms were in her face,—  
Her speech was like a faultless lyre,  
And touch'd the heart with magic fire ;—  
Her toilet was by rule prepared,  
By fashion's law her garb was squar'd,  
And only with the rich and great,  
Would she in truth associate.  
The greater part in every group,  
Before her must most humbly stoop,  
And to her will imperious bow,  
And do as she instructed how,  
Her constant aim appear'd to be,  
To act with great pomposity,  
And let all know by actions plain,  
That she could look with proud disdain,  
Upon each one that chanced to be,  
Inferior in capacity,  
Or chanced to be of lower birth,  
And therefore was of trifling worth.  
There were but few of all the host,  
Whose privilege it was to boast,  
That they were free from her disdain,  
And of her scoffs could not complain,  
On some she look'd with haughty smile,  
Because they dress'd in ancient style :—  
And others moved so awkwardly,  
Her soul was rent with agony.

When manners were uncouth and rude,  
Her mouth would ope—her tongue protrude,  
And bursts of laughter would resound,  
And fill the region all around.

A word pronounc'd improperly,  
Or should the rules of syntax be  
Unknown to some who freely spake,  
Of such she would advantage take,  
And in a tantalizing way,  
With haughty tones would tartly say,  
That Lexicons and Grammars would,  
Confer a vast amount of good ;—  
Nor could they fail of being bless'd,  
If they in Rhetoric should invest,  
If but one eye should scan their page ;  
But now a constant war they wage,  
And with contempt, as each can see,  
Treat order and propriety.

Then many others show'd a face,  
So absolutely void of grace,  
That when one look'd with eyes refin'd,  
The sight would shock, or smite them blind.  
Thus in some way would every one,  
Occasion merriment and fun,  
And words disparaging were said,  
Which to the greatest mischief led.  
She, like the sun, was bright and clear,  
While others were opaque and drear ;—  
Perfection's crown adorn'd her head,  
By faults the rest were captive led.

Another dame attention drew,  
And into some importance grew;—  
Her name was Peevish, as I learn'd,  
Who had a reputation earn'd,  
Which few would ever wish to own,  
If reason sat upon its throne.  
Her nature was a proper mate,  
To what her name did indicate;—  
Small things her soul would ever vex,  
And not a little would perplex,  
And if one talk'd in under tones,  
She would pour forth most dismal groans,  
For she could tell as plain as day,  
They had some ill of her to say.  
If laughter fell upon her ear,  
Her heart appear'd to burn with fear,—  
She was the object of their mirth,  
Which crush'd her spirit to the earth.  
In every sentence she could hear  
Some slight, or scoff, or wounding jeer,  
Which like a lance went thro' her heart,  
And tortur'd her with bitter smart.  
Each look was pregnant with a slight,  
And on her spirit cast a blight,  
That caus'd her very blood to pale,  
And made her bones and marrow fail.  
Their gestures she could not endure,  
Their acts flow'd not from motives pure,  
And friendship was but hatred veiled,  
Which secretly her soul assailed,

While enmity with iron will,  
Her heart with anguish strove to fill.  
And then the sun with fatal aim,  
Would hurl his jav'lines of fierce flame ;—  
A thousand wounds upon her brow,  
Would be to all a witness how  
She look'd like one that must expire,  
Beneath the deadly solar fire.  
And when the winds were loud and cold,  
She would begin to fret and scold,—  
And if a thorn her blood should start,  
'Twould make her deathly sick at heart.  
The mountain was so steep and high,  
She on its brow must droop and die,  
And never gain its summit grand,  
From which to look on all the land.  
When thirsting in the desert way,  
Where sparkling brooks refused to play,  
She wail'd aloud her awful fears,  
And wet the burning sand with tears.  
No one could ere forget at will,  
When serpents did the pathway fill,  
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,  
Her face was pallid with despair,  
And every one she said must flee,  
Or for the serpents food must be.  
The sand and rain and pelting hail,  
Call'd forth a deep and awful wail,  
Which to the winds an echo lent,  
As they the burning desert rent.

When speaking of the pathway trod,  
She always was beneath the rod ;—  
If toward the future she would peer,  
She always saw the tempest near,—  
Could always see the lightnings flash,  
And hear the dreadful thunder crash,  
How she the river death should cross,  
To know she always was at loss,—  
She fear'd that when she left its brink,  
She in its gloomy depth would sink,  
And miss the City of the King,  
Where all the sav'd loud anthems sing.  
To her it was a sign of grace,  
To wear a sad and fretful face,  
And while her heart would ache and swell,  
Would mournfully of trials tell.  
None had such heavy burdens borne,—  
'Twas hers to feel the sharpest thorn,—  
As none with her would sympathize,  
It caus'd her many tears and cries.  
Yet unto me it did appear  
As plain as sunny noon is clear,  
That all a thankful prayer should say,  
Because no more who trod that way,  
Had disposition such as she,  
Which was a dire calamity.

As in my dream intent I gazed,  
My soul was troubled and amazed,  
To see the characters diverse,  
Which thro' the host did intersperse.

To study independently,  
Each one of this variety,  
Would need no ordinary skill,  
And many precious hours would kill.  
While of peculiar folk I thought,  
Mine eye another person caught,  
Whose name was Headstrong I was told,  
Whose visage was supremely bold;—  
His brow seem'd plated o'er with steel,  
His actions indicated zeal,  
Yet every one could plainly see,  
A leader he desired to be,  
And his command each must obey,  
As they pursued their onward way.  
From faults he thought himself quite free,  
And no one knew so much as he.  
If things should take a turn for wrong,  
To him the fault did not belong,—  
The blame on some one else was laid,  
While he was very much afraid,  
Some ill would fall upon the band,  
For disobeying his command,  
If one should dare to say a word,  
About how he in judgment err'd,  
Or should a better temper show,  
And not assume so much to know,  
His wrath like furnace fires would flame,  
Beyond the pow'r of man to tame.  
Then with defiant look he said,  
While in disdain he rais'd his head,

Before he would to such submit,  
Indignant he their ranks would quit,  
And never would their word obey,  
As he knew vastly more than they.

Deception often gave offence,  
Because he ever made pretence,  
To breathe the air of piety,  
While wrong he would abhor and flee.  
As he his anthems loudly sang,  
The mountains and the valleys rang,  
And then his prayers were loud and long,  
And seem'd the echo of his song :—  
That he was upright all believ'd,  
But soon we all were undeceiv'd,  
For like the apple on the tree,  
Bedeck'd with tints most gorgeously,  
Yet 'neath its crimson and its gold,  
The bitter and the sour infold ;—  
So did Deception's prayer and song,  
Hide for a time his ill and wrong,  
But outer show not long could hide,  
The hidden mines of self and pride,  
Which often in the golden light,  
Were made apparent to the sight,  
And plainly show'd the pilgrim host,  
The good of which he made his boast,  
Was like the vapor in the sky  
Thro' which the blazing meteors fly,  
That holds no water in its hands,  
To pour upon the thirsty lands.



With spirit foul and manner fair,  
Of him all had to be aware,  
Lest he their interest should betray,  
Unto the spies that throng'd the way ;—  
Sent by Apollyon to beguile,  
By every cunning art and wile,  
Who in the bow'r and hedge abide,  
Or in the fruitful vineyard hide.  
Once, mantled in a garb of grace,  
With pious smiles upon his face,  
He wander'd off among the flow'rs,  
And sought the shadow of the bow'rs,  
Apparently to be regaled,  
By odors which the bloom exhal'd,  
But really to meet the spies,  
That they together might devise,  
A certain plan which all would suit,  
Whereby the most delicious fruit,  
Which Sinland's goodly vineyards crowned,  
And bent the branches to the ground,  
Might to the pilgrims be suppli'd,  
When e'er they chose to turn aside,  
And that the spies might be our friend,  
And to us their assistance lend,  
That while we travel'd o'er this ground,  
Good will and concord might abound,  
And each the other serve in turn,  
And that the heart no more might burn,  
With all those dispositions dire,  
That rise into a flaming fire.

But Watchful did the host inform,  
And through its ranks there raged a storm,  
That broke upon Deception's head,  
And had he not for shelter fled,  
The tide of life would soon have flow'd,  
To pay the direful debt he ow'd.

When in Apollyonville we heard,  
Apostle preach the gospel word,  
Which smote and broke the hearts of steel,  
And caused the multitudes to feel,  
That they Apollyonville must flee,  
The great Jehovah's face to see.  
In words that all could understand,  
To us was stated the command,  
That all the pleasures of the place,  
And all the ways and habits base,  
We should give up and leave behind,  
And with an earnest, willing mind,  
Make utmost speed unto that place,  
Where they shall dwell who win the race.  
It was a source of great delight,  
To see the pilgrims in their might,  
Rise up as if with one consent,  
And soon the galling bands were rent.  
Aside the idols all were thrown,  
The burdens causing them to groan,  
Were loosed as if by hands unseen,  
Appearing as they ne'er had been.  
But when we did our course pursue,  
'Twas clear as sunlight to our view,

The fashion of Apollyonville,  
By many was adopted still,  
Some would themselves with flow'rs adorn,  
Like those which in that place were born,  
While feathers waved before our sight,  
Green, blue, red, black, brown, purple, white,  
And ribbons made the eye to please,  
Presented great varieties,  
And if their dress were out of style,  
They could not go another mile,  
Until 'twas cut and trimm'd anew,  
And made more pleasant to the view.  
Then some in hidden pockets bore,  
In bottles large, a copious store,  
Of liquid, which was choice they said,  
And fitted them the path to tread.  
'Twas good for food when hunger came,  
When thirst would burn it quench'd the flame ;—  
If sick it was a perfect cure,  
If well it made their health endure,—  
When cold it warm'd with magic heat,—  
When hot it cool'd them off complete,—  
If sad, it filled with joy their heart,  
By its mysterious, subtle art.  
Should courage fail it made them brave,  
From weakness it would always save ;  
Whatever ill could them befall,  
They ever found it all in all.  
But oft it was a painful sight,  
To see them test each others might,

Or sing some coarse and vulgar song,  
As they moved carelessly along.  
Then from their tongues came words unclean,  
Their actions often were obscene,  
Their sight got dim—they lost the way,  
And from the path they went astray,  
And soon were left far in the rear,  
But of their danger had no fear.  
And many others had a weed,  
Which they devour'd with utmost greed,  
And tho' 'twas loathsome to my sight,  
It made their face glow with delight.  
And as attentively I gazed,  
My soul was smitten and amazed,  
To see their jaws perpetual move,  
As if they strove their skill to prove,  
While round their mouth a circle vile,  
Their visage ever did defile,—  
And from their bodies fumes arose,  
Which did their odious source disclose;—  
And if one chanced to take their breath,  
The strangulation rival'd death.  
Then from their mouth a filthy flow,  
Would mark the path where they would go;  
And as they went o'er hill and dale,  
They could be follow'd by their trail.  
And many more the weed would take,  
And into powder fine would make,  
Which they into their nostrils press'd,  
And thought themselves supremely bless'd.

But others took another way,  
And in one hand the weed would lay,  
And with the other bruise and break,  
Until prepar'd, and then would take,  
And fill their pipes of clay or briar,  
Or costly meerschaum—then with fire,  
Would light the weed and draw the smoke,  
And with each other laugh and joke :—  
And then with uncouth steps proceed,  
As slowly burn'd the noxious weed ;  
While from their mouth the smoke roll'd out,  
Which fill'd the region round about.  
Yet many more segars prefer'd,  
And told their choice by act and word ;  
Like comets in their vapor shroud,  
They travell'd in a smoky cloud,  
And boasted of the peace and joy,  
Which they possess'd without alloy.  
If of its evil they were told,  
They would declare with visage bold,  
“ God's gifts they are and should be used,  
“ With grateful hearts and not abused,  
“ As every one can plainly see,  
“ By searching his Directory.  
The rocks that lie in quarries deep,  
Where angel forms unnoticed sleep,  
Are God's good gifts to needy man,  
But by unholy art they can  
Be made a demon form to show,  
That man unto their shrine might go,

And sacrifice to devils vile,  
Their bodies and their souls defile.  
So these disciples, without mask,  
Consum'd the weed and drain'd the flask,  
Which with their going interfered,  
And many in the host appeared,  
To dread their presence as a woe,  
From which unnumbered ills might flow.

When starting for the Better Land,  
From Gossip Row some joined our band :—  
Among whom was a noted dame,  
Who bore a most expressive name,  
Which by her conduct was supplied,  
And which her nature ne'er belied.  
The plow of time upon her face,  
Did many furrows plainly trace,  
While on her head the almond blow,  
Began quite visibly to show,  
Her teeth from business had retired,  
The habits in her youth acquir'd,  
Together with her tempers base,  
Had from her visage exiled grace,  
And in its stead deformity,  
Put up its sign for all to see.  
While she on Gossip Row abode,  
From haunt to haunt she quickly strode,  
Sometimes to cast the net for news,  
Again her treasures to diffuse,  
For giving always made her glad :  
The more she gave the more she had.

This dame, called Tattle, was well known ;—  
From group to group she went alone,  
And of each one who trod that way,  
She something always had to say,  
The same as in Apollyonville,  
Where she perform'd the royal will.  
When of the place farewell we took,  
We thought she all these things forsook,  
For zeal the journey to complete,  
And on a throne to take her seat.  
Her ruling passion seemed subdued,  
With grace her soul appeared imbued,  
Her dispositions show'd a sign,  
They grew from seed that was divine.  
But when the ebbing current flow'd,  
Her zeal no longer burn'd and glow'd,  
And that which all believ'd was dead,  
Reviv'd again and rais'd its head,  
And show'd itself in giant form,  
Prepar'd to brew and raise the storm.  
And then from place to place they went,  
And as occasion might present,  
Would get the news and vend it round,  
Till such commodities were found,  
A plague that spread throughout the host,  
Like storms that rage along the coast.  
When she with other folk would walk,  
She always had some private talk,  
Which not a soul should ever know,  
Till death's dark river ceased to flow.



Then falling in with others too,  
She strove to learn what each one knew,  
And then her stock of news would vend,  
To which she naively would append,  
“For all the world don’t speak my name,  
“And clothe me with the blush of shame;—  
“These things I mention just to you,  
“For as the gospel they are true.”  
Quite near me once she chanc’d to stray,  
And wished a word or two to say,  
“And tho’ important they may be,  
“The secret is ’tween you and me.  
“Our leaders justly are renown’d,  
“And with our praise they should be crown’d,  
“For they are valiant men and true,  
“And many mighty acts they do,  
“And none could journey thro’ this land,  
“If they had not supreme command.  
“But self-esteem and haughty pride,  
“They cannot for a moment hide,  
“Which take the lustre from their name,  
“And blight the laurels of their fame.—  
“But for your life don’t say you heard,  
“From me a solitary word.  
“It was my great desire to tell,  
“What secretly myself befell:—  
“Those sprightly damsels Hope and Love,  
“Pretend themselves to be above,  
“The rank and file of every band,  
“Who tread the pathway thro’ this land.

“ Not long ago I with them talk’d,  
“ As we together blithely walk’d,  
“ And as my custom was to do,  
“ I ask’d if any matters new,  
“ Had with their store suppli’d their mind,  
“ And would they be so very kind,  
“ Upon a knoll to take a seat,  
“ And every thing to me repeat.  
“ But as they did not seem dispos’d,  
“ Then simply I to them propos’d,  
“ To tell some things which I had heard,  
“ And tho’ I truthfully averred,  
“ They need not feel the least alarm,  
“ Or think that I desir’d to harm,  
“ The character of any one,  
“ Who had his pilgrimage begun.  
“ Yet not a sentence would they hear,  
“ But said to me in accents clear,  
“ That I my tongue with cords should bind,  
“ And strive my own affairs to mind,  
“ And others’ business let alone,  
“ For by my tongue there had been sown,  
“ Broadcast throughout the pilgrim host,  
“ Dissension to the uttermost.  
“ And then ’twas mean beyond degree,  
“ To talk to all I chanc’d to see,  
“ And ’bout small things make such adieu,  
“ No matter whether false or true,  
“ I could not such a course begin,  
“ And end without committing sin.

“ And further I should never say  
“ A word the pilgrims to betray,  
“ And should be able to prove true,  
“ And then be sure it good would do,  
“ Before my lips would dare to part,  
“ Or from my tongue the words should start.  
“ And tho’ they said these things to me,  
“ Pretending great humility,  
“ Yet like a lance they pierc’d my heart,  
“ And still I feel the pain and smart.  
“ But their advice I will not take,  
“ Nor with them hearty friendship make,  
“ For I must feed my hungry mind,  
“ With all the news that I can find,  
“ Then with my neighbours share the spoil,  
“ As through this weary land I toil.  
“ Now these a secret you must keep,  
“ Until we cross the river deep,  
“ And in the Holy City reign,  
“ Where none of insult shall complain.  
So saying quick she strode away,  
And only gave me chance to say,  
’Twas good advice the damsels gave,  
And from a thousand snares would save,  
And by their words she should abide,  
Until she cross’d the swelling tide.  
But soon to me it was reveal’d,  
The secret she would have conceal’d,  
She did herself to scores unfold;—  
But every one she always told,

She spoke as to a bosom friend,  
And on their faithfulness depend,  
And charg'd them never to betray,  
What she in confidence might say.

Another personage became,  
Important both in deed and name;—  
His character was not of worth,  
Nor could he boast of lawful birth.  
He from the dawn of infancy,  
Had borne the name of Bigotry;—  
With stature tall, and form erect,  
And with deportment circumspect,  
He might to others good have done,  
And many high encomiums won,  
And yet bad nature he betrayed,  
And in the host he often made,  
Unseemly strife which evil wrought,  
And in its train divisions brought,  
That he was right he could not doubt,  
And thought himself to be devout,  
Beyond what others could attain,  
While they in error would remain.  
If in the host one chanced to say,  
A word about the trying way,  
And how we should our weapons use,  
And from no source should aid refuse,  
He would most plainly have us know,  
By his advice we ought to go,  
And like him meet the enemy,  
That from the field they all might flee.

But when some would his ways ignore,  
His heart was smitten to the core,  
And righteous anger in him burned,  
Till like a monarch pround he spurned,  
Their very presence with contempt,  
As if from every good exempt,  
And like Elijah in his ire,  
He would from heaven invoke the fire,  
That all might perish from his sight,  
Who fail'd to do as he thought right.

## PART VII.

## PLEASURES OF SIN.

“Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.”—*David*:

Still in the lap of sleep I lay,  
Beneath the mild and gentle sway,  
Of vision's sceptre rais'd on high,  
With all its charms before mine eye.  
The trees their shadow on me cast,  
The sighing breezes hurried past,  
Lest from my sleep I should awake,  
And visions their bright pinions take,  
And fly away in sullen mood,  
And leave me in my solitude,  
And like the dove that's lost her mate,  
Bewail my melancholy fate.

Tho' discord 'mong the pilgrims reigned,  
And great and lasting triumphs gained,  
Which did our progress much retard,  
Tho' many labor'd long and hard,  
To counteract the deadly ill,  
Which many hearts appeared to fill,  
Yet all the host some progress made,  
And saw the rising evil fade.

We did not very far proceed,  
Till we espied a pleasant mead,  
Thro' which our pathway ran direct,  
With charms most gorgeously bedecked,  
And as we stood upon its marge,  
It seem'd a goodly land and large,  
And strongly tempted us to stay,  
And wile the sunny hours away.  
And tho' alluring stood the bowers,  
Yet pass'd we by the trees and flowers.  
Tho' charm rose quickly after charm,  
Yet could we not forget the harm,  
Which from our eyes might hidden lie,  
And like an arrow at us fly,  
That we the poison'd barb might feel,  
And get a wound we could not heal.  
When near the centre of this plain,  
We music heard, strain after strain,  
And soon a vast arena lay,  
Out-spread before us like the day,  
A road ran from the path we trod,  
Where stood a gate immensely broad,  
And at the gate a porter stood,  
With countenance remote from good.  
His mouth contain'd a foul segar,  
Out from him roll'd the smoke afar,  
As we drew near, his head he bow'd,  
Then rais'd his voice and cried aloud,  
That all who travell'd in each band,  
Might hear his voice and understand;—



“ O pass not by but enter here,  
“ There is no room for dread or fear,  
“ Your cup with pleasure full shall be,  
“ Without a dreg of misery.  
“ Ask what you will at pleasure’s hand,  
“ She instantly meets your demand,—  
“ Let not another you persuade,  
“ Come in—come in, don’t be afraid.  
Just then another voice was heard,  
Distinct and loud in every word,  
Which echo’d thro’ the stagnant air,  
And said to all—“ Beware,” “ beware ” :—  
“ Broad is the gate and wide the way,  
“ In which the many go astray,  
“ Where death will soon with wanton greed,  
“ Upon their souls and bodies feed.  
’Twas Watchful who beheld the harm,  
And quickly sounded the alarm,  
That ere the pleasure charm’d the eye,  
We might from the seducer fly.  
Then op’ning our Directory,  
We for ourselves could plainly see,  
That of this place we should beware,  
And thro’ the gate we should not dare,  
To set our feet or think to go,  
Lest we should feel the shafts of woe.  
But some the warning would not heed,  
And toward the gateway moved with speed,  
The spacious gate wide open flew,  
To let the pleasure-seekers thro’.

While we who took the warning cry,  
Found safety lay in hasting by.  
But many things did proof present,  
That thro' this gate large numbers went,  
And soon were taken in the snare,  
Of which they had no dread or care.  
And travellers with whom we met,  
Declar'd to us with deep regret,  
That from their ranks some went astray,  
And trod the wide and dangerous way,  
Till taken by the subtle spell,  
And met a fate too bad to tell.  
We hasted by and took our stand,  
Upon an elevated land,  
And view'd the vast arena where,  
In great profusion pleasures fair,  
Astonish'd us beyond degree,  
As we their vast extent could see.  
Upon a smooth and even ground,  
The spacious driving park is found,  
Where patrons of the turf resort,  
To drain the flowing bowl of sport;—  
The golden pile they quickly staked,  
And from the flask their thirst they slaked.  
The well-train'd steeds paw'd up the soil,  
And eager seem'd to win the spoil,  
Then out upon the beaten course,  
They all exerted utmost force;—  
Before the crowds they seem'd to fly,  
While deaf'ning cheers rose to the sky,

Until with palpitating flanks,  
They left behind the gaping ranks,  
While clouds of dust rose up on high,  
And half obscured the sun and sky.  
Then clad in foam of snowy white,  
With passion at its zenith height,  
Quick as a thought they poised the goal,  
Amid the deaf'ning thunders roll.  
Then others to the water went,  
And at the oar their time was spent,  
And thither multitudes resort,  
To be partakers of the sport.  
A thousand eyes each other greet,  
A thousand hearts excited beat,  
A thousand tongues their rapture tell,  
With joy as many bosoms swell.  
The bowl was emptied o'er and o'er,  
And Bacchus gladly they adore,  
Until with shouts the air was rent,  
And on the winds their songs were sent.  
As stagnant pools pollute the air,  
So did their cursing everywhere,  
Contaminate the atmosphere,  
With sounds too vile for man to hear,  
And deeds too dark for fiendish eyes,  
To gaze upon without surprise,  
Were revelled in with great delight,  
And none appeared to dread the blight,  
Which like the deadly frost would fall,  
And greedily devour them all.

The syren tents were snowy white,  
And sparkled in the glowing light,  
And did unto our eyes appear,  
Like roses white on meadows sear.  
The syrens from their tents would go,  
And grossly wander to and fro,  
Or in alluring attitude,  
With arms and bust one half made nude,  
Their soft licentious lays they sang,  
Which thro' the vast arena rang,  
And captured both with sight and sound,  
And then with treble cords they bound,  
Until as slaves beneath their chain,  
They hasten'd o'er the syren plain,  
Until they stood on ruin's brink,  
And ere they seemed to know or think,  
They by the fatal spell were bound,  
And in the deep of hell were found,  
Among the dying and the dead,  
Who by their wiles were hither led,  
Nor were they ever undeceived.  
Or from the treble bonds relieved,  
Till of their powers they had been shorn,  
And then they saw their state forlorn,  
And blushing in their guilty shame,  
With anguish kindled to a flame,  
They from the syren tents depart,  
To bear their agony and smart,  
Or be corrected by the snare,  
Which they refused to shun with care.

In other parts booths stood around,  
And cover'd many plots of ground,  
To which resorted motley throngs,  
Who sang obscene and vulgar songs,  
And filthy tales they told with zest,  
And mirth inflated every breast,  
And laughter all restraint defied,  
Whose echoes with the tempest vied.  
Sometimes the storms of wrath would roar,  
And crimson rain in floods would pour,  
Till ghastly wounds and broken bones,  
And tears, and sighs, and death-like groans,  
And gory garments plainly showed,  
How swift the streams of passion flowed,  
And how like field of ripen'd grain,  
Assaulted by the wind and rain,  
They in distorted masses lay,  
And died upon the blood-stain'd clay.  
Then others crav'd the noxious weed,  
And heartily did on it feed,  
Or smok'd it with untold delight,  
To gratify their appetite.  
The table then was quickly set,  
And round it men would care forget,  
As they at games of chance would play,  
And chase the tardy hours away.  
Upon these games they staked their gold,  
The winners on the prize laid hold.  
Then round and round the cup was sent,  
The purple wine was freely spent,

Till all the fire began to feel,  
And then the head began to reel,  
And trembling seized upon each limb,  
As twilight hours the eye grew dim,  
And stupor triumph'd o'er the brain,  
Or frenzy did the sceptre gain.

Like those who stood on Pleasure Square,  
Were structures rising large and fair,  
Whose open doors the throngs invite,  
With promise of supreme delight:—  
There boys and girls of tender age,  
And men and women took the stage,  
To act the thrilling tragedy,  
Or captivate with comedy.

I saw great throngs of ladies fair,  
And gentlemen with pompous air,  
From Sinland's wide and vast domains,  
Alike its mountains and its plains,  
Unto these stately halls resort,  
The victims of their charm and sport.  
And some who left Apollyonville,  
And trod with us the vale and hill,  
Until we reach'd the gateway wide,  
Then thither from us turn'd aside;—  
The tempting door I saw pass thro',  
And disappear'd beyond my view,  
And tho' with great anxiety,  
I tarried, their return to see,  
But disappointed turn'd away,  
And left them where they lov'd to stray.

The next resort was Music Hall,  
Where every one must make a call :—  
Its doors allur'd with open arms,  
Within were music's fatal charms ;—  
And every hour this viand choice,  
Was serv'd with instrument and voice.  
The hungry ear devour'd the strains,  
And boasted of its wondrous gains.  
Then as around her wand she flung,  
She spread abroad her wings and sung,  
And bore her votaries away,  
In ecstasy's full fount to play ;—  
Or thro' enchanted regions soar,  
And all her firmament explore,—  
To pluck the flow'r whose faultless blow,  
Was whiter than the vestal snow,  
And with enraptur'd vision see,  
And scan her thrilling galaxy.  
That heart must be encas'd in steel,  
Which music's pow'r can never feel.

Out by itself the Circus tent,  
Unto the scene attraction lent,—  
High in the air it rose to sight,  
And glisten'd in the flooding light.  
With drum and clarion sounding loud,  
They call'd unto the jostling crowd,  
And bid them to its doors draw near,  
The soul-entrancing song to hear,  
And on each sight to feast the eyes,  
That captures with its grand surprise,—



To gather pleasure fresh and new,  
Like flow'rs that glow with morning dew ;—  
And in the grand procession join,  
And from the mint receive the coin,  
To well the pomp of the parade,  
Before the light of day shall fade.  
And oh, how many bow'd the ear,  
The drum and clarion tones to hear,  
And to ought else they all were blind,  
Till they the Circus doors could find.  
And then in perfect ecstasy,  
Their eyes drank in all they could see,  
And gain'd an appetite for more,  
Which crav'd a full and boundless store,  
To which they ever might apply,  
Their utmost need to satisfy.  
And then their ears were open wide,  
To catch the overflowing tide  
Of thrilling sound that ebb'd and flow'd,  
And there, delighted they abode,  
Until the springs had all run dry,  
And nothing greeted ear or eye,  
To bid them longer tarry there,  
They did to other haunts repair,  
And further sought to gratify,  
The all-devouring ear and eye.

Still looking round upon the scene,  
I saw among the fields of green  
Some places beaten smooth and hard,  
Which thrifty trees with shadows guard,

And many paths unto them led,  
Which pleasure's feet rejoiced to tread,  
And on each side alluring flow'rs,  
Turn'd up their face to catch the show'rs,  
The multitudes these paths did throng,  
With laughter loud and merry song,  
Their countenance shone as the light,  
Unmix'd with any shade of night.  
Some dress'd in garments plain and cheap,  
And by themselves they sought to keep,  
While silk and velvet in vast store,  
And every style, the others wore,  
Whereas the gold and jewelry,  
Display'd their charms for all to see,  
But all made haste to gain the spot,  
Where they had centred every thought.  
Then off in pairs they would divide,  
And, standing at each other's side,  
They waited for the music's call,  
Then into line would quickly fall,  
And then began to vacillate,  
And move around with graceful gait,  
And oft would sprightly prance and leap,  
Yet with the music, time would keep,  
Until upon their heated face,  
The crystal dew-drops took their place,  
Which shone and sparkled in the light,  
Like stars set in the dome of night.  
Thus did they use their utmost pow'rs,  
And chas'd away the fleeting hours.

Yet still I scann'd the scenes around,  
Where other pleasures did abound,  
Among them was the banqueting,  
Which did vast crowds together bring.  
Some would the pleasant grove-select,  
From wind and sunshine to protect,  
And some preferr'd the grassy lawn,  
From which the dews of night had gone,  
While many others did decide,  
Within their houses to abide.  
But every where the throngs would go,  
Deep did the festal current flow.  
The board was set with skillful hands,  
And nature answer'd all demands,—  
The viands fit for gods to eat,  
Alluring lay, the eye to greet,  
That every appetite might be,  
Replenish'd to satiety.  
Then round the golden goblet went,  
Until the ruby wine was spent,  
And thirst receiv'd such ample store,  
It had no voice to call for more.  
The game and play came quickly on,  
And like a passing cloud were gone,  
Nor left a shadow to declare,  
That they had spread their pinions there.  
To interest and kill the time,  
The gossip came as if in rhyme,  
And all were quicken'd with her fire,  
According as they had desire.

A goodly Park lay full in sight,  
All flooded with translucent light,—  
High in the air the fountains rose,  
As if their beauties to disclose,  
And kingly trees threw out their arms,  
Unfolding most bewitching charms,  
And cast their cooling shade afar,  
The golden sunlight to debar.  
From gate to gate the pavements lay,  
The hedges stood in grand array,  
The walks were fringed with rarest flow'rs,  
The bloom was on the rosy bow'rs.  
Between the walks a carpet green,  
Attracted by its witching sheen,  
And seats the weary to invite,  
Displayed their comfort and delight;—  
The pleasure-loving masses here,  
Found many things their hearts to cheer;—  
They saunter'd 'mong the thrifty bow'rs,  
And breath'd the odor of the flow'rs,  
Then rested in the cooling shade,  
Or 'neath the arching trees parade,  
Or round the fountains congregate,  
Their thirsty soul to satiate.  
When on the green the band would play,  
Its call at once the throngs obey,  
And thither joyfully repair,  
To breathe the sweet, vibrating air.  
Whate'er unfolded to the sight,  
They all pursued with rapt delight,

And what broke forth upon the ear,  
They all with great delight did hear,—  
The merry laugh, the beaming eye,  
Reveal'd the limitless supply,  
Which like a fountain fill'd their heart,  
Its every pleasure to impart.

Yet more enjoyments still were found,  
Broadcast o'er this enchanted ground,  
Inviting us with open arms,  
To be partakers of their charms.  
Whatever could the eyes entrance,  
Displayed itself as in a glance ;—  
Whatever could delight the ear,  
The list'ning soul could plainly hear.  
A thousand odors sweet and rare,  
Were blending in the sultry air,  
Beguiling by their strange delight,  
But laden with a fatal blight.  
And then the place was justly famed,  
For every thing that could be named,  
Which to the taste could minister,  
Supplying as each might prefer.  
And as we gazed attentively,  
That every pleasure we might see,  
Some thought we should make haste away,  
But others longer wished to stay  
And watch the deeds that there were done,  
Till to the zenith rose the sun.

Just then Besetting Sin was seen,  
Approaching from the fields of green ;—

Unto our ranks he ventured near,  
As if intent our words to hear,  
And then with emphasis he spoke,  
And kindly would our ear invoke,  
That he might tell us of the joy,  
That clustered there without alloy.  
He felt himself constrained to say,  
That all these pleasures by the way,  
Were not the evils some believed,—  
Nor had they simple souls deceived,—  
But springs which from the desert burst,  
To satisfy our spirits' thirst,—  
And as a friend he would advise,  
That we such pleasures ne'er despise,  
But enter at the gateway wide,  
And be with every joy supplied.  
And when the eye exhausts the store,  
And when the taste can crave no more,  
And when the ear with melody,  
Is filled unto satiety,  
And odors sweet no more beguile,  
And mirth withholds her beaming smile,  
Then we the pathway could regain,  
And hasten thro' the flow'ry plain,  
Refreshed and gladdened with delight,  
As grateful as the dews of night.  
His words were like a silver flow,  
And some were half inclined to go  
Unto those fountains full and fair,  
Regardless of the hidden snare,

To satiate their yearning heart,  
With all the bliss they could impart.  
But Watchful saw the peril great,  
And warned them of the awful fate,  
Which they must meet most certainly,  
Unless they would the tempter flee.  
The odors floating in the air,  
Betrayed and weakened mighty Prayer.  
His spirit was quite stupefied,  
And many times in vain he tried,  
To rise and break the subtle spell,  
That he of victory might tell.  
But Strength came quickly to his aid,  
And told him not to be afraid,  
But down upon his knees to fall,  
And on the unseen Presence call.  
At once the ebbing current flowed,  
The smouldering embers flamed and glowed.  
The spell was broken—he was free,—  
Adoringly he bowed the knee,  
And all the host, his accents thrilled,  
And every heart with gladness filled,  
And each fled hastily away,  
From pleasure's false but fair display.  
The heart of Faith with new life burned,  
And from the scene his eyes were turned,  
And on before the host he went,  
While to the pilgrims Courage lent  
A helping hand that they might fly,  
And not among the pleasures die.



And as behind the tempter lay,  
With songs the pilgrims urged their way,  
By brook and grove and sunny lawn,  
Till out of sight the charm had gone.

## PART VIII.

## THE VOLCANO.

“ Who art thou, O great mountain?”—*Zechariah.*

I still in the mantle of vision was clad,  
And other experience most trying we had :—  
The pleasures of Sin lay behind us afar,  
The proud king of day in his transplendent car,  
Was getting quite near the meridian of noon,  
While ‘neath his bright wheels lay the stars and the moon,  
The clouds of the sky like an army did march,  
And o’er his bright throne form’d an unrivall’d arch :—  
The vale which we trod in its beautiful green,  
Was deluged with light of a luminous sheen :—  
The winds had forsaken the concave of day,  
Asleep in the valley they quietly lay ;  
And streams murmur’d low as they hurried along,  
Nor waken’d the vale with their jubilant song.  
The birds had begun biting hunger to feel,  
In force they had gone to prepare them a meal,  
While fruits on the trees hung in clusters untold,  
Array’d in their garments of purple and gold :—  
And thousands of flow’rs made a gorgeous display,  
And all thro’ the valley they stood in array.

We journ'd along as our hearts were inspir'd,  
The mountains of blue in the distance retir'd,—  
Before us we scann'd with increasing delight,  
The vale whose attractions bewilder'd our sight;—  
No object appear'd to the eye great or small,  
To fill us with fear or our spirits appal.  
The path to our feet was delightfully smooth,  
The balm of the flow'rs all our anguish did soothe,  
The verdure clad vale stretch'd afar on each hand,  
Which caus'd us to think of some fair Eden land,  
The trees seem'd as those which in Paradise grew,  
The mountains all rob'd in their garment of blue,  
Outrivalled the skies as they smil'd from above,  
And spread out their hands in devotion and love.  
No chill in the air made it biting and drear,  
To start without sorrow the big pearly tear;—  
Each one of the host overflow'd with delight,  
And hasted along with persistence and might,—  
As if every danger and ill of the way,  
Had been overcome and behind us now lay.  
Then those who could sing rais'd a soul-thrilling song,  
And thro' the green valley it echo'd along;—  
The beasts heard the strains and were charm'd with the  
spell,  
Drew near as if anxious their rapture to tell.  
The birds left their meal and came flocking around,  
And seem'd overpower'd with the soft, swelling sound;—  
The fish in the stream leap'd aloft in the air,  
By actions their joy they appeared to declare.  
Mid scenes such as these we made haste on our way,  
Nor would we allow them our progress to stay.

Each moment and something was lost to our sight,  
Each moment we greeted new forms of delight :—  
We sigh'd for the good that was faded and gone,  
And welcom'd each joy as we pass'd safely on.  
The prospect that open'd before us was grand,  
And long we believed we should travel this land,  
With nothing to trouble or cause us to sigh,  
Or meet us in battle and force us to fly :  
But when in the height of our triumph and joy,  
Our bliss in a moment became an alloy,—  
For while we were moving unconscious along,  
And filling the valley with shouting and song,  
A dimness began to diffuse thro' the sky  
And mantled the peaks of the mountains so high,  
The sun overpower'd withheld his bright rays,—  
And sat on his throne in a mantle of haze ;—  
The valley grew narrow, the mountains came near,  
The beasts and the birds were bewilder'd with fear ;  
The fish in the brooklets gave over their glee,  
And hid them away 'mong the roots of the tree :  
And fear blanch'd the face of each one in the host,  
While none felt dispos'd of his valor to boast.  
Yet nearer the mountains continu'd to draw,  
Whose haze mantl'd heights made us tremble with awe,  
As eager we gazed on those mountains so high,  
A cloud of thick darkness appear'd in the sky,  
And up thro' its blackness shot columns of flame,  
Like cannon discharg'd with an unerring aim.  
And noise that appear'd like the deep thunder's roar,  
Told plainly that nature was travailing in war.

We thought of the time when Jehovah came down,  
His feet resting firm on the mountain's stark crown,  
His garb was the darkness that hung o'er its brow,  
Thro' which the red lightnings did awfully plow.  
The smoke that rose up from the mount 'neath his feet,  
Did blend with the darkness and made it complete,  
The noise of His thunder was startling and loud,  
And Sinai shook and its rocky head bow'd,  
While words echo'd far in their tones strong and clear,  
Which caus'd even Moses to tremble with fear.  
With thoughts such as these flashing quick thro' the mind,  
We trembled with dread and felt strongly inclin'd  
To turn from our course and some other way try,  
Which far from this terrible mountain might lie,  
And yet would conduct us back into the path,  
Exempt from the menace of terror and wrath.  
But Faith look'd ahead and declar'd he would go;  
And, like the swift streams from mountains which flow ;  
He ne'er would turn back but would danger tread down,  
The city would gain and receive his bright crown.  
Then Courage the impulse of Faith did receive,  
And into Faith warp his woof he would weave,  
And with him would go to a triumph sublime,  
And share his rewards in a far better clime.  
Strength look'd on the pilgrims and smilingly said,  
He felt in his heart no emotion of dread ;—  
So with a strong nerve and an unyielding heart,  
He would on the journey immediately start.  
With modesty Watchful declar'd he would try,  
And see that no danger evaded his eye,

And all that he saw he would instantly tell,  
Which promise he kept most surprisingly well.  
Then all in the host hasted quickly along,  
And follow'd their leaders with shouting and song ;—  
The cloud that we saw on the mountain's dark brow,  
Thro' which the fierce shafts of the lightning did plow,  
Appear'd the whole sky to o'ercast and enshroud,  
Beneath which the thunders terrific and loud,  
Were coursing their way thro' the mountain and plain,  
As if their fierce anger they could not restrain.  
Not far had we gone till the air became warm,  
The darkness portended a terrible storm,  
And dangers around us were spreading their net,  
Before and behind we were ever beset,  
And each one declar'd 'twould a miracle be,  
If we should the end of this valley e'er see.  
Both Courage and Faith did encouragement give,  
And Watchful and Strength were assur'd we should live,  
And soon we in triumph should leave far behind,  
The region where darkness our vision did blind.  
We cautiously pick'd every step as we went,  
Until we arriv'd where the mountain was rent.  
A limb of that mountain stretched into the plain,  
Whose summit we strove with all vigor to gain,  
And on its high peak we quite plainly could see,  
What fill'd us with awe and inclin'd us to flee.  
An active volcano lay right in our path,  
Whose bowels were working in terrible wrath ;—  
Its wide open mouth sent forth volumes of smoke,  
Which hung round its slopes like a gigantic cloke.

## TO THE HOLY CITY.

The ashes like snow-flakes were falling around,  
And deep'ning quite fast on the turf-cover'd ground;—  
The air, like the breath of a furnace, was hot,  
And charg'd with the stench of the sulphur that's bro't  
Along with the smoke from the burning below,  
Where fountains of lava perpetually glow.  
While standing quite near on this cloud-touching land,  
The scene was o'erpow'ring and awfully grand.  
We could but admire as some minutes we stayed,  
And watch'd all the scenes that before us there played,  
The smoke that came up thro' its rock-plated throat,  
Spread out thro' the sky and did leisurely float  
Upon the still air like a storm-laden cloud,  
Which down 'neath its freight toward the mountain is  
bow'd.

The darkness was deep as the gloom of the night,  
And hid from our eyes all the Sun's golden light.  
It spread like a veil over mountain and plain,  
And proudly their stature and greatness disdain.  
Each face seem'd to darken beneath its thick fold,  
While gloom in its grasp every victim did hold.  
The mountain then stood with its arms folded tight,  
While on its hard brow lay the sceptre of night;—  
And then it began with vehemence to shake,  
Which caused both the hills and the valleys to quake.  
Its heart swelling up with most terrible woes,  
It labor'd in anguish and terrible throes,  
Like billows that thunder along the rough shore,  
Its bowels thrice heated did rumble and roar,  
While echoes came back from the peaks far away,  
As if they had something most awful to say.



Yet louder and louder its bowels did sound,  
And terribly trembled the mountains around.  
The huge granite boulders relinquish'd their hold,  
And over the brow of the mountain they roll'd :—  
The trees far renown'd for their stature and strength,  
Were prostrate and lay on the ground at full length.  
Then quick as the lightning darts down from the cloud,  
The mountain with thunder roar'd dismal and loud,  
And up from the deep of its caverns of fire,  
Came shafts of fierce flame rising higher and higher ;  
The scoria gave chase to the fast-flying stones,  
The darkness was vocal with hisses and groans,  
The cloud by the flame of the crater was cleft,  
Which moan'd like a child of its parents bereft ;  
The thunder grew louder, the quaking increas'd,  
The red shafts of flame for a moment ne'er ceas'd,  
The sides of the mount like the flanks of the steed,  
Which strove on the course his opponent to lead,  
Were rising and falling as if they did yearn,  
To take of our ashes and fill their huge urn.  
The lake that was hid in its bowels below,  
Was up thro' its throat fast beginning to flow :—  
Its wide-open mouth with the lava soon fill'd,  
And then like a being that reason'd and will'd,  
It pour'd out a torrent that burn'd as it roll'd,  
Which look'd like a river of pure yellow gold.  
Down, down o'er the vast throbbing sides it made haste,  
The huge rocks were molten and after it chas'd ;—  
The flame caught the trees, which as dry stubble burn'd,  
And quick as a thought into ashes were turn'd.

The turf was consum'd, and the ground was deep plow'd,  
The hills in its course were affrighted and bow'd.  
Then down thro' the plain it went thundering along,  
And woke up the vale with its terrible song ;—  
A pass thro' the mount on the opposite side,  
Allow'd the escape of this horrible tide.  
It dashed 'gainst the rocks with a demon-like force,  
The huge granite boulder that lay in its course,  
Dissolv'd by the heat of this mad, fiery stream,  
And vanish'd away like the things of a dream.  
On, on thro' the passage it thundered and raved,  
The steep walls of granite its hot billows laved ;  
While all the vast region did glow with its breath,  
It hasted away to the river of Death.  
Some moments we stood on that high point of land,  
And watched with a shudder the awful and grand,  
Faith look'd for a time, turning death-like and pale,  
And Fear did great Courage with weapons assail.  
As Watchful beheld he convulsed with alarm,  
And Strength lost the use of his giant-like arm ;—  
While Hope with emotion did awfully shake,  
And all, like the mountain, did tremble and quake.  
Tears stood in our eyes like the dew on the flow'r,  
And moisten'd the path like the more copious show'r,  
Then we of each other requested to know,  
If all thought it prudent, and forward should go,  
Our Book of Directions we carefully scann'd,  
And found a good chart of this danger-strewn land,  
The twilight discover'd a straight narrow road,  
That led us direct where the lava tide flow'd.

Then Faith did his vigor and color regain,  
And valiantly stood at the head of the train ;—  
And Courage grew mighty, like giants of old,  
His look plainly show'd that his spirit was bold,—  
And Watchful no longer convulsed with alarm,  
And Strength gain'd the use of his masculine arm.  
Hope trembled no more, but as firm as a rock,  
Immovably stood 'mid the thunder's fierce shock.  
In haste we all brush'd from our eye the big tear,  
And Fear fell behind us and stood in the rear.  
Then breathing a prayer to Jehovah our King,  
We all did a chorus most heartily sing.  
Faith bid us march forward with vigor and might,  
Nor turn to the left nor remove to the right,  
But haste with all speed till the danger was pass'd.  
And all our forbodings behind us were cast.  
Like those who went forth to engage in the race,  
We hasted away with a quick steady pace.  
As on we proceeded the heat got intense,  
Which fill'd many spirits with anxious suspense.  
Our garments were scorch'd and our eyes were half blind,  
The straight narrow path was not easy to find ;  
And ashes like vapor were filling the air,  
The shafts of red flame thro' the darkness did glare.  
As nearer the base of the mountain we came,  
More terribly grand was the pillar of flame,—  
The throes of the mountain with terrors increas'd,  
The thunders were having a riotous feast,—  
The region around us more fearfully shook,—  
The river of lava display'd its worst look,

And danced thro' the gap of the rock far below,  
As if it were crazed by some spirit of woe.  
While closer we came to the torrent of fire,  
The path that we trod rose up higher and higher,  
The terminal rock stretch'd its hand o'er the tide,  
And clasp'd its strong mate on the opposite side,  
While under its arch roll'd the river so wild,  
As guiltless of harm as an innocent child.  
The air which ascended sulphureous and hot,—  
The terror and danger were quickly forgot,—  
We know that the torrent whose billows of fire,  
Were seething and welling in terrible ire,  
Must stay in the gorge which far 'neath us lay,  
And nature's behest must implicit obey.  
Our hearts beat anew with a wealth of delight,  
When first we beheld the magnificent sight;—  
So over we pass'd while the hot lava tide,  
Went dancing along in its anger and pride.  
Thus passing in triumph this bridge of firm rock,  
We hasted away with a quick steady walk.  
The pathway was easy and clearly defin'd,  
And near the volcano no one felt inclin'd,  
To tarry a moment or dally away,  
In trifling amusement the swift passing day.  
Then down thro' the valley the narrow path led,  
Where wild forest tribes on the green herbage fed,  
Asunder the mountain seemed strangely to part,  
And up thro' the darkness the sharp peaks did dart,  
The vale open'd out like a wide spreading fan,  
Thro' which a clear brook in its majesty ran,

While raising our voice with a soul stirring lay,  
Because the hot tide had not made us its prey.  
The thick brooding darkness began to turn light,  
And soon the day king in his splendor and might,  
Shone out in the sky from the high throne of noon,  
Which was to us all an unspeakable boon,  
The vibrating earth became pulseless and still,  
In quietude lay both the valley and hill,  
The volcano's roar was like thunder afar,  
Whose bolts were all spent from his receding car.  
The furnace-like air into coolness had turn'd,  
The torrent of lava which wrothfully burn'd,  
Its way down the slope of the mountain on fire,  
Did out of our vision, behind us, retire.  
The cloud of thick darkness appeared like a pall,  
Which down on the top of the mount seemed to fall,  
Thro' which the volcano shot arrows of flame,  
Which went from his bow with precision of aim.  
Our feelings calmed down like the unripp'l'd lake,  
And from the pure rillet our thirst we did slake.  
We breathed the aroma of myriads of flow'rs,  
And pluck'd the sweet fruits from the green thrifty bow'rs,  
Delighted with scenes which on either side lay,  
We all full of zeal hasten'd thro' the plain way,  
Which stretch'd in the distance far out of our sight,  
And seem'd to be radiant with glory and light,  
The mountains put on their soft garments of blue,  
And silently watch'd as the vale we pass'd thro';—  
The birds sang around us their jubilant notes,  
Then high in the sunlight they floated like motes,

The breeze fann'd our brow and the sweat drop was dry,  
Not a cloud could be seen in the deep of the sky.  
Our spirits were buoyant—the prospect was grand,  
So forward we moved an inspirited band.  
Some shouted in raptures because of delight,  
The fearful grew bold and went forward with might,  
And all seem'd to think that the city was near,  
Its strains of sweet music we thought we could hear.

## PART IX.

## REST AND WORSHIP.

“His rest shall be glorious.”—*Isaiah*.

At very best the pow'rs of man are frail,  
And when he meets the high and stubborn gale,  
That lifts the foaming billows up on high,  
As if they challeng'd both the clouds and sky,  
That strength will soon grow less.

That God who did our vital forces give,  
And caus'd us in this world of toil to live,  
Did not design our force should never wane,  
And of its failure we should ne'er complain,  
Or shun its overthrow.

Hence toil will come—the ebbing tide sets in,  
And when it doth its onward course begin,  
If unoppos'd the fountain soon will dry,  
And man the wond'rous being then will die,  
And none can help or save.

I dream'd that still we on our journey went,  
And great encouragement to us was lent,  
By many joys which did our path surround,  
And lay broadcast o'er all the mellow ground,  
As if to help us on.



When we in haste Apollyonville did leave,  
The thoughts of some their judgement did deceive,  
For they suppos'd that they could never tire,  
Or realize the waning of that fire,

That burn'd within their breast.

But when we strove the mountain to ascend,  
Or thro' the rugged vale our way did tend,  
The power which some suppos'd could ne'er give way,  
Forsook us as the light at close of day,

And promis'd not return.

When from the dread volcano we did go,  
The tide of life began to lose its flow,  
And weakness seized upon our every pow'r,  
And as it was the golden midday hour,

We sigh'd to find repose.

Just then a sight our sinking spirits thrill'd,  
And with ecstatic joy our heart was fill'd,  
Which gave us pow'r to hold upon our course,  
Until we overtook a numerous force,

That halted for a feast.

They like ourselves Apollyonville forsook,  
And for the Holy City they did look,  
But here they wish'd to rest and feast awhile,  
Where nought was seen their garments to defile,

Or call them forth to fight.

As nearer to the Holy Land we drew,  
We were astonished by the pleasing view ;—  
For Paradise appear'd in all its charms,  
As if to take us in its gentle arms,

And fold us to its breast.

The welcome came to us like falling rain,  
And smiles were golden as the autumn grain,  
So that we felt ourselves supremely blest,  
In such an Eden spot to feast and rest,  
The weary noontide hour.

The sun was sitting on his noontide throne,  
And from the hemisphere of day had flown  
The truant clouds that lack'd the pow'r to harm,  
Nor dare they stay to smite us with alarm,  
But hid beyond the mount.

A gentle zephyr fanned the fertile plain,  
Thro' which the silvery brooks ran to the main,—  
The air was soft and bracing to inhale,  
A soft and verdant carpet clad the vale,  
Emboss'd with ferns and flow'rs.

A thousand trees beneath their fruitage bow'd,  
And seem'd to all to speak in accents loud,  
That we beneath their shadow might recline,  
And eat the fruit which in the light did shine,  
And tempted with its charms.

And vines in rich luxuriance spread the ground,  
Which cast their fruitful tendrils all around,  
Whose ripen'd clusters did beguile our eyes,  
And filled our spirits with a glad surprise,  
And joy o'erflowed our heart.

In booths prepared from branches of the trees,  
We sat delightfully and took our ease,  
Of luscious fruit we ate a gen'rous store,  
When filled we, every one, requested more,  
So pleasant was the taste.

We press'd the grapes whose nectral juices roll'd,  
And fill'd our vessels full as they could hold,  
And when we had the copious vessels drain'd,  
Not one of all that drank again complain'd,  
Of aggravating thirst.

When choicest fruits had hunger chas'd away,  
And thirst made haste like night before the day,  
And as the moon our forces reach'd their full,  
We all began with eagerness to pull,  
The rare and odorous flow'rs.

Then all again resolv'd the course to try,  
Because the noontide hour was speeding by,  
When each one heard resounding thro' the air,  
A voice inviting all to praise and prayer,  
Before we left the place.

A man of stature tall and pleasant mien,  
Was passing gently thro' the vale of green;—  
Among the stately trees he took his stand,  
While round him stood a large and pious band  
Of thoughtful worshippers.

His face was radiant as the beaming sun,  
When he begins his daily race to run;—  
His voice was sweetly musical and clear,  
And fell like zephyrs on the listener's ear.  
And touch'd and thrill'd the heart.

"Now let us all," he said, our voices raise,  
"And tune our hearts to sing Jehovah's praise;"—  
And then an hymn appropriate he read,  
As every one adoring bow'd the head,  
In rev'rent attitude.

The hymn was full of joy and gratitude,  
And sentiments of praise each line imbu'd,—  
Jehovah's attributes were all express'd,  
And how we all had been supremely bless'd,  
Thro' all the trying way.

Devout thanksgiving seem'd to give it rhyme,  
And gladness made the sentiment sublime,—  
Such earnest importunity was there,  
As laid the clay-encumber'd spirit bare,  
And rais'd it to the skies.

Then all with one accord began to sing,  
Which made the valley loud with anthems ring,—  
The distant mountain echo'd back the lays,  
And all the region seem'd alive with praise,  
And all the trees rejoic'd.

When we had finish'd the melodious air,  
He who had call'd us unto praise and prayer,  
Requested us with him to bow the knee,  
And at the throne of heavenly grace agree,  
To ask Jehovah's aid.

So on our knees we all adoring bow'd,  
The stranger our devotions led aloud,  
The One unseen he did appear to see,  
And with Jehovah everlasting, he  
Communion sweetly held.

Praise rose as odor from the opening flow'r,—  
For Oh, it was a time of mighty pow'r,—  
Sin was confess'd with deepest penitence,  
For every one was guilty of offence,  
And humbled in the dust.

With contrite heart for pardon we did sue,  
And ask'd that heavenly blessing like the dew,  
Might on our spirits fall throughout the way,  
That of the host no one might ever stray,

Out of the narrow path..

And when in prayer we ceased to bow the knee,  
The stranger open'd our Directory,  
And from it read that every one might know,  
About the trying way which we must go,

To gain the place we sought.

And as he read awhile and then explained,  
We plainly saw that every one who gained,  
Admission to the New Jerusalem,  
And from the King received a diadem,

Must tribulation have.

And tho' sometimes in Eden we might seem,  
And of the threatening ill no more would dream,  
Yet dangers would confront us all the way.

Until we reach'd the closing of the day,  
And cross'd the dismal tide.

But if we studied our Directory,  
Where lay the evil every one could see,  
And if our every step we took with care,  
And bravely met the evil everywhere,

It ne'er could do us harm.

And when the toilsome journey all was o'er,  
And every one stood on the river's shore,  
No one would wish his trials had been less,  
Or that he thither went without distress,

And mighty conflicts too.

The concourse then their voices all attuned,  
And in a song of triumph they communed  
With Him who called us from Apollyonville,  
That His good spirit every heart might fill  
Unutterably full.

The thrilling song our spirits all inspired,  
And every heart with holy zeal was fired,  
The tide of feeling to its climax rose,  
As of a stream whose water overflows,  
Its smooth and sandy shores.

Each one resolv'd that dead to every joy,  
He would more earnestly his time employ,  
And faithfully Jehovah's mandates keep,  
And pass triumphantly the river deep,  
And win the holy place.

The stranger then began his text to read,  
Which told how we from bondage had been freed,  
And in the path of life and freedom went  
To fight the foe until the day is spent  
And win a crown and throne.

And as he spoke each one attention lent,  
For to the heart his earnest look was sent,  
And every word he spoke was bold and clear,  
And fell with emphasis upon the ear,  
And charmed the throbbing heart.

"While in Apollyonville you did reside,  
"And walk'd its thoroughfares of pomp and pride,  
"You sang aloud the songs of liberty,  
"And thought yourselves the freest of the free,  
Nor knew that you were slaves.

- “ But when Apostle’s words as lightnings flash’d,  
“ And thro’ your souls like mighty thunders crash’d,  
“ You felt the pow’r and saw the startling light,  
“ And then arose with energy and might,  
    And left the fatal place.  
“ The path, tho’ safe, display’d a vast array,  
“ Of dire and wileful enemies that lay  
“ Conceal’d in ambush to annoy and vex,  
“ Or, showing fight, would harass and perplex,  
    That you might fall or flee.  
“ You found the mountain’s side both rough and steep,  
“ From rock to rock you were compell’d to leap;  
“ The wild morass its dangers did present,  
“ Where some in search of flow’rs and fruitage went,  
    And never more return’d.  
“ The serpents which your going did withstand,  
“ The threefold storm upon the desert land,  
“ Besetting Sin whose wicked treachery,  
“ You every one were horrifi’d to see,  
    You have not yet forgot.  
“ The great array of pleasures Sin did show,  
“ By which the pathway caus’d you all to go,—  
“ When some the gaudy pleasure to behold,  
“ Found dross where they anticipated gold,  
    And in the snare were caught.  
“ The burning mount whose head was capp’d with night,  
“ Thro’ which were thrown the shafts of awful light,  
“ And down whose steep the burning torrent ran,—  
“ The bridge which did the awful chasm span,  
    Are scarcely out of sight.



- “ And now unto Jehovah great give praise,—  
“ For mercies past your hearts adoring raise,  
“ His grace and providence now glorify,  
“ Because he leads to joys that cannot die,  
    Beyond the stream of Death.  
“ And bow before his throne in mighty prayer,  
“ Upon him casting all your woe and care,  
“ That he may lead you with a father’s hand,  
“ And safely bring you to that better land,  
    Far from your mortal sight.  
“ Tho’ you may think the trials all are o’er,  
“ And that between you and the river’s shore,  
“ A long unbroken plain without a woe,  
“ Will smile upon you as you onward go,  
    To gain your heavenly home.  
“ Yet such is not the case you’ll surely find,  
“ For every tribulation’s not behind,  
“ But till you reach the river’s stormy shore,  
“ The cloud portentous will arise and pour  
    Its missiles on your head.  
“ If pleasure spreads her net before your feet,  
“ And if in phalanx strong the foe you meet,  
“ Or should the way prove rough or broken be,  
“ As you can learn from your Directory,  
    Be sure to overcome.  
“ For if you keep the path and persevere,  
“ The rampant evil never need you fear,—  
“ Before your onward march it will give way,  
“ Or like the lava-tide will harmless play,  
    Far down beneath your feet.

“ An unseen hand your going will uphold,—  
“ Will give you pow’r and make your spirit bold,  
“ And fill your cup with blessings to the brim,  
“ And lead you till the light of day grows dim,”

Then take you gently home.

And as he took his seat, the eager throng  
Broke forth into a sweet and rapturous song,  
And every heart for joy did leap and dance,  
And every eye told plainly by its glance

Its inward, deep delight.

Then Faith stood up and told his simple tale,  
How he, in trying seasons, did not fail,  
And that in every future conflict, he  
Would strive to overcome and conqueror be,

And safely cross the tide.

And Courage stood as if a giant strong,  
Whose head and shoulders rose above the throng,  
And spoke about the mount that burned with fire,  
And how Faith’s words his spirit did inspire,

And gave them victory.

Strength thought the past its story plainly told,  
And taught us in the future to be bold,  
For tho’ we travelled through both fire and blood,  
That met us like an overflowing flood,

Above them we should rise.

And Watchful thought we need not dread surprise,  
For never would he close his wakeful eyes,  
Until he stood upon the sounding shore,  
Where swelling billows all their fury pour

Upon the fearless rocks.

Hope said, "I'm anchored to the solid rock,  
"Nor do I dread the fiercest earthquake's shock,  
"For what has sav'd me in the trying past,  
"I know will save me to the very last,  
"Of this short dangerous way."

And Love declared, "I now am crucified,  
"And to all carnal pleasures I have died,  
"While life divine is throbbing in my heart,  
"And in pure joy I share a generous part;—  
"Of life and joy I boast."

And Meekness said, "My soul is like the stream  
"Whose waters in the lucid sunlight gleam,  
"And glides along as noiseless as the light,  
"That breaks the sceptre of the gloomy night,  
"And may I faithful prove."

And others rose who had a word to say,  
About the tribulations of the way,  
And how new fire thro' all their being burn'd,  
As of the way they more and more had learn'd,  
They too would win the prize.

When all who wish'd their testimony gave,  
The stranger, like a warrior, calm and brave,  
Declar'd thro' all the Land of Sin were found  
Vast multitudes who never heard the sound  
Of glorious gospel grace.

"And in the great Jehovah's treasury,  
"The funds are low and soon will cease to be,  
"And you are asked that treasury to fill,  
"As lakes replenish'd by the crystal rill,  
Until they overflow.

Then to the treasury large numbers came,  
Not seeking to acquire renown or fame,  
And of their store a golden offering gave,  
Which show'd they would the lost and ruin'd save,  
From endless misery.

But many more possess'd of treasure vast,  
Into the treasury their offering cast:—  
Upon their fingers white were rings of gold,  
That shone with precious stones of worth untold.  
To make a gorgeous show.

A golden watch with jewels rare and bright,  
Was handled with unspeakable delight,  
And chains of gold were lying on their breast,  
While in the richest garments they were dress'd,  
By fashion's pattern made.

But when they came their off'rings to bestow,  
They did not wish to make a pompous show,  
So from their jewell'd hand they dropp'd a cent,  
Then from the treasury in haste they went,  
And seem'd quite satisfi'd.

Then all joined in a chorus sweet and loud,  
And on our knees we all adoring bow'd,  
And when the benediction had been said,  
We all arose and on our journey sped,  
With hearts serene and glad.

The air was still—the light was soft and mild,  
No deadly taint the crystal brook defiled,  
The beasts were feeding and the birds were glad,  
And not a spirit in the host was sad,  
As singing we went on.

The mellow soil allured our willing feet,  
If in the path an ill we chanced to meet,  
It from our presence seemed in haste to fly,  
While life and gladness beamed from every eye,  
And care was cast away.

With firm and steady steps our leaders moved,  
And for the host their great affection proved :—  
And there was great and universal joy,  
Without a rising danger to annoy,  
Or stay the flowing tide.

## PART X.

## HORROR OF DARKNESS.

“He hath led me and brought me into darkness.”—*Jeremiah.*

I dream'd again ;—the hour of noon was past,  
The monarch of the day had left his high  
Imperial throne, and slowly mov'd away,  
With burning feet, to tread the western steep,  
That he might find beyond the haze-clad mount  
Another throne, and cast his peerless smiles  
On other lands, or shed his glory on  
The boundless sea beyond our mortal sight.  
The broad and fertile vale its bosom bared  
To catch the warming rays, and o'er it draw  
A robe of golden light. The mountains from  
Each other stood apart as if to give  
The falling light a boundless field on which  
To play, while they appear'd to draw their robes  
Of haze, of sombre hues, around their breast  
As if content out in the cold to dwell.  
The timid clouds shrank from the king of day  
And nestled in the bosom of the stream  
Of Death, nor dar'd to rise and face the shafts  
Of fire hurl'd by his majesty. The winds

As if by unseen angel hands were held,  
Nor could they hold their carnival upon  
The wide and fruitful plain. The sycamore  
And giant Bashan oak—the stately pines  
And aromatic cedars stood with grace  
And dignity, nor did they move, as like  
An army we went marching by. The flow'rs  
Began to look as if the noon were past  
And soon their preparation must begin  
For close of day. On every side the beasts  
From grazing had retir'd and lay upon  
The warm and mossy ground. The joyful birds  
With golden plumage deck'd gave o'er their songs  
And hopp'd around among the shrubbery.  
The silvery brook, unconscious that the sun  
Had left the throne of noon, ran gently on  
Its course. From what we with our eyes beheld  
We fondly thought that long we would enjoy  
The mellow light—the fruitful plain and all  
The grand and soul-inspiring scenery.  
Each one felt strong, and life in every heart  
Beat high. With zealous fire each eye appear'd  
To flash, and all were bold to meet the ill  
Which might our path beset, and rise above  
Its pow'r to harm. The motions and the look  
Of each betray'd a joy that had its seat  
Deep down within the soul. Thus on we went  
While songs that spoke aloud the feeling of  
The heart rose from uncounted tongues, and thro'  
The valley did reverberate. Then free



And full of life the conversation wise  
Dispell'd the dull monotony and whil'd  
The hour away. In manner such, the host  
Much progress made. Then Watchful look'd  
Ahead, to see if any sign appear'd  
Portending storm, or telling that there might  
Be tribulation nigh at hand to burst  
Upon us suddenly, and try us to  
The uttermost. But nothing could be seen  
To cause alarm, or rouse our fears, save that  
The mountains in the distance made great haste  
And toward each other ran as if to clasp  
In fond embrace, requiring us to climb  
The rugged steep, or seek some narrow pass  
By which we might proceed, and safety find  
Where danger holds her carnival. We had  
Not travell'd far until we came unto  
The place where both the mountains seem'd to join  
In one, and left no place through which we might  
In triumph pass. And as we all drew near  
The mountain's base, we found its sides were steep  
And awfully precipitous, which made  
Ascent impossible. But as we looked around  
Inquiringly, to see how we could get  
Beyond the mount, we saw a limpid stream  
Roll deep and tranquil from a narrow pass  
That lay conceal'd behind a woody grove,  
Thro' which we could perceive some pilgrims had  
Already gone. As our Directory  
We did examine well, we saw that we

Were right, and thro' the narrow path must go  
To gain the destiny which we desir'd.  
Thus satisfi'd that we in safety's path  
Were found, we did straightforward go that soon  
We might the mountain leave behind and gain  
The pleasant land beyond. The waters of  
The brook we found rose to the loins, and oft  
Would lave the rocks on either side the pass  
And made the going difficult. And then  
The boulders of the way were angular,  
And sharp, and wounds would oft inflict, and all  
Found stumbling was a common thing. Yet still  
Each one felt sure that all, the farther side  
Would reach without material harm. The walls  
Of adamant, on either side, stood scores  
Of feet above our heads, and left us this  
Alternative of passing on or else  
Our pilgrimage give up, and fail to reach  
The New Jerusalem. All felt we must  
Above the difficulty rise and pass  
The trying way before the sun gets low.  
Tho' feeling sore the roughness of the path  
Yet on we pass'd until we came unto  
A place that widen'd out and gave us room  
To breathe the bracing air, but soon again  
It narrow'd down unto its former width.  
Yet as this spot we pass'd a dimness strange  
Fell like the twilight gray, which many did  
Regard as ominous of ill. Then clouds  
Began to float across the open space

Above our heads and for a moment hid  
The golden Sun. Then soon an army of  
Black clouds came from the stream of Death and lay  
Above our heads. Altho' above them shone the sun  
Yet not a ray could pierce the gloom and by  
Its presence glad our heart. And from the clouds  
There fell a dismal mist, so drenching and  
So cold that every one was chill'd unto  
The heart, and every garment dripp'd like rain.  
But oh how deep and horrible the gloom  
Became. Each others' form we could not see  
Altho' their voice we all could plainly hear.  
And then the way was rough with many loose  
And rugged stones so that we all must go  
With careful steps lest we should fall, no more  
To rise. It was a season full of risk  
And peril great, and none could tell what might  
The issue be. Soon Faith in tones serene  
Call'd out and bid us not despair for soon  
The clouds would flee away or we should leave  
The pass and get into the light. And tho'  
The gloom was like the midnight hour when moon  
And stars are hidden by the blackest clouds,  
Yet to each one both Strength and Courage found  
Their way and bid us have good cheer and all  
The danger soon would lie far in our rear,  
For others had this pathway trod and we  
Must tread it too and in the end we all  
Would own it for the best. That none might lack  
Encouragement the words of Watchful each

One heard vibrating thro' the Pass stating  
That he would look for any glimpse of light  
Which might perchance find in the clouds a rift  
And hasten to our aid, or should no ray appear  
Most carefully he would his footsteps feel  
And of the danger warn. So all could hear  
The tramping of our leaders as they mov'd  
With steadiness along the narrow Pass  
Wrapt in Egyptian night. So equal pace  
We all maintained altho' sometimes we had  
To feel the rocky walls on either side  
To make our going sure. And then we put  
Our feet firm on the solid rock as we  
Went slowly on, and felt ourselves secure.  
Sometimes the waters were of trying depth  
Thro' which we had to wade, which did retard  
Our going much and greatly worried us.  
But still we progress made and overcame  
The many perils in the way, tho' not  
One gleam of light greeted our eyes to glad  
Our aching heart. Just then a noise that with  
The thunder vied, fell on our ears and smote  
And terrified our hearts and froze our blood.  
It seem'd to us the mountain had broke loose  
And fallen from its giddy height and fill'd  
The Pass that we no farther might proceed.  
O what a moment of despair! All heard  
The awful crash but none could tell what had  
Occurred. We dare not flee lest vengeance might  
Upon us fall and we the light no more

Should see. And then a forward march seem'd like  
The entering of the open jaws of death.  
With yearning great we coveted the light,  
And some upon the flinty rocks kneel'd down  
And pray'd that light might come and chase  
Away the darkness deep and horrible,—  
And yet the light came not. The dismal mist  
Turn'd to a drenching rain which caus'd the stream  
To rise and hurry thro' the Pass as if  
A warrior eager for the fight. The gloom  
Intensified until it could be felt  
Like that which fell upon the plague-curs'd land.  
The waters deeper grew and faster hurried on.  
The Pass with larger boulders now was strewn  
Which in the darkness deep were difficult  
To overcome. We then began to think  
About the rocks that hung above our heads  
And ere we knew might fall upon and slay  
Us instantly. For those huge boulders that  
Lay in the Pass and over which we went  
In our extremity, had thus come down  
And blocked the narrow way. Hope bid us keep  
Our spirits up nor dare to disobey  
The mandates Faith would give. With words like these  
Our hearts grew light and glad until with songs  
Of joy the darkness did reverberate.  
We had but little farther gone until  
We found the stream was madly tossing to  
And fro and raving in fierce wrath as if  
Possess'd by demons from the herd of swine.

We knew not what the trouble was but found  
Unto our grief the Pass was fill'd with rock  
Which like the great Goliath stood when he  
When he the armies of the living God defied.  
We found ourselves brought to a sudden stand.  
Our leaders told us of its magnitude  
And bid us not despair for surely there  
Must be a way for our escape. Down at  
Its base were openings for the waters to  
Escape, and thro' those ducts they rush'd  
In foaming wrath and cast their spray around  
And roar'd most terribly. The falling of  
This rock had made the awful noise which we  
Had heard, that sent alarm like arrows thro'  
Our hearts, as thro' the Pass it echo'd far  
And near. Each look'd in vain to catch one ray  
Of light, but darkness was the Monarch of  
The Pass and to his sceptre light dare not  
Approach. So there we stood, and every heart  
With anxious thought and cruel anguish beat,  
For none could see how it was possible  
For us to farther go with such an enemy  
Opposing us. But Strength and Courage bade  
Us all be firm and calm for soon we might  
In triumph sing of our escape out of  
The jaws of black despair. Then Faith  
And Watchful both began to grope about  
The granite giant in the Pass. Not long  
And they had found some points of rock alike  
Projecting from the boulder and the walls



Of adamant on which they could their feet  
In safety rest and gain the summit of  
The rock that lay across our path. And when  
Its summit they had reach'd a thrilling shout  
They rais'd which warm'd our hearts and filled us all  
With joy, for then we knew the obstacle  
Was overcome and on our journey we  
Could go. Then Strength and Courage took their stand  
Beside the valiant two who gained the summit first.  
And then to us their hands they reached afar  
And one by one we gained the spot on which  
They stood, and thought the danger past; but soon  
We found it otherwise, for as we thought  
To leave the rock we found the water was  
So deep that should we onward go our lives  
Might all be sacrificed. But when we tri'd  
Its depth we found that we could wade or swim  
Whichever suited best. We then slid from  
The rock into the swollen stream until  
We bottom touched. Then some with water to  
The neck waded along while others swam  
Till all had reach'd the dry and solid ground,  
Yet still the darkness reign'd supreme and rain  
In drenching torrents fell upon our heads  
As fell the solar fire upon Amittai's son.  
Still Faith and Watchful mov'd along and Strength  
And Courage never fail'd altho' we saw  
Not where we went. A little further on  
The Pass was smooth, and dry unto our feet  
Which greatly each one's confidence increased.



And cheer'd us on with bold and steadfast steps.  
Fast as the darkness would allow, along  
We went, and all the while breath'd prayers that light  
Might dawn that we might see the pathway that  
We trod, when suddenly the Pass parted  
Asunder causing us to think we might  
Have left the mountain in our rear. Beneath  
Our feet were grass and shrubbery, and trees  
Which in the darkness interfered and oft  
Distress'd us as we press'd along our course.  
While in the midst of this extensive plot  
And passing thro' the clumps of trees we found  
The soil was soft and miry to our feet  
And sloughs that reek'd with danger lay across  
Our path, and into which we might sink down  
At any time and foul our garments with  
The silt. And here and there the windfalls lay  
Full length before our feet, surmounting which  
Endangered life and limb. To lend more dread  
And terror to the place it was a haunt  
For beasts of prey and from the caverns of  
The rocks they often went, to rend and to  
Devour, and as we grop'd along we heard  
Their savage growl and saw their eyes like balls  
Of flame which in the darkness gleam'd and rent  
Each heart with terror and dismay. Sometimes  
They came so near that we could feel their breath  
Upon our face which made us think our guns  
Might of important service be. Then huge  
And hateful birds flew o'er our heads and cleft

The darkness with their wings and made the gloom  
Most hideous with their savage cries. Around  
Our feet the serpents hiss'd and show'd their stings  
And eyes of fire. With all these things combin'd  
The place appear'd too horrible for man  
To set his foot upon. That terror might  
Not lack a single element to make  
It quite complete, grim spectres mov'd around  
And oscillated to and fro and in  
The darkness danc'd and with their hideous forms  
They haunted and tormented as we went  
Along the marshy way. Our cup was full  
Of bitterness and not another drop  
Did it seem possible to add thereto.  
Most fortunate it was that tho' the rains  
Had fallen fast and tho' the brook was deep  
To wade, yet all our weapons and our store  
Of ammunition was kept dry. And now  
That hateful birds and savage beast came near  
And made the region vocal with their yells  
We grasp'd our weapons tight and mov'd along  
Prepar'd for all assaults made by the fierce  
And hungry demons of the night. And when  
Their burning breath fell on us like the heat  
Of summer time, and each one shuddered at  
Their awful roars and threat'ning growls, we all  
Discharg'd our weapons in the gloom which made  
Them from us flee in haste that we unharm'd  
Might travel on unto the journey's end.  
In many places brambles were quite thick

And hungry sloughs with open mouth lay near,  
Impatient for the prey. Altho' we walk'd  
With greatest care yet oft our feet were torn  
And blood was let, and some in walking by  
The sloughs got mire upon their garb which was  
Not easy to remove. All thro' this hour  
Of sore distress we never failed, but slow  
And steadily we travell'd on and soon  
Were in the narrow Pass again where loose  
And crumbling rocks unseen by reason of  
The gloom came roaring from the dizzy heights  
Both in our van and rear, and spread throughout  
The host great terror and dismay. But we  
Had learn'd from our Directory that from  
Our heads one hair could never fall without  
Jehovah's providence. This kind regard  
Of our Almighty King to us reveal'd,  
Our terror-stricken spirits greatly soothed.  
And yet the darkness was not broken by  
One solitary ray of light—the mist  
And rain alternate fell which seem'd to all  
Like darkness felt. And still the way was rough  
And dang'rous, for the fallen stones lay thick  
Around and cover'd all the path which made  
Us in the darkness slip and stumble as  
If wine had robb'd us of our steadiness.  
As in the Pass we long had been, each thought  
The end assuredly was near, when all  
A roaring heard which as we hasted on  
Much louder grew until it sounded like

The thunder of the angry sea, when lash'd  
By mighty winds until it breaks in wrath  
Upon the rocky strand. We found it was  
A cataract most dangerous to ascend.  
Not only was it steep and high, but from  
Its base unto its summit craggy rocks  
Stretched forth their arms to lave them in the stream,  
Which with insane delight rush'd down the gorge,  
Then foaming, dashing, whirling round and round,  
And in the awful darkness tossing up  
Its spray, which on us fell so cold it chill'd  
Us to our very hearts, while murm'ring low  
And rumbling loud, then roar'd like thunder nigh  
At hand it cours'd its way as if it wish'd  
To terrify the hideous spectres of  
The gloom. With slow and steady steps we near  
The monster drew, that time we might not lose  
In the ascent. Strength grasp'd the hand of Faith  
And Courage listen'd for the voice of cheer  
Which Watchful promis'd should he find ascent  
Was not impossible. Thus going on  
They bid us follow in their steps, with firm  
And careful feet, lest in the dark we slip  
And fall into the seething cataract,  
And there be drown'd, or sacrifice our lives  
Upon the cragged rocks. Our weapons to  
Our backs were strapp'd and at command we march'd  
Along. Then Watchful found a jutting rock  
That rose above our heads, which he believ'd  
Would bear our weight. When Faith examin'd it

He said it could not move, and up its side  
We every one could climb. A moment more  
And every one was on its summit safe.  
Then Faith put forth his hands and felt the wall  
And mov'd along until he found a rough  
And steep ascent, laved by the angry floods  
As they came thund'ring down. Then from the rock  
We clamber'd up the jagged steep, while at  
Our feet the madden'd waters rav'd and foam'd  
With harsh and threat'ning roars. Altho' ascent  
Was slow and difficult, yet every step  
We took some new advantage gave. The rocks  
Themselves seem'd anxious to give aid, as up  
The steep we went, for many jutting points  
And crevices gave opportunity  
To gain some higher ground which greatly made  
Our hearts rejoice. Then all at once Faith cried  
Aloud "The summit of the cataract  
I've gain'd," which made each heart leap with  
Profound delight, and gave us all new life  
To finish the ascent and take the ground and stand  
Where Faith in triumph stood. And when we had  
This latest danger overcome we thro' the gloom  
Proceeded on our way, that soon we might  
Get out of darkness into glorious day.  
But little farther had we gone until  
The rain had ceas'd, and then the mist grew thin  
And disappear'd, which let some rays of light  
Upon us fall, allowing us to see  
Each other's forms like trees that mov'd along.

Then suddenly we left the narrow Pass,  
With all its gloom and ghosts and roaring beasts  
With flaming eyes, and hateful birds that scream'd  
For prey, and serpents venomous whose stings  
Appear'd like shafts of flame, and swollen stream  
And rock and cataract, and stepp'd into  
A broad and lovely plain that was aglow  
With all the warmth and splendour of the sky  
And Sun without a cloud. We could not for  
Some moments realize the change, for of  
A truth we seem'd translated to some world  
Where day sits on the throne and over flow'rs  
And mellow fruits her sceptre sways. But oh !  
That narrow Pass—that darkness horrible—  
That gloom profound as hell itself—the beasts  
That prowl'd around and gnash'd upon us with  
Their iron teeth—the giant rock that lay  
Across our path—the sloughs and adders with  
Their gleaming eyes, and tongues of flaming fire—  
The savage vultures screaming as they cleft  
The darkness with their wings—was far too full  
Of terror to escape a thinking mind.

## PART XI.

## THE HIGHER WAY.

“ An High Way shall be there.”—*Isaiah.*

Once more the subtle dream my spirit bound,  
And with her golden chain she wrapp'd me round,  
And led me forth beside a peaceful rill,  
Which ran meandering by a gentle hill.  
Behind us lay the mountain and its Pass,—  
Its rocks and cataract and wild morass,—  
Its grave-like gloom and hideous beasts of prey,  
And haunting spectres hiding from the day,  
Dark clouds repos'd upon the mountain's height,  
Thro' which there never shone a ray of light.  
There lay before us and on either hand,  
A rolling plain fair as an Eden land.  
Our path now went between the mountain high,  
And Death's dark stream that strangely look'd quite nigh  
The mountain seem'd with solar light to blaze,  
The stream was clad in robes of dismal haze,  
And trees with fruitage all around were seen,  
And flow'rs enchanting deck'd the vales of green.  
The birds sang anthems in the peaceful bow'r,  
Which bore us onward by their thrilling pow'r.



But soon the rocks began to multiply,  
And marshy places caused the host to sigh ;  
And then the chilling winds began to rise,  
And threat'ning clouds began to pall the skies.  
The gloom that lay upon the stream of Death,  
Was agitated by the wind's cold breath.  
As thro' the plain we all made haste away,  
The stream of Death much nearer to us lay,  
And right before us we could see quite plain,  
The mount was skirted by the dismal main.  
And then we might be call'd across the tide,  
And in the New Jerusalem abide.  
Such thoughts as these our anxious minds possess'd,  
And with emotions deep disturbed our breast.  
But still 'twas little past the noon of day,  
And shadows just were length'ning in the way,  
And long and weary might the journey be,  
Before we could the Holy City see.  
Just then a man down from the mountain came,  
And follow'd us as one pursues the game ;  
With step elastic and with look serene,  
He hasten'd o'er the fields of vernal green,  
And overtook the host upon the plain,  
And sought our utmost confidence to gain.  
We from his look no bad impression drew,  
His every act was open to our view,  
His every word like heavenly music rang,  
Which made us all upon his accents hang.  
He kindly bade us stay his words to hear,  
And he to every one would make it clear,

There was a better way on which to go,  
Than in this rock strewn valley here below.  
“ You did do well Apollyonville to leave,  
“ And for that city none of you will grieve,  
“ But as you every one can plainly see,  
“ The path has tried your utmost energy.  
“ Tho’ many times your triumph might abound,  
“ While in the path of duty you were found,  
“ Yet I have been commission’d by the King,  
“ And unto you good tidings now I bring,  
“ About a Higher Way where you may go,  
“ And thus escape the many ills below.  
“ It is a way cast up on high for you,  
“ That with delight you may your course pursue.  
“ It runs along the mountain’s summit high,  
“ Beneath a cloudless and refulgent sky.  
“ Your feet will rest upon the solid rock,  
“ That ne’er vibrated with the earthquake’s shock.  
“ ’Tis not a mount whose bowels burn with fire,  
“ Whose open mouth shoots out the flaming spire.—  
“ Whose head is capp’d with clouds of densest smoke,  
“ Whose granite throat the waves of lava choke,—  
“ Whose awful presence smites the heart with fear,  
“ And quickly starts the big and burning tear.  
“ No sloughs or marshy places there are seen,  
“ All border’d round with foliage of green,  
“ Where careless ones might unsuspecting fall,  
“ And drink the bitter wormwood and the gall.  
“ There is no dang’rous steep up which to go,  
“ Whose head is white with everlasting snow,

“ Where biting winds come from the polar seas,  
“ And would your very blood and marrow freeze.  
“ No poisonous fruitage on the trees abound,  
“ Such things thro’ all the way are never found,  
“ And those who travel by this higher way,  
“ Will not upon the stormy desert stray.  
“ The pilgrims there no wild morass will see,  
“ And fiery serpents will not make them flee :—  
“ The drifting sand or rain or cutting hail,  
“ That higher pathway never can assail,—  
“ For should they gather and attempt to rise,  
“ They cannot mount up to those crystal skies,  
“ But harmless they may far beneath thy feet,  
“ Upon the mountain’s side most daring beat,  
“ And flash their light’nings thro’ the vale below,  
“ Pursu’d by savage thunders as they go.  
“ Thro’ all this mountain way no Pass is found,  
“ Where roars and screams of beasts and birds resound,  
“ No darkness felt the hideous spectres haunt—  
“ No serpent tribes the timid pilgrims daunt,  
“ Or dance around like satyrs in a glee,  
“ When nothing but their flaming eyes you see.  
“ The vast array of pleasures Sin displays,  
“ To fill the soul with wonder and amaze  
“ Upon the higher way are never seen,  
“ To tempt you by their grand and witching sheen,  
“ And burning thirst which soon the life devours,  
“ Can never hide within its wayside bow’rs,  
“ And spring upon you as its lawful prey,  
“ And leave you cold and ghastly by the way.

“ Out of a rock a crystal river flows,  
“ And runs beside the path the pilgrim goes,  
“ It shines resplendent in the mellow light,  
“ And all-consuming thirst flees at its sight.  
“ No one upon this way e’er hunger knew,  
“ His gloomy form was never brought to view,  
“ For on the margin of the crystal tide,  
“ There grows at intervals on either side,  
“ Luxuriant trees which plenteous fruitage give,  
“ That all may eat, be satisfi’d and live,  
“ And hunger’s shadow never doth appear,  
“ To blanch the face or smite the heart with fear.  
“ The garments too are wove of finest woof,  
“ Which matches perfectly with warp of proof,  
“ They fit the person and are snowy white,  
“ Like jewels rare they glisten in the light,  
“ And wearing keeps them ever bright and new,  
“ And showing makes more charming to the view,  
“ The sky is always clear—the air serene,  
“ The light shines forth without a cloud between,  
“ Among the flow’rs the brambles never grow,  
“ Whose odors freight the zephyrs as they blow,  
“ And those with whom you must associate,  
“ May not belong unto the rich and great,  
“ But in their lives and piety are pure,  
“ And for disease have found a perfect cure.  
“ Upon this higher way no rav’nous beast,  
“ Will ever try on pilgrim flesh to feast,  
“ Ferocious birds will never cleave the air,  
“ Nor are they seen upon that mountain fair.

“ And enemies need give you no alarm,  
“ For none are there to do the pilgrims harm,  
“ So long as they pursue the mountain way,  
“ Surrounded by the sunshine of the day ;  
“ For on the sandy desert they abide,  
“ Or in the swamps and wild morasses hide ;—  
“ They haunt the darkness in the narrow Pass,  
“ Or lie conceal’d among the trees and grass,  
“ That grow beside death’s cold and dismal stream,  
“ And thence go forth upon their wily scheme,  
“ But on the mount you far above them stand,  
“ And should you fight you have the upper hand.  
“ If you in battle use your skill and might,  
“ You can a thousand legions put to flight,  
“ And onward go until at setting sun,  
“ You shout the strife is o’er—the vict’ry’s won.  
“ Now as it is a most convenient time,  
“ I would advise you all the mount to climb,  
“ And walk with those who wear their garments white,  
“ And triumph always in supernal light.  
“ For if you once get on this higher ground,  
“ And taste the rare delights which there abound,  
“ You will no more desire the valley way,  
“ In which so many pilgrims go astray,  
“ And where you to the utmost will be tri’d,  
“ By daring foes with which you must collide.  
“ As I am done I bid you all Farewell,  
“ To other bands I must this story tell,  
“ That they and you its blessedness may know,  
“ And on this mountain way together go.”

Thus saying he departed from our sight,  
Like one who hasted to begin the fight.  
We cast our eyes up to the mountain high,  
That lay just underneath the arching sky.  
The light upon its brow did concentrate,  
Which made us yearn to gain that high estate.  
Then our Directory we scann'd anew,  
To ascertain if what we heard was true.  
The mountain way we clearly saw portrayed,  
From which the golden sunbeams never fade,—  
Yea, all we heard was written in that book,  
Which when we read, their meaning we mistook.  
Tho' dangers might our every step attend,  
Yet we resolv'd the mountain to ascend,  
And if we could its golden summit gain,  
We would not of the rocky steep complain. •  
Then Faith declar'd that he would lead the way,  
And not a step behind would Watchful stay,  
And Courage would inspire the fearful heart,  
While Strength would constantly his aid impart;—  
And Hope and Love would hasten right along,  
As Joyful animated with a song.  
But Doubtful said "Not all that shines is gold,  
" 'Tis but the few the 'Higher Way' behold,  
" Beside, the mountain air is chill and thin,—  
" The gain is small altho' the height we win,  
" And who would climb this rough and frowning steep,  
" That he on better harvest fields may reap?"  
Fear thought while we were low we need not dread,  
The pride that lifteth up a haughty head,

But if we should thro' tribulation gain,  
A higher way whose glories never wane,  
Our spirits will inflate with vanity,  
And then adieu unto humility.  
But this advice no one felt free to take,  
As all were anxious the ascent to make.  
So Faith went on nor would he more delay,  
And Watchful follow'd quickly in the way,  
And Courage greatly cheer'd the timid soul,  
And Strength would aid each one to gain the goal.  
Then each mov'd quickly at our leaders' call,  
And into marching line began to fall,  
And soon we came unto the mountain's base,  
Where all implor'd the aid of special grace,  
To climb with will and energy the height,  
And journey on beset with faultless light.  
Faith look'd above and rose as if on wings,  
And like the lark which in the azure sings,  
His dulcet tones re-echoed far and near,  
That all the host his stirring words might hear,  
Till every one the inspiration caught,  
Which made his heart glow like a furnace hot.  
Then one by one we left the plain below,  
And swiftly up the mount we strove to go.  
The jutting rocks our timid feet secured,  
And all were strong and the ascent endured.  
Yet as we climb'd we stoutly were oppos'd,  
By startling ills which strangely were disclos'd.  
But all our leaders were like giants bold,  
And grasp'd the rocks with unrelaxing hold.



And all the host display'd an energy,  
Becoming those who would the highway see.  
As farther up the pilgrim host would go,  
The startling tribulation lay below,  
And every effort with success was crown'd,  
As up we climb'd to gain the higher ground.  
Encouragement our every heart did fill,  
And mov'd us onward with determin'd will;—  
Each moment found us farther up the mount,  
Until we came where was a crystal fount,  
Which lay expos'd to the refulgent Sun,  
From which a score of rills rejoic'd to run.  
The water was like honey to the taste,  
Of which we drank with eagerness and haste.  
Above the fountain stood a pleasant mound,  
Which was with trees of rarest fruitage crown'd,  
Whose ripen'd clusters charm'd the eager eye,  
Which all might take, tho' none for gold could buy.  
And while exulting o'er our latest gain,  
We look'd below to scan the rocky plain,  
And in our hearts we felt a joy profound,  
Because we stood upon the goodly mound,  
Where pleasant fruits our want could satisfy,  
And fit us to ascend the mountain high.  
This goodly spot afforded prospect fair,  
And sweetest odors fill'd the bracing air,  
While on the mountain's brow there seem'd to grow,  
The rarest trees with garments white as snow.  
With force renew'd and spirits soaring high,  
We started off the mountain steep to try.

Beneath our feet was hard unyielding soil,  
On which we went without consuming toil;  
And then the ground was yielding to our feet,  
Where neither pleasant shade nor cool retreat  
Appear'd to glad our eyes or offer rest,  
With whose supreme delight we might be bless'd.  
And then our energies began to fail,  
As when we met the desert sand and hail,  
But Faith was bold and Courage fill'd with zeal,  
Made to the flagging host a strong appeal,  
Which fill'd our hearts with inspiration's fire,  
And nerv'd our bodies that we might not tire.  
Another height before us proudly rose,  
And promis'd richer glories to disclose.  
With longing eyes its shining form we viewed,  
And then with eagerness the path pursued,  
That led away unto the golden height,  
Whose trees produc'd the fruitage of delight.  
Again with utmost energy we strove,  
And calmness in the warp of zeal we wove,  
Then dauntless urged our footsteps up the steep,—  
From rock to rock we all did sprightly leap,  
Until beneath our feet the summit lay,  
And we could see quite near the mountain way.  
The atmosphere around was full of life,  
And every breath we drew with health was rife,  
Which made the tide of sweet devotion rise,  
Whose waves were freighted with divine supplies,  
And made us yearn the higher way to gain,  
And tread the pathway, narrow, straight and plain.

Altho' the ground on which we firmly stood,  
Regaled the eye and seem'd divinely good,  
Yet should we stay and let the hours run by,  
We would repent when darkness veil'd the sky,  
And Esau-like we would the blessing lose,  
Beyond our pow'r to gain when we might choose.  
These thoughts such inclination did create,  
Upon this mound we could no longer wait,  
As on its iron pathway moves the train,  
Or storm-chas'd ships upon the pathless main,  
So on we went to gain the higher ground,  
Where we might pluck the fruits that there abound.  
A narrow plain in richest verdure lay,  
Between the pilgrims and the higher way,  
O'er which we went in ecstasy of song,  
Tho' often tempted to abide among  
The golden flow'rs that bloom'd on either side,  
Among whose folds the choicest perfumes hide.  
But little time upon this plain we spent,  
Where all the flow'rs their charms and odors blent.  
Before us rose a high and rugged steep,  
Up which it was impossible to leap,  
And nothing was made manifest to sight,  
By which we could ascend the giddy height,  
But still we knew could we that steep ascend,  
The climbing dangers would be at an end.  
Then could we all just at its rugged base,  
A narrow pathway most distinctly trace,  
It farther ran than human eyes could see,  
And as we thought might furnish us a key,

By which we might the awful steep evade,  
And gain the summit by an easy grade.  
Along this path with utmost care we went,  
While Watchful eager look'd for the ascent,  
Until we came unto a certain place,  
Where stood a man of modesty and grace.  
Beyond him in full sight the rock was rent,  
And made a way convenient for ascent,  
But still it was a steep, contracted way,  
Where many trying difficulties lay.  
The stranger that we met upon the road,  
Declar'd, to us his heart with love o'erflow'd,  
And farther on the way we better keep,  
Before we sought to climb the trying steep,  
His words and manner seem'd so good and pure,  
Thdt he would prove our friend we all were sure;  
And fully satisfied that all was right,  
We started on our way with all our might.  
The rocks in stature did not seem so high,  
As we in joy and triumph pass'd them by;—  
But soon the path contracted to a point,  
Which made us tremble in each nerve and joint,  
Above, the rocks were high and awful steep,  
Below there was a most terrific deep.  
The path no wider than a human hand,  
Was cover'd o'er with gravel and with sand,  
Which roll'd beneath our feet as we went on,  
Until our solid footing all was gone.  
Then down the steep we all began to slide,  
And with the stumps and rocks we did collide,

And clouds of dust obscured both tree and fount,  
As in confusion we slid down the mount,  
And ere we could the solid ground regain,  
We lay all bruised and bleeding on the plain.  
Some in their weakness breath'd their plaintive moans,  
And others fill'd the region with their groans.  
Above us rising in stupenduous height,  
We saw the mountain way all rob'd with light,  
While all around, the vale was tangled wild,  
And fallen trees upon the rocks were pil'd.  
Faith from the loss of blood was pale and weak,  
And Courage was so bruis'd he scarce could speak,  
From dust and gravel Watchful was quite blind,  
And Strength from anguish no respite could find.  
Hope by the fall in every joint was lam'd,  
And Love appear'd like one in battle maim'd,  
And many more great injury received,  
Beyond what many in the host believed:—  
And sum had fears the Sun would get quite low,  
Before we could upon our journey go.  
But from the ground we soon began to rise,  
And look'd around us with bewilder'd eyes,  
That we the valley pathway might regain,  
And be deliver'd from the trying plain.  
Then for a time we wander'd round and round,  
For none could tell the nature of the ground,  
But soon the path again lay full in view,  
So with all haste we bid the wild adieu,  
And journey'd on as we had done before,  
Desirous still to gain the golden shore.

While talking of the fall we had sustain'd,  
And how not one the "Higher Way" had gain'd,  
It was made known to us beyond a doubt,  
That he who brought this accident about,  
Was that most dangerous man Besetting Sin,  
Who by deception did a triumph win ;—  
And tho' we all suppos'd him nowhere near,  
Yet on the mountain's side he did appear ;—  
Just as we thought the higher joys to know,  
We all lay bleeding on the plain below.

## PART XII.

## THE BATTLE.

“ I have fought a good fight.”— *Paul*.

I was brought yet again neath the spell of my dream,  
And the bright golden sun shone on mountain and stream,  
And the many inducements presented to view,  
A strong impulse imparted the way to pursue.  
All our wounds were bound up and our bruises were cur'd,  
And no more were our hearts by temptation allur'd,  
Then along started Faith with his weapon in hand,  
And the host he inspir'd with his thrilling command.  
And no longer was Courage unable to speak,  
But commenced in great earnest the pathway to seek.  
From the dust and the gravel was Watchful made free,  
And the dangers around us he plainly could see,  
And the vigor of Strength came again like the tide,  
And to render us aid all his pow'rs he appli'd,  
And the clear voice of Love like a call from the sky,  
Softly fell on our ear and advis'd us to try  
And our journey pursue till the river we cross,  
And no longer delay to repine at our loss.  
As the light of the sun shone the visage of Hope,  
Who besought us no more in the valley to grope,



But to haste on our way till the Sun shall get low,  
And we stand on the shore where the dark waters flow.  
But we all were compell'd tho' reluctant to hear,  
All the tremulous words of both Doubtful and Fear,  
Yet without any parley we hasted away,  
To improve every hour of the fast fleeing day.  
But the pathway was narrow and difficult too,  
And beset with impediments startling and new,  
Yet when aided by Strength we surmounted the ill,  
And our hearts with emotions of gladness did fill.  
And the spirit of Joyful in triumph rose high,  
And her countenance shone like the stars in the sky,  
When Encouragement came with his strong open hand,  
And invoc'd us to follow his gentle command.  
Then Doubtful exhibited pallor of face,  
And Fear look'd as one 'neath a cloud of disgrace;  
They fell to the rear and no word could they say,  
Or venture to point out the ills of the way.  
But while we went on with a step fleet and light,  
New scenes in the distance unfolded to sight,  
A bank of dark vapor before us did rise,  
Which hid the cold river of death from our eyes.  
The mountains appeared to break off at the shore,  
Where billows of Death do incessantly roar.  
As onward we went more transparent we saw,  
What fill'd us with terror and paled us with awe;—  
The rocks on each side were both rugged and steep,  
The caverns were yawning and awfully deep,  
And Death's dismal river in full vision lay,  
Whose billows were laving the rocks with their spray.

The steep frowning mountains together drew near,  
And more were we smitten with terror and fear,  
And all of us thought we must cross o'er the tide,  
The city to gain where the King doth reside.  
We shrank from the river whose billows of gloom,  
High up in the vapour did awfully loom,  
But still the high mountain we dare not ascend,  
And flight was a project that none would commend.  
Faith look'd quite as calm as a star in the sky,  
And Courage was willing the crossing to try,  
And Watchful would look where the water was shoal.  
And Strength would endeavour to lead to the goal.  
Hope said we should all make great haste on our way,  
As fast was declining the king of the day,  
And when we came near to the deep and dark tide,  
The path we might find run along by its side,  
And thence lead us on till the sun shall go down,  
And all ford the stream to receive our bright crown.  
No longer we stay'd but with step firm and true,  
We earnestly purpos'd the way to pursue,  
But when we arriv'd in full sight of the stream,  
We felt as if bound by the spell of a dream.  
An army of vet'rans obstructed the way,  
Whose acts were intended to hold us at bay,  
And Forts right in front of us terribly frown'd,  
As they with their mortars and cannon were crown'd,  
And trenches were dug that we might not proceed,  
And he who could pass them could do a proud deed ;  
And officers clad in their uniforms grand  
Stood ready for battle with swords in their hand.

Then out in the mists of the cold and dark tide,  
The Fleets of Apollyon at anchor did ride,  
Their cannon were mounted in turrets of steel,  
Whose roaring would silence the thunders dread peal.  
From stem to their stern was a plating of proof,  
Admonishing foemen to stand far aloof,  
And vet'rans awaited the captain's command,  
To stop with their guns our advance thro' the land.  
No way could we see to escape from our foe,  
Unless in great hurry we backward should go,  
And give up our journey and fail to obtain,  
The place where Jehovah in glory doth reign.  
We look'd at each other with tears in our eyes,  
And thought of our danger while deep heavy sighs  
Unbidden broke forth as the gusts of the gale,  
And fill'd every ear with a heart-crushing wail.  
We all for a moment were at our wits end,  
Nor could we decide where our footeteps should tend :  
If back we should go our destruction was sure  
The steep of the mountain we could not endure,  
If here we remain of the City we fail,  
The foes in our van caus'd our spirits to quail,  
We mourn'd as we thought of the safe higher way,  
That always is bath'd in the light of the day,  
If that we had gain'd with its glory and light,  
The hosts of Apollyon we now should not fight.  
Our fall we lamented with wailing and woe,  
While tears in profusion continued to flow.  
Our Book of Directions we then did consult,  
And found in our searching and as the result,

That legions of foes do this region o'errun,  
Who oft in the conflict the battle have won ;  
And all who will travel a way such as this,  
Expecting to enter a city of bliss,  
In fight must engage and the conquest must gain,  
That they in the City Imperial may reign,  
And if in the fight we should vanquish the foe,  
In sight of the river the pathway will go,  
Then pass thro' a region all fragrant with flow'rs,  
And dotted all over with green shady bow'rs.  
Our Book of Directions still farther declared,  
If valiant we all to the conflict repair'd,  
Great aid would be sent from Jehovah the king,  
Whose angels unseen would a sure triumph bring.  
And then in an arm'ry by foemen unseen,  
Are weapons of proof, and they often have been,  
On field of fierce conflict when skillfully us'd,  
Triumphant o'er all who submission refus'd,  
From fight it was useless to think of relief,  
So Faith was gazetted Commander-in Chief,  
And Courage was nam'd as the chief of the staff,  
Who always was valiant in each one's behalf.  
And Watchful well-known as a vet'ran in war,  
Was sent the stronghold of the foe to explore,  
And Valor a marshal well train'd from his youth,  
Whose word was receiv'd as the essence of truth,  
And Skillful who knew how the foe could be met,  
Were over the chief of the warriors set,—  
And Dauntless as one who was born to command,  
Before us appear'd with the Standard in hand,

While Great-Soul and Strength with the staff did unite,  
And each one was ready and anxious to fight.  
Then Colonels and Majors and Captains all told,  
Appear'd in their uniforms grand to behold.  
In haste to the armory all of us went,  
And took to us weapons as each was content ;—  
Breech loaders improv'd and of workmanship new,  
Revolvers with chambers all loaded and true,  
And swords that were proof in a hand to hand fight,  
Well hilted and sharpened and all burnished bright.  
And then to the Arsenal did we repair,  
And cannon in batteries took with great care,  
And haul'd them away to the turf cover'd field,  
Then into position the carriages wheel'd,  
A Fort was next built for assault and defence,  
And guns of large calibre quickly mov'd thence,  
And then ammunition in plentiful store,  
Was put in the Fort to equip it for war,  
Then Great-Soul was plac'd in command of the Fort.  
To which with his veterans did quickly resort,  
And made his arrangements the fight to begin,  
Nor had he a doubt but that triumph he'd win.  
And Dauntless took charge of the guns in the field,  
As he to no foeman in conflict would yield,—  
With band playing loud he marched on to the fight,  
And took a position away to the right.  
The infantry force on the left took their stand,  
Of which General Strength was the first in command,  
The Colonels and Majors renown'd for their might,  
Lieutenants and Captains, prepar'd for the fight.

No sooner were all our arrangements complete,  
Than things appear'd lively on board of the fleet,  
And soon a broadside with a terrible roar,  
Reminded us all of the horrors of war.  
And then General Great-Soul gave forth the command,  
And quick as a heart-throb the guns were all mann'd,  
And when was the order that all were to fire,  
And none in the conflict must falter or tire,  
The powder was lighted, the thunder broke forth,  
And Eastward, and Westward and Southward and North,  
The echoes appalling from slumber awoke,  
And up to the sky rose the pillars of smoke.  
The mountains were shaken, the hills were amaz'd,  
The tribes of the forest with terror were craz'd,  
The valley vibrated—the trees were in dread,  
The birds of the air in bewilderment fled,—  
The waves of the river took up the refrain,  
And echo'd it far in the gloom of the main.  
Then flash after flash from the ships of the fleet,  
And roar after roar made the terror complete ;—  
But flash after flash was the answer return'd,  
And shot after shot plainly told how we spurn'd,  
The mighty attempts that were made to o'erpower,  
And smite us to earth as the frost doth the flow'r.  
Meanwhile it was seen that the forces on land,  
Were all 'neath the sway of Apollyon's command.  
Whose generals had promis'd his highness to serve,  
And from his commandments they never would swerve.  
A regiment of Lusts was commanded by Sin,  
Was ready and restless the fight to begin ;—



A regiment of Doubts by one Infidel led,  
Who stood full of zeal, sword-in-hand, at their head,  
Prepar'd at a sign, in the fray to begin,  
By deed and by daring the battle to win.  
A squadron of Tempers whose countenance told,  
That they in the cause of their master were bold,  
Were led by a Captain of daring and skill,  
Who always was known by the name of Illwill.  
An army of Pleasures was led by the World,  
Who march'd to the fight with their ensigns unfurl'd,  
Which wav'd in the breezes that swept o'er the plain,  
And certain they were that a triumph they'd gain.  
Then Fashions came up for a share in the fight,  
Whom Vanity led with great prowess and might.  
Original Sin was a Marshal most brave,  
Whose plume in the winds like the ripe grain did wave,  
While close to his side hung a sharp trenchant blade,  
With which among foes he had great carnage made.  
Apollyon commanded, to life's latest breath,  
The Citadel near to the river of Death,  
He ne'er should surrender to cannon or blade,  
Tho' ruin and carnage around him were laid.  
He enter'd that Fort and awaited attack,  
With cannon before him and rock at his back,  
While Falsehood and Glutton, and Drunken and Theft,  
And scores of such braves on his right and his left,  
Would rather be slain than submit to defeat,  
And hence the attack they were ready to meet,  
Then Crimes by the hundred with weapons in hand  
Came out in position and took up their stand,



Their Captain was Wanton, both heartless and vile,  
Whose spirit was reeking with cunning and guile.  
Grand things he would do in Apollyon's great name,  
For each in the host was renown'd for his aim;—  
Then stamping the ground all our hosts he revil'd,  
And vow'd that the slain like the rocks should be piled.  
Apollyon himself with an host train'd and large,  
A vantage-ground took and prepar'd for a charge,  
His host from Apollyonville came in the fleet,  
Well arm'd and determin'd our forces to meet,  
The troops in the Fort were with prowess endow'd,  
The roar of their guns was terrific and loud,  
The steel-pointed hail on the fleet took effect,  
And some of the ships were most terribly wreck'd.  
Yet still they made answer with shot and with shell,  
Which plow'd up the ground as among us they fell.  
Then forth rode Apollyon and gave the command,  
While soul-thrilling music was play'd by his band.  
Then Wanton march'd out with his reg'ment of Crimes,  
Who emptied their rifles a number of times.  
In phalanx as solid as stones in a fort,  
The proud hosts of Fashion mov'd out as in sport,  
While Vanity's sword as the bright sunlight gleam'd,  
His face with the rays of the morning star beam'd;  
When near us they came their sharp bay'nets they fix'd,  
And then in the heat of the battle they mix'd.  
The shots from the infantry whistled and sang,  
Their shouts 'bove the din of the fierce battle rang,  
Yet none of them waver'd or flinch'd on the field,  
Or gave indication of purpose to yield.

Then out on our flank general World led his force,  
Himself mounted on a caparison'd horse;  
His aim was to get well around in our rear,  
So that in the centre of fight we'd appear.  
The regiment of Lusts in the battle engaged,  
And Sin their commander was greatly enrag'd,  
His hand grasp'd a sword that was thirsting for blood,  
As sweat-drops of fury roll'd down like a flood,—  
The ground he would swallow, nor would he in truth  
Give quarters to aged or yet to the youth.  
And yet other forces receiv'd a command,  
In ambush to lie far and wide thro' the land.  
Our Gen'ral-in-Chief bid his vet'rans be brave,  
And show with what prowess they all could behave.  
Then Strength led the infantry hosts to the field,  
Content to be slaughter'd before he would yield.  
The batt'ries of Dauntless were brought into range,  
And shots with Apollyon began to exchange;  
The storm of the battle grew terribly wild,  
The dead and the wounded in mountains were pil'd,  
The shells from the fleet the swift meteors chased,  
As they thro' the path of the thunder made haste;—  
Then down 'mong our vet'rans exploding they fell,  
And no one could venture the damage to tell.  
The field-pieces pour'd out their steel-pointed hail,  
The Fort did the fleet with their Armstrongs assail,  
The shells scream'd aloud as they cut thro' the air,  
The sword brightly gleamed in the cannon wild glare;  
The scene of the battle was lurid with fire,  
The roll of the thunder was deeper and high'r,

The groan and the wail in confusion were blent,  
And up thro' the smoke-mantled azure they went;—  
The shouts of commanders inspiring and clear,  
Went forth like a whirlwind and smote every ear;  
The foemen came on with a firm, steady pace,  
Nor yet did they flinch tho' death star'd in their face.  
Then out to the left general Valor was sent,  
And soon in the battle his forces were blent.  
The vet'rans were mighty—the conflict was fierce,  
And many brave hearts did the sharp bay'nets pierce.  
Faith went thro' the army along with his staff,  
His voice like the whirlwind that scatters the chaff,  
And drives in confusion away from the field,  
Caus'd some in the conflict to tremble and yield.  
Then charge after charge was return'd with defeat,  
And yet did the foemen the onslaught repeat,  
Until it was doubtful which triumph should gain,  
And over the vanquish'd exultingly reign.  
Still higher the storm of the battle did rise,  
The smoke and the dust form'd as clouds in the skies,  
And faster was flowing the hot crimson rain,  
And higher were heap'd up the mountains of slain.  
Yet louder the dreadful artillery roar'd,  
From rifles the flame and the hailstones still pour'd,  
And brighter the blades in the cannon's light gleam'd,  
And faster and hotter the crimson tide stream'd.  
The wounded lay groaning all over the field,  
Whose current of life on the ground had congeal'd.  
Then far on our flank one was seen all alone,  
Who look'd to be playing the part of a drone:—

He seem'd not to wish, with the foemen to fight,  
Nor was quite willing to lend us his might.  
He look'd like a traitor who'd gone from our ranks,  
And earnestly wish'd for our enemies thanks;—  
His conduct we fear'd and his name we could guess,  
Tho' chang'd in appearance and diff'rent in dress.  
So one with his rifle took calm steady aim,  
For which we pronounc'd him unworthy of blame,  
And down fell the traitor in garments of gore,  
And none could believe he would trouble us more.  
Not then did the storm of the battle abate,  
Tho' wounded and slaughter'd for numbers were great,  
If conquer'd we knew that our journey was o'er,  
And ne'er should we dwell on the coveted shore.  
Then those in command bid us charge double quick,  
Nor fail when we came where the fighting was thick,  
Our enemy flinch'd and retreated apace,  
And we follow'd on like the steed in the race.  
But soon they wheel'd round and return'd to the fight,  
Which prov'd to the utmost our prowess and might,  
For those who in ambush were out of our view,  
Sprang forth as a leopard the prey to pursue,  
And up came the prince with the army reserve,  
And enter'd the conflict with daring and nerve,  
And blood like a river roll'd down thro' the plain,  
Still higher were swollen the mountains of slain.  
The shot and the shell that pour'd in from the fleet,  
With shot and with shell from our ordnance did meet,  
The hail from their rifles which whistled around,  
And rent in their fury the blood-moisten'd ground,

Was met from our weapons with steel-pointed hail,  
With which their battalions we all did assail.  
Our swords from their scabbards as lightnings then flew,  
And met with each other as closer we drew,  
Resistance was stubborn—the onslaught was brave.  
The forces like tempest continued to rave.  
Then Faith and his Staff had a difficult work,  
For many the contest were willing to shirk,  
And some in the thick of the battle appear'd,  
As if the proof weapons of foemen they fear'd.  
And soon it became quite uncertain to all,  
What should in the end our brave warriors befall.  
Just then we beheld o'er the river of Death,  
Where thick vapors lie like a demon's foul breath,  
A shore looming up in its mantle of light,  
Where clouds never rise and the darkness of night,  
Ne'er shadows the region and exiles the day,  
And like a proud monarch its sceptre doth sway.  
And out from an haven of sunshine and calm,  
That lay in the bosom of myrtle and palm,  
A fleet in steel armour appear'd on the tide,  
Whose guns we observ'd thro' the portals thrown wide,  
Their pennons and ensigns were waving on high,  
Their armour was bright as the sun in the sky,  
The tompion was drawn and the torch was appli'd,  
The roar of their guns with the loud thunder vied,  
The dark clouds of smoke by their lightnings were rent,  
As down to the fleet of Apollyon they went.  
The steel-pointed bolt sent with terrible force,  
Thro' darkness and mist as the lightnings did course,

The fleet of Apollyon was struck with dismay,  
As proudly each ship at her anchorage lay.  
Their guns were all silenc'd—their armour was rent,  
As shot after shot quick against them were sent;  
Apollyon then signall'd a hasty retreat,  
And quick as the lightning away went the fleet.  
The steel-plated ships from the bright distant shore,  
All bristling with cannon and ready for war,  
Came down to our aid with the speed of the light,  
And enter'd at once in the thick of the fight.  
A cloud then appear'd to drop down from the sky,  
Whose brightness outrivall'd the day King on high.  
And on it we saw in their brilliant attire,  
Ten thousands of beings of animate fire,  
And each in his hand held a sharp, naked blade,  
With which he was ready to render us aid.  
Apollyon beholding the fleet near the shore,  
And hearing the thunder terrific'ly roar,  
And catching a glimpse of the form in the sky,  
Gave over the fight and made ready to fly.  
Our gatlings were used as the foemen retired,  
Who suffer'd great loss as the missiles were fired,  
And while they were fleeing in awful dismay,  
The cannon upon them continued to play.  
With ranks greatly thinn'd they escap'd by the shore.  
Where billows of darkness incessantly roar.  
Original Sin in his Castle of rock,  
Our vet'rans of war did defiantly mock;—  
He fear'd not the fleet nor the forms in the sky,  
Our hosts he in battle was ready to try.



His castle was strong and his weapons were proof;  
And those who came near him would soon stand aloof,  
Tho' armies might fly and tho' fleets might retire,  
He'd die ere he'd yield to an enemy's fire.  
Then near to the Castle the steel-clads repair'd,  
Their gun-ports were open—the cannon were bared,  
And quickly around it the red lightning play'd,  
The field-pieces too were for battle arrayed,  
The guns of the Fort were soon brought into range,  
And deeds were perform'd that were startling and strange;  
Our Infantry forces were held in reserve,  
Each one was a vet'ran of daring and nerve,  
And anxiously long'd in the siege to take part,  
And give further proof of belligerent art.  
The Fort and the field-guns combin'd with the fleet,  
To lay the strong Castle in ruins complete,  
And take as a captive Original Sin,  
And triumph complete o'er Apollyon to win.  
Then down from the cloud did the bright spirits look,  
And show'd in the fight the great interest they took,  
And with their bright smiling they beckoned us on,  
Until the great pow'r of Apollyon was gone.  
Original Sin well prepar'd for defence,  
Did calmly await the assault to commence,  
Depending upon his stone walls great and high,  
With which the assault he was bold to defy.  
Still in from the fleet came the steel-pointed hail,  
The Fort with the fleet did the Castle assail;—  
The guns in the field as the loud thunder roar'd,  
And in to the Castle the iron hail pour'd.



But still that strong Castle defid the attack,  
Their cannon of proof not a moment did slack,  
But met us with storms of invincible shell,  
Which made fearful havoc as bursting they fell,  
Our cause we believ'd was the good and the right,  
And therefore we could not surrender the fight.  
With weapons of proof and munitions in store,  
Not one of us thought of defeat in the war,  
With shot and with shell like an increasing storm,  
And deeds of great moment our guns did perform,  
And soon it was plain that the Castle of rock,  
Was trembling beneath the invincible shock.  
The flames from the cannon continued to leap,  
And still was the thunder awakened from sleep,  
The mountains still echo'd the thunder's dread crash.  
The clouds with the lightning continu'd to flash,  
The pillars of smoke seem'd to prop up the sky,  
The hail beat the Castle that did us defy,  
The guns were dismounted—the vet'rans were slain,  
The Castle in fragments was strewn o'er the plain.  
The Infantry then to the front did advance,  
And saw thro' the dust and the smoke at a glance,  
That lightning and hail from the Fort and the Fleet,  
Had made the destruction and carnage complete.  
So into the ruins exulting they sprang,  
While shouts thro' the valley triumphantly rang,—  
Original Sin 'mong the ruins did lie,  
So torn by the hail we believ'd he would die.  
But soon he reviv'd and his rancor return'd,  
The offers we made were indignantly spurned.

Then fetters were brought and his limbs were fast bound,  
As he with life's current bespatter'd the ground ;—  
His eye balls like those of a scorpion gleam'd,  
His face like the flash of the red lightning beam'd,  
He writh'd in his chains till he foamed as the sea,  
Turn'd sullen and pale as a captive could be,  
Then put on a frown that was fiendish and wild,  
And vengeance he swore as defiant he smil'd.  
As he was a warrior chivalrous and brave,  
We thought it but right that his life we should save,  
And he as a pris'ner should with us abide,  
Until we should cross o'er the dark swelling tide ;  
Or if from his wounds he should sicken and die,  
We'd make him a grave where in peace he might lie,  
Or should he with us to the dark crossing go,  
He'd drown in the river and sink into woe.

As over the field of fierce conflict we went,  
Where weapons and warriors together were blent,  
Great Lusts by the hundred were scatter'd around,  
And thousands of Pleasures were piling the ground,  
And Doubts were heap'd up like the stones in a field,  
While Fashions like grain to the sickle did yield.  
Black Crimes were like trees that were charr'd by the  
flame,

Mown down on the field with perfection of aim,  
And then spreading over one half of the plain,  
Were thousands of those who in ambush had lain.

Our wounded the hand of attention received,  
And over their anguish we sorrow'd and grieved :—  
The matrons and damsels perform'd well their part,  
For many were skill'd in the medical art.

The fainting they soon with their cordials restored,  
And into their wounds precious balsam was pour'd,  
And all unto soundness then quickly return'd,  
And health's glowing flame in their being yet burn'd.  
But some by the guns of the foemen were slain,  
In garments of gore they were strewn o'er the plain;  
The body of Coward lay far in the rear,  
And Fearful and Doubtful had fallen quite near,  
And Peevish and Fretful and Gossip were found,  
And Halting and Careless all cold on the ground,  
While Mirthful and Tattler and Gloomy and Slow,  
No more in ranks of the pilgrims would go.  
Then Headstrong and Stubborn lay far to the right,  
Unstable and Lukewarm were slain in the fight,  
And Tippler was found in a deep, loathsome mire,  
And Habits by score had succumb'd to the fire.  
Deception and Wavering were shot thro' the heart,  
And Worldly and Fleshly were slain at the start;  
And far on the left Discontent had been slain,  
Where he all alone had been treading the plain.  
And others like sheaves in the harvest field lay,  
Whose hearts had been pierc'd in the terrible fray.  
We gather'd them up in their garments of gore,  
And then to the cold and dark river we bore,  
And buried them deep 'neath the billows high swell,  
And left them alone in the great deep to dwell.

Then Joyful went forth in a loud song of praise,  
And charm'd every one with her soul-thrilling lays;  
"Sing ye to Jehovah the great and high King,  
"Let each that hath being His praises now sing;—

“ O lift up your heart and your voices attune,  
“ And with the great Fountain of being commune.  
“ Sing loud hallelujah’s to Him on the throne,  
“ His greatness and glory and triumph make known,  
“ The fleets of Apollyon with canvas and steam,  
“ All bristling with cannon came up the dark stream.  
“ With lightnings the gloom of the river they rent,  
“ Above the high billows the missiles were sent,  
“ Their thunder the plain and the rocky mount shook,  
“ The tribes of the forest their grazing forsook,  
“ The peaks of the mountains exalted on high,  
“ The echo return’d like a voice from the sky,  
“ While trees were affrighted and quaked to their roots,  
“ And cast from their branches their unripen’d fruits.  
“ The hosts of Apollyon had covered the land,  
“ His Highness in person was first in command,—  
“ Their weapons were proof and each one was well train’d,  
“ Superior advantage by tact they had gain’d.  
“ But Faith cried aloud, Let the battle begin,  
“ And then all around was confusion and din,  
“ The storm of the battle was awfully wild,  
“ And soon all the plain with the slaughter’d was fill’d,  
“ And when every heart was in dread of defeat,  
“ Jehovah to aid us sent over his fleet.  
“ And on a bright cloud many spirits of light,  
“ With smiles and allurings assisted in fight,  
“ The hosts of Apollyon the battle gave o’er,  
“ And fled for their life by the cold rivers’ shore.  
“ The fleet as a cloud by the tempest was driv’n,  
“ Their guns were all silenc’d, their armor was riv’n,

“ To sight they were lost in the mists of the tide,  
“ And back to Apollyonville quickly did glide.  
“ The Castle defending Original Sin,  
“ By Fleet and by Fort we in triumph did win,  
“ The rock and the cannon were laid on the ground,  
“ And scatter’d with fragments the region around.  
“ Original Sin is a captive in chains,  
“ And writhes in his madness and torture and pains.  
“ O sing to Jehovah the great and high King,  
“ Thro’ valley and mountain let anthems now ring,  
“ Let woodland and meadow re-echo the song,  
“ Let brooklet and river the chorus prolong,  
“ Let zephyr and sunbeam take up the refrain,  
“ Jehovah triumphant forever shall reign.”

## PART XIII.

## THE EXECUTION.

“Mortify your Members.”—*Paul.*

I could not yet the bonds of vision break,  
Nor could my soul from slumber yet awake,  
Therefore my restless mind appear'd a home,  
Thro' which my thoughts continued still to roam,  
And while beneath the magic spell I lay,  
The host victorious strove to find the way,  
Whose outlines soon with joy our spirits fill'd,  
As if laid out by hands divinely skilled,  
The flow'r had never seen the fatal frost,  
And torrents wild the way had never cross'd,  
The trees luxuriant stood on either hand;  
And flung their choice aromas o'er the land.  
The valley round was full of springs and streams,  
Like those of which the thirsty often dreams,—  
The air was mild as in the harvest time,  
And clouds began the Western steep to climb,  
But still we saw the mighty king of day,  
Was not dispos'd to tarry on his way,  
And look'd as if he lov'd the Western steep,  
That he beyond the purple hills might sleep,

And make his nightly vest the mighty sea,  
Whose vast expanse portrays eternity.  
As on we march'd Death's vapor-mantled-tide,  
Lay full in view, beyond our vision wide,  
Whose dismal swell broke o'er where we must go,  
Surcharg'd with lamentations and great woe.  
Upon our left the mountains rais'd on high,  
And thrust their peaks far up into the sky.  
The path look'd smooth and shone with mellow light,  
And not a foe was seen to give us fight;  
And as we all the battle field forsook,  
And yet again the narrow pathway took,  
No longer would we tarry in the plain,  
Whose grass and flow'rs display'd their crimson stain.  
Faith grasped his blade—mov'd cautiously away,  
As if some mighty foe in ambush lay,  
And Strength arose and show'd his mighty frame,  
As if a giant whom no pow'r could tame.  
The face of Courage show'd the solid rock,  
Which dared the thunderbolts to scoff and mock;  
The eyes of Watchful like the star-spheres bright,  
Defi'd the onward march of gloomy night.  
These heroes went before us in the way,  
The other generals did their word obey.  
So on we mov'd with quick and steady pace,  
As cheerful smiles enraptured every face.  
The matrons and the damsels loudly sang,  
And with their anthems sweet the region rang;  
The chorus echo'd up the mountain side,  
And floated out upon the mist-clad tide.



But Sin-Original with fetters bound,  
We could not leave upon the battle ground,  
So he in chains along with us must go,  
But made us feel he was a captive foe.  
As on we fearless went we found the way,  
Quite near the chill and gloomy river lay ;—  
The mountain too was not by distance dimn'd,  
Which gorgeous flow'rs and golden sunlight trimm'd.  
As we resolv'd no time should run to waste,  
Along the path we went with utmost haste ;  
But Sin-Original appear'd in pain,  
And in his frenzy writh'd and gnawed his chain.  
And much we were retarded as we march'd,  
As he complain'd that thirst his vitals parched,  
He never wish'd Jehovah's face to see,  
But from His presence would as lightning flee,—  
He would be true and prince Apollyon serve,  
As none allegiance better could deserve ;—  
And he declar'd if once his chains were off,  
He would deride our King and at us scoff ;  
And well he knew his chains would soon be rent,  
And with his freedom he would be content.  
So soon as progrees we began to make,  
A man came near who did suspicion wake,  
Tho' time and toil had chang'd his form and face,  
Yet all were sure he was the traitor base,  
Who, we suppos'd, was slaughtered in the fight,  
When great Apollyon's forces took their flight,  
And we the victor's triumph sang aloud,  
And to our King again devotion vow'd.

He wished to join our ranks and with us go,  
And we should never find he was a foe.  
Then putting on a calm and quiet mien,  
As if he had among the angels been,  
He came into the centre of our host,  
And of allegiance to our King made boast.  
So with a noble pride he trod the way,  
As if in haste each mandate to obey.  
But soon we saw his conduct was perverse,  
Instead of blessing he would prove a curse,  
For Sin-Original he seem'd to love,  
And hover'd round him like a gentle dove,  
And many things would do that were not right,  
For many times he strove with all his might,  
To break his bonds and set the captive free,  
That he Apollyon's face again might see.  
And had not Faith come near with all his staff,  
The bonds would soon have flown as winnow'd chaff.  
From what we saw we all were satisfi'd,  
That he who had his cause with ours alli'd,  
Was of a verity Besetting Sin,  
Who over us did many a triumph win,  
Who, we believ'd, was by our weapons slain,  
And left to bleach upon the battle plain;  
But strange to say he was alive and strong,  
Well pleas'd the pilgrim host to be among,  
And if rebuk'd because of treachery,  
He always seem'd his evil course to see,  
And good behaviour promis'd all the way,  
Until we reach'd the city cloth'd in day.

And as we journey'd on some made complaint,  
Because Besetting Sin had scorned restraint,  
With Sin-Original he still would be,  
And ever sought to give him liberty.  
But if this son should liberate his sire,  
They of their fiendish acts would never tire,  
And in some evil hour will thrust us thro',  
And with our blood they will the ground bedew.  
Then our Directory we sought to know,  
And be instructed of our wily foe,  
And there we saw in language strong and plain,  
That every foeman should at once be slain,—  
With us they could not cross the swelling tide,  
And gain the city on the other side.  
If they should live until we reach the shore,  
They will annoy and vex us evermore.  
A Leader's Council was at once conven'd,  
When all in haste their information glean'd,  
Faith o'er the Council did with tact preside,  
And Strength and Courage stood on either side,  
And all the vet'rans in the awful fight,  
Stood round them in their armor burnish'd bright,  
While all the host the trial came to hear,  
And each his witness bore in accents clear.  
Then our Directory we search'd with care,  
And found in many parts recorded there,  
This sire and son were full of deadly hate,  
And to the host they were a danger great,  
And always aim'd Apollyon to befriend,  
And ever would his hosts assistance lend,

And tho' we conquer'd him on land and tide,  
This sire and son were in his cause allied,  
And they will ever plot against the host,  
And of success they will in triumph boast.  
If we would all march on with greater speed,  
To our Directory we should take heed,  
And execute this fallen sire and son,  
And let a victory complete be won.  
The vote was cast—the Council's work was done,  
They both must die before the setting sun.  
Besetting Sin with fetters then was bound,  
And Sin-Original of hate profound,  
Were plainly told that they must bleed and die,  
Which caus'd them both for very rage to cry.  
Their tears like vernal showers began to fall,  
Despair spread o'er their faces like a pall,  
And oft we heard their deep and heavy sighs,  
Loud as the gales which 'bove the zephyrs rise ;  
Like starving children crying out for bread,  
For life and liberty they wailing plead,  
And by Apollyon's Name they both declar'd,  
That if their precious lives were only spared,  
Until we reach'd the crossing of the tide,  
They would among the host in peace abide,  
And none should ere complain of treachery,  
Or should in either one bad conduct see ;—  
And when they came unto the river's brink,  
Content they would into its billows sink,  
And lie without a stone the spot to mark,  
Conceal'd by surges wild and vapors dark.

With tears and words and actions too they plead,  
To shun the fate that fill'd their souls with dread,  
Till many hearts with tender yearning beat,  
And mildly wish this sire and son to treat.  
But still they were most virulent and vile,  
And ever strove the pilgrims to beguile,  
And would if opportunity allow'd,  
Exert the pow'rs with which they were endow'd,  
That by their hands each pilgrim might be slain,  
And not a soul the Holy City gain.  
As our Directory commandment gave,  
Such dang'rous foes we should not dare to save,  
So every one turned deaf unto their cry,—  
To save their lives no one again would try.  
Faith bade us on their mouth a bandage place ;—  
Then in their chains we took those sinners base,  
And led them off unto the river's side,  
And to a rock with cords securely tied.  
Fast bound they writh'd in dreadful agony,  
A sight so bad 'twould make a demon flee ;—  
Then growing pale and sullen in despair,  
About their fate they little seem'd to care.  
Then round the rock the martial vet'rans drew,  
Each one with willing hands and spirits true,  
And rifles like a forest met the eye,  
And flash'd the sword like meteors in the sky,  
And all were calm and firm as granite rock,  
Whose echo doth the mighty thunder mock.  
The stream of Death sent in its dismal moans,  
The winds pronounc'd their words in gloomy tones,

The clouds look'd blanch'd and from the sky withdrew,  
The strong wing'd birds look'd startled as they flew.  
Faith cri'd aloud and bid us ready stand,  
And rifles all discharge at his command,  
And Courage bid us cast our fears away,  
And Strength wish'd all a noble part to play,  
While Watchful bid us all take steady aim,  
And justify ourselves from fault and blame,  
Along the ranks Faith's mandate soon was heard,  
And every anxious heart it smote and stirr'd.  
Our rifles to our shoulders quickly flew,  
A moment hung with aim precise and true,  
And then aloud they all began to roar,  
Like billows breaking on the rocky shore.  
The leaden hail sang in the startled air,  
The burnish'd swords vied with the lightning glare.  
Before the winds the clouds of smoke were chas'd,  
And in their van the lightnings went with haste.  
Besetting Sin of wounds receiv'd a score,  
From which the crimson tide began to pour,  
His head lay still upon his heaving chest,  
His eyes gave up their glow and sank to rest,  
His muscles twitch'd, his frame vibrated thro',  
Upon his brow appeared the clammy dew,  
His pulse was weak and pallor clad his face,  
And all could death upon his features trace,  
And soon those fiendish eyes in death were set,  
His bloodless heart no more would throb and fret,  
His breast was quiet as a bust of stone,  
And from his lips came neither sigh nor groan.

His frame was like a statue hewn of rock,  
Which cannot realize the battle shock:—  
In fact the vital spark at last had fled,  
And all were glad Besetting Sin was dead.  
But Sin Original tho' wounded sore,  
Rais'd up his head and by Apollyon swore,  
That he would live and all our host defy,  
And harass us till we the ford should try.  
Yet still his blood was flowing warm and free,  
And death we all could in his visage see;—  
His quiv'ring flesh told dissolution near,  
His failing pulse bid us prepare his bier,  
His waning eyes and drooping breast said plain,  
He'd trouble us no more or be our bane.  
Yet he possess'd vast stores of vital pow'r,  
Which greedy death in haste could not devour,  
And many times he did somewhat revive,  
Which made some fear he might remain alive.  
Still from his eyes his evil nature beam'd,  
And frenzy from his countenance yet gleam'd,  
His every look and motion show'd the foe,  
Which ever strove the host to overthrow.  
Lest he should live and further trouble make,  
We all believ'd it wise great care to take.  
Then from its sheath Faith drew his trenchant blade,  
And Prayer came forth and offer'd him his aid,  
And Courage would with gall run o'er his cup,  
And Strength the work would quickly finish up,  
These vet'rans then with sword in hand drew near,  
And unrestrain'd by sympathy or fear,



They thrust into his heart the trenchant steel,  
To end his life—his doom forever seal.  
One awful sigh, one deep and heavy groan—  
One shudder of the frame—one deathlike moan,  
And on his bosom fell his lifeless head,  
And Sin Original we knew was—dead.  
His pulse had fail'd, his heart had ceas'd to beat,  
His blood had soak'd the ground beneath his feet—  
And now these enemies astute and bold,  
Were both before us lying dead and cold,  
And on the field no more would give us fight,  
To make us captives by their guile and might.  
Then round this sire and son the vet'rans came,  
Like huntsmen joyful o'er the slaughter'd game;—  
The bands were loosed and from the rock they roll'd;  
And mighty men upon them each laid hold,  
And bore them off unto the river's side,  
Where swells the dark and ever flowing tide,  
And cast them far away into the deep,  
Where they might have a calm, unbroken sleep,  
Where gloomy mists would serve as mourning weeds,  
And where the spectre on the darkness feeds,  
And startling waves like distant thunders roar,  
And play their requiems upon the shore.

## PART XIV.

## ON HIGHER GROUND.

“ The redeemed shall walk there.”—*Isaiah.*

And yet the spell continued to hold sway,  
And in its calm embrace I gently lay,  
And visions like the morn began to break,  
Which bound me like a martyr to the stake.  
Besetting Sin, renown'd for treachery,  
Was slain and buried in the swelling sea,  
And Sin Original compell'd to yield,  
When we were victors on the gory field,  
Lay in his watery shroud down in the deep,  
Where vapors dark their constant vigil keep.  
We turn'd in haste and left the rocky shore,  
Where maddened surges ever roll and roar,  
Rejoic'd to leave our enemies behind,  
Who had against us on the field combin'd.  
And soon as we the pathway could regain,  
With quickened steps we went along the plain.  
The sun was rolling down the Western steep,  
Across the plain we saw the shadows creep,  
The atmosphere was getting damp and chill,  
Which soon with gloomy mists commenc'd to fill,

That made us think about the higher land,  
Where we a brighter prospect could command,  
And where the atmosphere is warm and bright,  
And vapors do not rise to dim the sight.  
But when to our Directory we turned,  
We all o'erflow'd with rapture as we learned,  
The path we trod would by a higher plain,  
Conduct us all where we might life attain.  
Like antelopes we sped along the way,  
While round us shone the light of waning day :—  
What in the distance seem'd a rugged path,  
Beset with snares and threat'ning us with wrath,  
We found to be delightful to our feet,  
Beset with flow'rs exhaling odors sweet.  
What look'd too steep for mortal man to climb,  
We found a slope bewitching and sublime ;—  
And so the way most joyfully we went,—  
To help us on the flow'rs their odors sent.  
Before our feet the dangers fled away,  
And at our side the rills went on their way.  
Each rising ill departed like the dew,  
Each onward step enhanc'd the op'ning view,  
The places rough were into smoothness turn'd,  
While crooked ways which anxiously concern'd  
The pilgrim host, before us straight became,  
Lest anything should turn aside the lame.  
No rock appeared upon the even ground,  
By angel hands unseen the winds were bound,  
And weariness from every limb took flight,  
And all the host were cloth'd with wondrous might.

Faith gallantly led on the pilgrim band,  
While Strength and Courage march'd on either hand;  
A place commanding Watchful always took,  
That all around he might unhinder'd look,  
And all along the way the voice of Prayer,  
Its inspiration scatter'd everywhere.

The words of Hope and Love like music roll'd,  
The notes of Joyful were with sweetness told.  
And as we thought ascent had just begun,  
We had the mountain's shining summit won,  
And stood in raptures on its wondrous height,  
With all the valley region full in sight.

The atmosphere was like a crystal sea,—  
The sky above from every cloud was free,—  
The mists below the mountain could not climb,  
The stream of Death was flowing on like time,  
And down we look'd upon its clouds of gloom,  
Thro' which the high and restless billows loom.  
The hideous birds that rose up from the tide,  
Their hateful forms did in the darkness hide;—  
Altho' their voice sometimes fell on the ear,  
Yet not a single one would venture near.

Altho' the sun in haste was going down,  
As if he sought in Death's cold tide a crown,  
Yet all the Higher Way was cloth'd in light,  
Which bid defiance to the coming night.  
It sparkled in the gently moving air,  
And on its wings were benedictions rare,  
As gentle warmth spread thro' the atmosphere,  
The chill and damp of night ne'er ventured near.

The force that waned while in the valley way,  
Which we suppos'd would fail at close of day,  
Return'd again with great increase of might,  
So that we hasted on with rapt delight.  
It was a beaten track on which we went,  
And every circumstance a blessing lent,  
To glad our hearts until the course was done,  
And we pass'd o'er the tide at set of sun.  
The ground beneath our feet was like the rock,  
That ne'er vibrated with the earthquake's shock,  
Yet smooth and gentle was it to our feet,  
While fragrant groves stood up our eyes to greet.  
Such flow'rs were here as we ne'er saw before,  
Each one of incense had abundant store,  
And such perfumes as filled the crystal air,  
No human language ever can declare.  
Imagination never can portray,  
Such streams as flow'd beside this Higher Way,  
From fissures in the rock they sparkling ran,  
Prepar'd to satisfy the faint and wan.  
With things like these abounding as we went,  
Which to our aid a mighty impulse sent,  
To move us swiftly on this glorious way,  
Until we reach the closing of the day.  
Again we raised our voice in holy praise,  
And made the mountain vocal with our lays ;  
The crystal air with songs inspiring rang,  
As every one with heart elated sang :—  
We heard the valley way take up the strain,  
And bear it out into the dismal main.

The fragrant trees appear'd to take delight,  
And wav'd their branches in the sunbeams bright;  
The birds full-fledged in snowy plumes appear'd,  
And by the soul-inspiring lays were cheer'd.  
Nor did we halt but sang and travell'd still,  
In imitation of the flowing rill.  
With life renew'd our hearts with gladness beat,  
And urg'd us swiftly on with willing feet,—  
Our spirits like the flowing tide rose high,  
Our gratitude embrac'd the arching sky,  
And joyfulness did more and more abound,  
And sweet content our every spirit crown'd.  
The sun was sinking fast as on we went,  
Across the plain the trees their shadows sent,  
The stream of Death rose clearer to our view,  
Above the gloomy swell the cold winds blew,  
The vapors rose and mantled all the tide,  
Within whose folds the savage prey-birds hide.  
The gloom began to take an angry form,  
And show'd itself preparing for a storm,  
The thunder car roll'd up the mist-clad stream,  
The latent fire began to burn and gleam;—  
Across the valley-land the storm clouds pour'd,  
As from the ear the awful thunders roar'd,  
Against the mount they came in stern array,  
And on its slopes like savage monsters lay.  
The plain complete was wrapt in sable shroud,  
The stream of Death seem'd one huge angry cloud,  
The mutt'ring thunders thro' the valley roar'd,  
As when our hosts with fleet and army warr'd:

Across the tide it roll'd with awful voice,  
And with the vengeful waves it did rejoice.  
Back o'er the plain it madly cours'd along,  
And sang in pealing tones its awful song ;—  
Up o'er the mountains side the echoes roll'd,  
And in emphatic tones its anger told ;—  
Then back again unto the heaving tide,  
There in its gloom its direful face to hide.  
And from their secret place the lightnings came,  
Which cleft the darkness with their blades of flame ;  
Like playful fish which from the waters leap,  
They glaring rose above the cloudy deep,  
Then in the gloom they quickly hid away,  
But soon their lurking-place they did betray.  
Out in the dark, above the swelling tide,  
They found their way and with the thunder vied ;  
Then quick as rays of light again return'd,  
And as they flew the turf and forest burn'd ;—  
The mountain slopes were like a garment torn,  
The mountain rocks were to the valley borne.  
All thro' the gloom the lightning gleam'd and glow'd,  
And o'er the vale the streams of ruin flow'd ;  
The hailstones whistled in the troubled air,  
And shone like crystals in the lightning's glare.  
The garments from the trees were rudely rent,  
And o'er the plain was desolation sent.  
The fire of joy was into rapture fann'd,  
Because we left behind the valley land,  
And stood in triumph on the higher ground,  
Where zephyr's play and limpid streams abound.



And tho' the Sun was getting low, his light  
Shone far above the darkest clouds of night,  
While at our feet the thunder roar'd and crash'd,  
And 'gainst the mountain's side they harmless dash'd.  
The lightnings strove in vain to reach the path,  
Where we rejoic'd and scorned their flaming wrath,  
And not a cloud could gain the wondrous height,  
Or near it sway the sceptre of the night ;—  
And birds that hide in mists and vapors chill,  
Could never soar unto that glorious hill,  
But backward fell and disappear'd to view,  
As in the air is lost the morning dew ;—  
While far beneath we heard the tempest roar,  
Where thunderbolts the turf and woodland tore,  
We tarried not but went with dovelike speed,  
Along the way from rock and bramble freed.  
We breath'd the air perfum'd with incense sweet,  
The clust'ring fruit our eyes rejoiced to greet.  
We took therefrom and hunger fled away,  
As night departs before the conqu'ring day,  
And burning thirst could never venture near,  
Where living springs sent forth their waters clear.  
As nothing could be seen to do us harm,  
We in our souls experienc'd no alarm,  
But talk'd about the storms which we escap'd,  
And angry clouds which vale and river drap'd.  
Then in our souls the springs of joy rose high,  
And gratitude beam'd forth from every eye,  
Each countenance was radiant with delight,  
As prospects new arose like stars of night.

Our very blood with feelings pure was warm'd,  
And wayward thoughts and ways were all reform'd,  
Our mellow'd hearts were to each other bound,  
As if a golden chain had wrapp'd them round.  
Of what each other did none would complain,  
For every evil thing was on the wane,  
And every feeling kind and pure had grown,  
From seeds of grace within our being sown;  
And those with others not well satisfi'd,  
Whose very presence they would oft deride,  
Could on each other look with kindest joy,  
Without the pang that doth the soul annoy.  
Then here and there a song of holy praise,  
Broke from the host in most triumphant lays,  
The crystal air vibrated far and near,  
And drew from many eyes the grateful tear,  
And fervent hallelujah's rose on high,  
And echo'd thro' the calm and sunny sky.  
With such delights we trod the higher way,  
Where golden sunbeams in the fountains play.  
But all the while the sun was getting low,  
And ere we thought the West was all aglow :—  
The gold and purple were superbly blent,  
Thro' which the sinking sun his radiance sent.  
No more we heard the mighty thunder crash,  
No more were startl'd by the lightning's flash,  
The hail had ceas'd to fall—the clouds return'd,  
The dying light thro' all the valley burn'd,  
And from the tide of Death the gloom took flight,  
And all the yawning sea was clothed with light.

The stream of Death flow'd near the mountain's base,  
Along whose strand the waves each other chase;  
Across the flood we cast our ravish'd eyes,  
And saw the goodly land in splendor rise.  
A mist-like vale half hid it from our sight,  
Yet we could see it lay in robes of light;—  
The landscape was attir'd in living green,  
And foliage of bright and dazzling sheen,  
Adorn'd the trees that dotted all the ground,  
And scatter'd sweetest fragrance all around.  
Its atmosphere look'd like a diamond sea,  
And was from threat'ning cloud and vapor free.  
The stream of Death appear'd not very wide,  
And look'd quite shallow on the further side.  
Then farther up the stream our eyes were drawn,  
And steadily we look and travel'd on,  
Until the Holy City rose to sight,  
Whose mansions all were built of solid light,  
And look'd like gold which in a furnace glow'd,  
From which a thousand rills of brightness flow'd.  
High in the air the jasper walls arose,  
And long enough an Empire to enclose,  
And like the sun they shone with peerless light,  
And ne'er were shadow'd by the gloom of night.  
But as we gazed with wonder and surprise,  
From Death's dark stream we saw the vapor rise,  
The shores immortal from our eyes withdrew,  
And far away the shining landscape flew;  
And while we watch'd with rapture and delight  
The Holy City faded from our sight.

We turn'd our eyes unto the setting sun,  
And saw that he his race had nearly run;—  
With flying feet he hasted down the steep,  
And soon would sink into the mighty deep:—  
And as appeared the City to our eye,  
We all were sure the crossing must be nigh.  
The day was all but done—the waning light,  
Spoke plainly to us of the coming night,  
The stream of Death lay just beneath our feet,  
Which made our hearts with strangest feelings beat,  
For no one knew what moment we might go,  
Down to the stream where dark the waters flow,  
And where the waves rose high with awful roar,  
And spent their fury on the rocky shore.  
Each heart was search'd to see if all was right,  
And ready for the darkness of the night;—  
Then who could tell how we would cross the tide,  
And our reception on the other side:—  
How would we feel deep buried in the gloom,  
Or should we fail and meet an awful doom?  
Or would the waves divide as Egypt's sea,  
When great Jehovah set his people free?  
To our Directory we look'd once more,  
And saw the way mark'd out unto the shore;  
It plainly spoke about the gloomy night,  
And unto all held out the hope of light.  
Just as the sun was sinking in the deep,  
We stood upon the summit of a steep,  
That led directly to the river's brink,  
Before whose gloom we felt our spirits shrink.

But still the gold and purple of the West,  
Attir'd the Sun in his sepulchral vest,  
And fitted him for his devout repose,  
Beyond the scene of mortal cares and woes.  
While watching him in passing out of sight,  
A numerous band all rob'd in dazzling light,  
Stood on the summit of the awful steep,  
That led us down unto the surging deep.  
They pointed us unto the setting Sun,  
And said to all the prize would soon be won,  
For they belong'd unto the distant land,  
Whose glorious fields our eyes but dimly scann'd.  
And from the Holy City they were sent,—  
And in its songs their voices all were blent ;—  
To cheer us when we heard the billows roar,  
That we might cross in triumph to that shore,  
On which the Holy City stands in pride  
Whose every gate of pearl is open wide  
That those who crossed the flood may enter in,  
To rest beyond the battle strife and din.  
Each face was radiant as the evening star,  
That smiles upon us from the sky afar,  
Each voice was calm and sweet beyond compare,  
And floated out upon the quiet air.  
Their eyes were mild yet shone like furnace flame,  
Their steps were quick as those who chase the game,  
Like molten silver did their feet appear,  
Their hands were cover'd o'er with dew drops clear,  
Their robes were whiter than the unstain'd snow,  
Which clad them o'er, and to their feet did flow ;—

Their voice they raised in hymns of praise to sing  
Unto Jehovah great, their God and King ;—  
Their splendor lit the region all around,  
And broke the sceptre of the gloom profound ;  
Their benedictions fell upon our head,  
As if the light which distant star-suns shed,  
Our hearts were ravish'd by their gentle smile,  
Their words were innocent of fault and guile,  
They thrill'd our leaders with their words of cheer.  
As they affirm'd the crossing now was near,  
And if aright we went into the tide,  
No one would fail to gain the farther side,  
But back unto the city they must haste,  
So round they turn'd and Death's dark river fac'd,  
And like the lightings flash they cross'd the main,  
To worship Him who by his foes was slain.  
Our feet had just begun to tread the steep,  
That led us to the river dark and deep,  
The shades of night were falling fast around,  
The ev'ning dews were moist'ning all the ground,  
The orb of day one half was out of sight,  
The other half shed forth a pallid light ;—  
The Western gold would soon to darkness turn,  
Well-nigh the Western flame had ceas'd to burn,  
The crimson and the purple hues would go,  
And like a flood dark night would overflow,  
Just then a mighty ship came up the tide,  
Which did within the clouds of darkness hide  
It steam'd unto the place where we must cross  
As if to scatter us as worthless dross

That we the Holy City might not gain,  
And never on its thrones of glory reign.  
The ports were open'd and the guns appeared.  
The cannon's mouth was of the tampion clear'd,  
The lightning flashed, the thunder loudly roar'd ;  
The shot and shell out of cannon pour'd ;  
The mighty shells exploded in the cloud.  
The solid bolts the mountain's basis plow'd,  
But every missile far below us fell  
Tho' each was thrown with all the might of hell.  
It was not long when from the farther shore,  
We saw the light and heard the thunder roar,  
And then a stately form was on the tide,  
Which swiftly came out from the other side,  
She cleft the deep as lightning cleaves the air.  
Her light alarmed the darkness with its glare,  
The cannon like the vengeful lightning flash'd,  
Their roar was like when awful thunders crash'd ;  
Her ensign proudly wav'd above the gloom,  
Like vernal trees array'd in choicest bloom.  
As she drew near the other ship took fright,  
Her guns were silenc'd, and with utmost might  
She steam'd away down thro' the vapors dark,  
Without a missile having struck its mark.  
From this we learn'd the danger all was o'er,  
And we in peace should gain the farther shore,  
And that a guard the crossing would defend,  
Until we all should from the tide ascend,  
Then Joyful smil'd and Watchful spake aloud,  
And Prayer upon his knees adoring bow'd,



And thro' the dark'ning sky a song arose,  
That spake of conquest over all our foes.  
It welcom'd night with all its gloom and cold,  
How glory filled the soul it sweetly told,  
How peace sat throned in every pilgrim's heart,  
And we no more should feel the bitter smart,  
From sorrow's shafts as thro' the soul they smote,  
And caus'd it in a sea of tears to float.  
The tide of Death it coveted to ford,  
And spoke of flight to them that 'gainst us warr'd,  
It magnifi'd the prospect in our view,  
And spoke about the Faithful and the True,  
When of the City of the King it told,  
Its notes of harmony like thunder roll'd,  
The stream of Death—the dark'ning sky did sing,  
As it proclaim'd aloud Jehovah's King.

## PART XV.

## THE CROSSING.

“How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?”—*Jeremiah.*

Again I dream'd. The monarch of the day  
Who sat upon his burning throne and cloth'd  
Himself in robes of lurid flame, and shed  
Abroad throughout the hemisphere of day  
His wond'rous light, and warm'd all nature with  
His magic fire, and every throbbing heart  
Made glad with his seraphic smiles, had sunk  
Into the deep, and only straggling rays  
Told where he found a sepulchre. And all  
Around a painful quiet reigned supreme.  
The gloom by sadness was embrac'd. A spell  
Profound all nature held with grasp of steel.  
A deeper darkness clad the swelling tide,  
And spread itself across the valley land.  
Up o'er the mountain's side it slowly crept,  
And wrapp'd us in its terrifying folds.  
And O how cold the atmosphere became,  
All thro' our frame we trembled fearfully.  
The quaking trees shook off their faded garb,  
And naked stood to deck themselves with robes

Of mist and gloom. And every flow'r grew sick,  
And pallid turn'd, bow'd down its head as if  
In prayer for the return of day. The birds  
Had ceas'd their songs and every one had hid  
Himself beyond our sight. As it had been  
Thro' all the higher way the clouds all lay  
Beneath our feet and not one could unto  
The arching sky ascend to threaten us  
With storm. And as the darkness clad the land  
Below and climb'd up to the sky, the stars  
Came trooping out as if they wonder'd why  
The sun had laid his sceptre by and stepp'd  
Down from his throne, that night might take the crown  
And universal empire have. Tho' one  
By one at first they came to view it was  
Not long until the dome of night was all  
Aglow with orbs that throbb'd and shone as if  
They were the cherubim sent forth to calm  
And cheer us with their presence as we thro'  
The swelling tide must go. And then sometimes  
A meteor started from his place of rest,  
And darted thro' the starlit dome of night,  
As if some bird of plumage bright had broke  
Its cage and sought its freedom in the clear  
And open sky. The zephyr and the gale  
Alike had gone to rest and slumb'ring lay  
Upon the tide which we must cross. No stir  
Or noise was heard except the hideous swell  
That broke upon the rocky strand and sent  
Its echoes over mist-clad vale and mount.

And thus we found ourselves as down the steep  
We all began to move. Tho' every one  
Was satisfi'd the way was safe, and each  
Would gain the other shore, yet every heart  
Had throbbings wild and strange and there were few  
Who shrank not from the black and chilly tide  
And wish'd the other shore were gain'd. Yet words  
Of cheer were heard and shrinking hearts grew brave.  
Faith scann'd the trying steep—look'd out upon  
The swelling flood, and seem'd to see the place  
We thought so soon to gain, then spoke in tones  
So sweet and clear that every one their whole  
Attention gave. “Do'nt fear,” said he, “to trust  
“The King who bids us to his palace come,  
“And at his hand receive a crown and with  
“Him reign. Unto Apollyonville He great  
“Apostle sent, that we might run the race  
“That now is past and with Him ever in  
“The Holy City dwell. We by his aid  
“Climb'd up the rugged steep and Sinland view'd  
“In all its varied scenery. His hands  
“Unseen, directed by the wild morass  
“And sav'd our souls alive. As we pass'd o'er  
“The desert way and serpents thirsted for  
“Our blood, the weapons taken from His full  
“And gen'rous arsenal vast numbers slew,  
“And others put to flight. When desert winds  
“Broke from their anchorage and rais'd high in  
“The air the burning sand—and when the rain  
“Broke from the freighted clouds and by the winds

“ Was fiercely driven thro’ the darken’d sky,  
“ And lightnings, thunder and destructive hail  
“ Their terrors all combin’d, that we might fall  
“ As Jacob’s tribes and never see the land  
“ Of which we promise had, yet He that we  
“ Might shelter have, prepar’d the rock that hid  
“ Us in its cleft. And let us not forget  
“ When in our path the burning mountain lay,  
“ Whose throbbing flanks vibrations sent thro’ all  
“ The land—whose smoke-crown’d head an open mouth  
“ Reveal’d, from which shot out the shafts of flame  
“ That cleft the clouds, attended by a wild  
“ And fiery flood that burn’d its way among  
“ The rocks and like a river ran across  
“ The vale unto the awful stream of Death,  
“ And yet the arching rocks an highway made  
“ For our escape, so that we left the mount  
“ Behind and joyfully went on. And when  
“ The horror of great darkness put us all  
“ Unto severest test, our goings were  
“ Held up until we all came forth unto  
“ The light unharm’d, as Daniel came out of  
“ The savage lion’s den. The camp where Sin’s  
“ Ten thousand pleasures held a carnival  
“ We had to pass, and tho’ a thousand snares  
“ Lay at our feet, and tho’ as many more  
“ Of carnal joys display’d their charms, yet from  
“ These vanities our eyes were turn’d, and in  
“ The snare we did not fall. ’Tis true when first  
“ We strove to gain the Higher Way, we by

" Besetting Sin were led astray and miss'd  
" The prize, and found ourselves with garments torn  
" Upon the plain in agony of mind,  
" And bodies bruis'd and torn. Yet from that fall  
" We all recover'd soon and strove our loss  
" To compensate, by greater faithfulness.  
" Then when Apollyon's fleet came up this tide  
" Which rolls beneath our feet and which we all  
" Must cross, and on its shores ten thousand foes  
" Appear'd and all must fight or flee, we took  
" The field and strove for mastery, when to  
" Our aid Jehovah's forces came and all  
" Our foes were slain or put to flight, while we  
" Took Sin Original together with  
" Besetting Sin his son, and bound them fast  
" With chains unto a rock, that by our hands  
" They might be slain. And when this sire and son  
" Lay buried in the stream of Death, we sought  
" For higher ground as one goes forth in search  
" Of goodly pearls, and soon we clapp'd our hands  
" And sang for joy of heart because our feet  
" Were safely planted on the solid rock  
" Which made our going sure. So all can see,  
" Tho' many trials met us on the way  
" Yet all have been for good and not for ill :—  
" And now our pilgrimage is at an end  
" And down the yawning steep we go into  
" The stream of Death, the palace of the King  
" To gain and in it ever dwell, with Him  
" To reign. " Fear not," I say, " fear not the dark

" And swelling tide, for He who sav'd us on  
 " The field of fight, will save us in this dark  
 " And trying hour, and bring us safe to land.  
 " O trust Jehovah now for in Him hides  
 " Eternal might, and in our weakness it  
 " Is perfected." When Faith his latest word  
 Pronounced, the voice of Courage fell upon  
 Our ear as thus he spoke: " When I began  
 " This pilgrimage I was enjoin'd in words  
 " Pronounc'd with emphasis to persevere  
 " Until I pass'd the golden gate and took  
 " My throne inside the palace of the King  
 " And with him reign. But when the trying hour  
 " Came on and all the force of deadly foes  
 " Was hurl'd against the pilgrim band, my heart  
 " Beat anxiously and from my face the blood  
 " Made haste away. But never would I turn  
 " My back upon the foe, but fac'd the ill  
 " Whate'er it was, and so have overcome,  
 " And now I stand upon the brink of Death's  
 " Dark stream and fear no harm. Altho' the waves  
 " Salute me with their roar I dread them not.  
 " Tho' cold and black the waters are, I have  
 " A peaceful calm pervading all my thoughts,  
 " And hold my inmost soul in ecstasies,  
 " And from the gloom I do not shrink, and when  
 " I battle with the waves, above them I  
 " Shall rise and gain the Port I love where I  
 " Shall never more be tri'd but be with those  
 " Who rest in peace and reign for evermore.



Then Prayer adoringly bow'd low as if  
Before some King of peerless dignity,—  
And while the tears of penitence flow'd down  
His cheeks, he told the sins and follies of  
The way and absolution ask'd, and praise  
Return'd for aid bestow'd and victories  
Achiev'd, and ask'd Jehovah's help to bear  
Us thro' the midnight tide, the golden shore  
To gain. "I cannot glorify myself,"  
Said Strength, "for ought that I have done but pow'r  
"Divine into my soul has been infus'd,  
"Therefore I have endur'd and in the hour  
"When trial came I conquer'd all and here  
"I stand prepar'd to meet the billows dark,  
"Disarm'd of ev'ry fear, and tho' a weight  
"Doth press me down I soon shall shake it off  
"And lightly walk upon the surging tide,  
"And with immortal youth and vigor be  
"Endow'd." And Watchful said, "I in the dust  
"Would hide my face and into nothing sink  
"Because of my infirmity. Yet for  
"The foe I ever was upon the watch,  
"And trust my life has not been spent in vain.  
As soft as gentle zephyrs blow across  
The vale at eventide, spoke Love and told  
Us all how in her heart the altar fires  
Had burn'd, sometimes with brilliant flame and then  
With flick'ring light, but incandescent heat  
Now thro' her being went and purg'd all dross  
Away and made her as the sunlight pure,

And kindle in her being's depth such strong  
Desire to see the King and all his saints  
That she could triumph in this hour and meet  
The waters cold and gloom profound, and go  
With smiling face to get the promised crown  
And worship at the high imperial throne.  
Hope had been tried and many times felt sad  
But as the lark mounts to the sunny sky  
And sings her songs so could she rise and sing,  
Nor failure dread. And now within her soul  
She felt salvation's well spring up and soon  
The tide of Death would lay behind and she  
Be lost in full fruition in the palace of  
The King where more than expectation could  
Portray would be enjoyed and realized,  
And each desire be more than satisfied.  
The face of Joyful shone as brilliant as  
The stars and verified the words she spake,  
Her voice was rich and clear—her being seemed  
With music to vibrate and thus she sang  
Her latest song this side the stream of Death :  
“ O glorify Jehovah's great and awful name  
“ And swell his praise abroad among the bright  
“ And countless stars of night, and let them all  
“ In chorus join and roll the echoes back.  
“ His warm paternal heart has ever toward  
“ Us beat and smiles have radiated from  
“ His countenance upon our souls thro' all  
“ Our pilgrim course and in the trying hour  
“ When tribulation's fiercest storm broke on

“ Our head His unseen hand our shelter was  
“ And we were safe. And when the path was hard  
“ To find His finger pointed out the way and we  
“ In safety went, and here we stand prepared  
“ To cross the tide and to the Holy City go.  
“ O let us all with cherubim bow down  
“ And worship Him who sits upon the throne.  
“ Sing, Sing aloud his wondrous song and let  
“ The volume thro’ the universe, that all  
“ May hear and every heart adore. Take up  
“ Ye angels bright, the wondrous song and let  
“ The thrilling chorus never fail until  
“ The cycles of eternity shall cease to move.  
“ And now across the stormy tide we go  
“ And fear no ill, forgetful of the things  
“ Behind, rejoicing at the thought that we  
“ Too, soon shall tread the palace of the king.  
“ Part, part ye waters cold, ye billows back,  
“ That break in terror on the sounding shore—  
“ Yes, part as Jordan’s tide when Jacob’s tribes  
“ In triumph went to take the promised land,  
“ Hush, hush ye winds and let the waves be still  
“ As when Jehovah’s Son rebuked the stormy sea  
“ Commanding peace, and universal peace  
“ Triumphant reigned.” No more was said  
But every face shone like face of Him  
Who was transfigured on the mount and gave  
Unto his chosen friends a foretaste of  
The brightness of His glory infinite,  
And each appeared impatient to depart

The City's gates to pass its brightest crowns  
To win and wear. We had already gone  
Some distance down the steep and as the gloom  
Intensified beneath our feet the stars  
Far brighter shone above our heads. Each step  
We took made steeper the descent until  
We all began to slide instead of walk,  
And suddenly we found ourselves close by  
The tide upon the shore, where billows wild  
Were breaking all around. Such darkness deep  
There held us in its grasp and o'er us threw  
Its garb we could not go by sight, but as  
We took each others hand led on by Faith,  
We march'd down where the angry billows broke—  
Where light appeared. A mighty rock before  
Us rose whose outlines we could dimly see  
By reason of the light that flicker'd round.  
An open door invited us to enter in.  
Its massive walls rose high on either side—  
Between which walls a narrow way led out  
Into the surging tide. And as we passed along  
A light around us shone as when within  
The prison cell it shone around and cheered  
Christ's ministers, but none discerned the source  
From which it came. But as we passed along  
That gallery we instantly were changed.  
Our bodies worn and frail and seemed a weight  
Too heavy too be borne and caused us down  
The steep so swift to slide, relax'd their hold  
And from us fell and on we quickly went

Etherealized as light and shining like  
A flame. Quick as the lightning's flash, appeared  
A crystal car to give us passage o'er  
The seething flood. It was a vehicle  
Of vast capacity and shone like flame.  
Its walls were strongly built to stand assault  
From billows wild and fierce. Its wheels were bright  
And dazzling to the eye, and look'd as if  
Consolidated fire. Its furniture  
Was such as mortal eye had ne'er beheld  
And mortal heart ne'er dreamed. The seats  
And couches were provided by the Son  
Of great Jehovah, and were sent across  
The flood for our accommodation to  
The other shore. The door was solid pearl  
And wide was thrown to welcome us. As by  
A single thought we entered in and on  
The couches soft and grateful all reclined  
While in our midst were beings brighter and  
More glorious than ourselves, who came across  
The tide to guard us to the City's rest.  
They spoke such words of cheer and comfort to  
Our hearts that gladness took the place of dread  
And anxious care and smiles as sunlight play'd  
On every face and beamed therefrom as rays  
Of light beam from the brightest stars of night.  
Then quick as thought the crystal car began  
To move and bear its passengers unto  
The farther shore. It roll'd upon a bridge  
Of light and cast its glory round and shone

Upon the billows dark so that we saw  
Them in their naked savagery. Ourselves  
Made free from the corruptible and cloth'd  
In white array, were brighter than the stars.  
Each seraph from the other shore, was like  
An orb self-luminous and fill'd the car  
With light ineffable, which thro' its walls  
Transparent shone and chas'd the vapors and  
The darkness far away. Yet fierce and loud  
The cold winds blew and wrathfully the waves  
Went forth, and high they mounted in the air  
And dash'd their spray upon the car where we  
Reclin'd, drawn by a lightning engine thro'  
The deep, which by a mighty angel was  
Controll'd. On, on the lightning engine flew  
And bore the car along with equal speed—  
Whose burning wheels on golden axles flash'd  
Around with a velocity beyond our thought.  
Out on the angry billows black and wild  
We look'd and plainly saw them stand erect  
As walls on either side unable to  
Do harm. With utmost satisfaction we  
Look'd out upon the wild and awful scene  
As we were safely shelter'd in the car  
That flew with thought-like speed across the bridge  
Of light, between the dismal walls that dare  
Not venture near to hinder in our course.  
How soft the couch on which we all reclin'd,  
What calm and sweetness reign'd within that car  
Where angel sat. How softly roll'd those wheels



Of flame upon their glitt'ring track. What joy  
Rose from our beings depth and like a fire  
Spread thro', and with its untold fullness fill'd  
Us all unutterably full. As with  
The swiftness of a thought we flew along  
Scanning the walls erect—the waves that roar'd:  
And toss'd their spray on high, the gloom that lay  
Upon the restless tide, the angry clouds  
That hover'd overhead—as quick as beats  
The heart the shores immortal burst upon  
Our sight, and instantly the City rose  
In grandeur to our eager, ravish'd eyes,  
Whose jasper walls and golden battlements  
Produc'd an ecstasy of joy. Quick as  
The lightning's flash we reach'd the radiant shore,  
And left the crystal car and stood upon  
A sapphire pave, which led away unto  
The City's gate. We for a time stood still  
To see the land upon whose shores our feet  
At last were plac'd. Just then we realized  
Our vision so intensifi'd that we  
Could clearly see the things beyond the range  
Of mortal sight. From imperfection free,  
We felt no weariness. Apollyonville  
We all had left to gain this goodly shore,  
And preserved thro' many ills and woes  
To witness what we here beheld, and now  
Our wish was strong to scan its matchless plains  
And feast our vision on its dazzling shore.  
Far as immortal eyes could see, the land



In beauty lay. The soil was such as words  
Can ne'er describe—so mellow and so full  
Of life, its vegetation was produc'd  
Spontaneously. And O, such beauteous trees  
The landscapes beautified. Each one appear'd  
A living emerald, and bow'd beneath  
Its store of golden fruits, or proudly stood  
In robes of faultless bloom. And then such flow'rs  
As cover'd all the vast and goodly land  
Imagination ne'er portray'd. Each shade  
And hue as well as form exhibited  
Perfection absolute. The odors from the flow'rs  
Rose up and mingled with aromas from  
The trees and fill'd the atmosphere so full  
That Lebanon with it could not compare.  
And everywhere throughout the land were walks  
Laid out enchantingly and garnish'd with  
All kinds of precious stones, so pure that feet  
Immortal could not possibly receive  
A stain. And living brooks whose waters look'd  
Like liquid crystal ran out from the walls  
Of the metropolis of this divine  
Inheritance, and water'd it in all  
Its parts. No ripple could be seen nor yet  
A murmur stirr'd the ear as gently o'er  
The golden sands they flow'd. And many birds  
Of plumage snowy white sipp'd water from  
The brook—drew honey from the flow'r, and sang  
Upon the em'rald trees, their songs of praise  
Then soar'd away and floated in the bright

And fragrant atmosphere. And not a cloud  
Dare venture near—no mist or vapor dimm'd  
The glorious light, and no miasma from  
The foul morasses mingled with the scent  
Of tree and flow'r. The chilling winds remain'd  
Close by the stream of Death, nor could they pass  
Beyond its shores, but calm serene and flush  
Reigned most triumphantly, so full of life  
And peace that every breath appear'd to fill  
Our deathless being more than full. The shore  
Was like a Rainbow drawn between the flood  
Of Death and the immortal land  
Whose every color most enchantingly  
Was blent, so that if one should walk thereon  
He walk'd among prismatic colors which  
In perfect harmony combined—his feet  
Firm on the solid light. Before we mov'd  
We cast one glance beyond the rainbow shore  
And saw the river Death which we had cross'd.  
Night sat as King enthron'd upon its breasts  
Whom none but the Omnipotent could e'er  
Depose. His robes were mists and vapors cold  
And damp. The homage he received was from  
The doleful waves that roar'd and roll'd around  
And broke in thunder on the rocky strand.  
The shining bridge on which the crystal car  
So swiftly and so safely pass'd, far down  
Beneath the cold and angry waves, for the  
Divided waters had together come, so soon  
As we pass'd o'er. With admiration and

Astonishment we look'd upon the dark  
And awful deep profound, which we had left  
Behind, and while we on the sapphire pave  
Remained and view'd that black and seething tide  
The rainbow shore—and all the goodly land  
Our rapture seem'd complete and ere we mov'd,  
We follow'd Joyful in an anthem of  
Delight which they within the City heard.

## PART XVI.

## THE HOLY CITY.

“That great city the holy Jerusalem.”—*John.*

The spell of my dream was upon me once more,  
And all had pass'd over the bright rainbow shore ;—  
The flesh with its weight of corruption was gone,  
And all had the garb of salvation put on.  
High up on the pavement of sapphire we stood,  
From which with our glorifi'd vision we could  
Behold all the land as before us it lay,  
Bedeck'd with the light and the beauty of day.  
Around us were standing the tall em'rald trees,  
With fruits and aroma our senses to please,  
Each flow'r was a mirror reflecting the light,  
Whose petals were throbbing like star-spheres of night.  
The walk and the stream emulated the West,  
When Sol in his purple and gold sinks to rest.  
As life and salvation flow'd in at each breath,  
No more did we look toward the river of Death.  
Our vision expanded as moments sped by,  
And knowledge extended her hands to the sky,  
Ambition was panting to be satisfied,  
With glory that cover'd the land as tide.

The guards who came o'er the dark stream in the car,  
Whose faces were brighter than night's brightest star,  
Stood near us and watch'd as we view'd all the land,  
High up on the pavement resplendent and grand.  
Then out from the gate of the City there came,  
A convoy of angels resplendent as flame ;—  
As flashes of lightning their countenance glow'd,  
And down to the pavement their bright garments flow'd.  
Along the smooth pavement of sapphire they sped,  
While Michael the Prince was the captain that led ;  
Before us they stood in their splendid array,  
Their brightness outvieing the monarch of day.  
Their feet were like gold of the seventh refine,  
Their girdles of topaz did sparkle and shine ;—  
They gave us such welcome as angels can give,  
And told of the mansions in which we must live ;—  
They came they inform'd us direct from the king,  
That they to the pilgrims His greetings might bring.  
Then Michael the Prince in the van took his place,  
Whose movements were peerless for beauty and grace ;  
And others renown'd for their wisdom and might,  
Stood round him in garment resplendent and bright ;  
And seraphim took up their place in the rear,  
And all to the pilgrims stood lovingly near ;—  
While angels according to order and rank,  
In phalanx for marching arrang'd on each flank.  
We stood in the midst of these beings of flame,  
While awe and devotion our spirit o'ercame.  
As noiseless as light all the angel throng mov'd,  
A guard to do honor each one of them prov'd.

As Michael commanded our motions were slow,  
While we toward the City continued to go.  
And as he informed us our voice we should raise,  
And sing to Jehovah an anthem of praise,  
So Joyful began and the rest gave their aid,  
And anthems were sung as the archangel bade.  
The City which we in the distance had seen,  
Refulgent with light of ineffable sheen,  
Triumphantly rose to our glorified eyes,  
And lifted its battlements up to the skies.  
Adoring we ventured our way to pursue,  
Until the bright portals unfolded to view,  
Then each remain'd silent and stood in amaze,  
And tarried awhile on the City to gaze.  
Its wall was of jasper and shone as the sun,  
And seemed the full length of the country to run,  
And up in the azure were bright comets roam,  
Arose in its grandeur, its light mantle dome.  
Its gates were of pearl and wide open they stood,  
And welcom'd us all to its glory and good;  
The towers thereof were a charm to the eye,  
As they without number rose up to the sky,  
Emboss'd and embellished with wonderful skill,  
By Him who performeth His own sovereign will.  
The walls and the towers on foundations did stand,  
For beauty and strength were exceedingly grand;—  
The foundations lay on the adamant rock,  
That never convuls'd with the earthquake's dread shock,  
Their number was twelve—on each other they lay,  
Tho' diff'rent in color yet shining like day,

And garnish'd with jewels both precious and rare,  
Surpassing in splendor the fierce lightning glare.  
Amazement our feelings o'ercame and subdued,  
And great admiration our spirits imbued,  
While waiting the City divine to behold,  
Whose brightness outrivall'd the finest of gold.  
The battlements far in the azure remov'd,  
Enchanting resorts for the glorified prov'd,  
Who down on us look'd with their charm-mantled face,  
And captur'd our hearts with their beauty and grace.  
Then toward us they reach'd out their scintillant hands,  
As if to invite us to join their bright bands.  
Not long we remain'd the high walls to behold,  
But mov'd slowly on where the mansions of gold  
Present'd attractions to ravish the eye,  
Where saints with each other adoringly vie,  
In worship and anthems that echo around,  
And fill all the City with rapture profound.  
As nearer the gate of the City we came,  
The glory broke forth with the splendor of flame,  
Which made us appear to be walking in fire,  
Disarm'd and unrob'd of its burning attire.  
We soon reach the gate that was thrown open wide.  
From which glory flow'd as a swift-running tide,  
And angels appear'd in their garments of white,  
And formed into ranks at the portals of light,  
And Oh such a welcome as sounded aloud,  
As low at the gate of the City we bow'd.  
Then Michael led on while the bright cherubim,  
Jehovah extoll'd with a soul-thrilling hymn.



We heard the loud voices of uncounted throngs,  
Who fill'd the whole City with anthems and songs ;—  
Then quick as a dream in the deep of the night,  
We all stood inside of the City of light.  
And oh, such a world as this City appear'd,  
Such sights and such sounds as our spirits then cheer'd ;  
What stores of salvation therein were display'd,  
What fields of perfection our vision survey'd ;—  
Amazed we all stood in deep silence to view,  
The scenes which attention invincibly drew.  
We saw in the midst of this City of light,  
A throne lifted high and ineffably bright,  
On which sat Jehovah in garments of flame,  
Which down to the base of the sapphire throne came,  
Then Michael in front of the host went alone,  
And led us all up to the front of the throne.  
With vision immortal the sight we endured,  
And Michael each pilgrim most kindly assured,  
A blessing would come from Jehovah to all,  
When down at his feet we adoring should fall.  
So each bow'd his head and his homage he paid  
To Him on the throne with salvation arrayed :—  
Then worshipping low we beheld the bright face,  
On which we paternal affection could trace ;—  
His dignity such as no words can declare—  
His majesty cannot be known by compare :—  
Contrast with his face and the bright sun is pale,  
And thousands of lightnings in splendor would fail :—  
His eyes were unrivall'd by star-suns of night,  
And nothing whatever escap'd from his sight.

The snow that comes down from the mint in the sky,  
Could never pretend with his white locks to vie:—  
The warp of his garments were rays from the sun,  
The woof without hands from his glory was spun,—  
The fabric was such as Jehovah became,  
And made him appear as if rob'd in pure flame.  
His feet were like gold of the seventh refine,  
And brighter than suns they did glitter and shine,  
His hands were as lightnings portending no harm,—  
No missiles they grasp'd to o'erawe and alarm.  
A girdle prepar'd of the finest of gold,  
Surrounded his being sublime to behold,  
And crowns bright and starry reposed on His brow,  
Their grandeur and glory distinctly told how  
That jewels most precious—of numberless kind,  
Their beauty of color and splendor combin'd,  
To give a perfection becoming the King,  
To whom every creature his homage should bring.  
The throne was majestic and ravish'd our eyes,  
Its magnitude great and built up to the skies;—  
Its splendor outrivall'd the hot glowing flame,  
And out of it glory unspeakable came.  
Upon a foundation that never can move,  
It stood all the cycles eternal to prove.  
And vast colonnades of a sculpture divine,  
And jewels most gorgeous their glories combine;  
So beauty and brightness each other embraced,  
And thus with their splendor the high throne they graced.  
From under the base of this imperial throne,  
A life-giving tide with a deepness unknown,

Flow'd out without murmur or ripple or stain,  
And straight as an arrow it went thro' the plain.  
Its banks were bestudded with jewels and gold,  
Which mingled their beauties in grandeur untold.  
Approaching the place whence the still waters flow,  
We saw round the throne a magnificent bow,  
As when the bright sun on the rain-cloud doth shine,  
And gives us the seal of the cov'nant divine.  
Jehovah the Father upon us then smil'd,  
Jehovah the Son who had man reconcile'd,  
Jehovah the Spirit whose aid we obtain'd,  
The Three and the One who forever had reign'd,  
Upon His high throne as the Monarch of all,  
Who worshiping stand and adoringly fall,  
And pay him such homage and worship and praise,  
As ought to be paid to the Ancient of days.  
He gave benedictions to all in the band,  
And welcom'd us all to this City so grand,  
Jehovah the Son from the throne then stoop'd down,  
And took in His hand an ineffable crown,  
And gently He plac'd one upon every brow,  
And thus He fulfill'd His sure promise and vow.  
While shouts thro' the City did echo and ring,  
He loudly proclaim'd that each one was a King,  
Because we receiv'd an endowment of might,  
And on the hard field had o'ercome in the fight.  
He also to each gave an evergreen palm,  
Endow'd with the fragrance of spices and balm,  
Then armies of angels came near the high throne,  
That they to Jehovah allegiance might own.

And pilgrims who enter'd the City before,  
Along the broad streets in vast multitudes pour,  
Until the high throne is encircled around,  
By those who with glory and triumph were crown'd.  
As if with one voice they in harmony sang,  
And thro' the whole City the loud praises rang,  
And down on the pavement of sapphire we fell,  
As if we were forc'd by some all conquering spell,  
When worship was over we all did arise,  
And gazed on Jehovah with glorifi'd eyes,  
His smile like a flood of salvation came down,  
Which added great splendor to garment and crown,  
And gave us a rapture surpassingly grand,  
That spread like a flame thro' the glorifi'd band.  
Then Michael came near us with smiles on his face,  
To lead us away to examine the place.

It needed no effort to bear us away,  
For thought was the motor that all must obey;—

The City was built on a beautiful square,  
Whose measure was taken with consummate care,  
The streets of the City were paved with pure gold.  
Presenting a glory of brightness untold,  
And straight to perfection they led to the wall,  
Where gates of salvation were open to all,  
Who come to the City to reign with the king,  
And with the bright angels his praises to sing.  
Some streets at right angles to other streets run,  
To show that the height of perfection is won,—  
Thus making each part of the City a square,  
That all the perfection of beauty might wear.

From throne unto wall doth the living tide flow,  
Where flow'rs never fading spontaneously grow ;—  
The banks of the river are studded with trees,  
With fol'age immortal the vision to please ;—  
The season was vernal thro' cycles untold,  
The fruitage was ripe and in cluster of gold,  
Invitingly hung on the low bending spray,  
And on them ne'er rested the hand of decay.  
And those who are crown'd in this City of light,  
Are charm'd and allur'd by the beautiful sight,  
And thither they come and partake as they will,  
And thus to their comfort their beings they fill.  
The mansions that stood on each side of the street,  
Wherever we wander'd our vision would greet ;—  
They rose to our sight both majestic and high,  
And rivall'd in number the stars in the sky.  
'They were without hands built of finest of gold,  
Thro' ages eternal they never grow old :—  
No crystal was ever transparent as they,  
Or glow'd in the light of the high noon of day :—  
And high 'bove our heads they most gloriously rose,  
But no imperfection could any disclose.  
No glory was wanting in structure or street,  
Or river or trees or whate'er we might meet,  
For all with perfection entire was endow'd,  
And glory hung over them all as a cloud.  
The streets of the City were border'd with flow'rs,  
The walks were bestudded with luminous bow'rs,  
Where glory and blessing immortal recline,  
And everything wears a perfection divine.

Then near the white throne was a stairway of light,  
With beauties resplendent ascent to invite,  
And tho' it was lengthy it could not us tire,  
For thought lent its aid to vehement desire.  
As flame spreads its wings and mounts up to the sky,  
So quickly we mounted the stairway so high:—  
Altho' we had left a whole City behind,  
Another we found of identical kind;  
For here we beheld the ineffable throne,  
And Him we adored as Jehovah alone,  
The bright jasper walls in the distance we saw,—  
The high gates of pearl which inspir'd us with awe,—  
The streets were as those which beneath us far lay,  
And sparkled like dew in the light of the day.  
Tho' various the mansions yet all were of gold,  
And shone as the stars which at night we behold,  
And walks were made charming by fair em'rald bow'rs,  
Which grandly contrasted with roseate flow'rs.  
Then stair after stair in their glory and light,  
We left far behind us in taking our flight,  
Yet stair after stairway we saw 'bove us stand,  
Up which we ascended as thought gave command,  
Each stairway presented a City complete,  
With mansion and bulwark and jewel-pav'd street.  
As up the last stairway of light we did go,  
And left all the plains of the City below.  
The bright azure sky was spread over the place,  
And suns on us smil'd with their bright golden face,  
And comets went trailing thro' regions remote,  
Where moons in full orb in the ether sea float.



And yet this great City dispens'd with their light,  
Jehovah the Triune had scatter'd the night,  
And flooded the City with glory divine,  
Which everywhere did with equality shine.—  
Then off to the battlements quickly we went,  
And over its Jasper adornings we bent;—  
We seem'd in our height as if plac'd in a star,  
That lay in the deep of the heaven afar,  
From which we look'd down on the fair rainbow shore,  
And all the vast country to scan and explore.  
The river of Death to our eyes seem'd a chain,  
That stretch'd far away until lost in the main,  
We watch'd the vast prospect with growing surprise,  
Then up the high tow'rs as a flame did we rise,  
To scan the great City and learn its extent,  
As from the high station the view would present.  
With great admiration the place we survey'd,—  
With beauty and light and perfection array'd,—  
Then quick yet as gentle as falls the sun's ray,  
We went to the throne our devotion to pay.  
Adoring we bow'd and triumphantly sang,  
The courts of the City with loud anthems rang,  
And over the river the sweet music roll'd,  
And all thro' the City our rapture was told.  
Then Michael address'd us in accents so sweet,  
In words so emphatic I must them repeat;—  
“This City,” he said, “is beyond our compare,  
“’Twas built by Jehovah an absolute square,—  
“Its length and its breadth and its height are the same,  
“And looks to the view as the bright solar flame.



“ When measur’d by furlongs twelve thousand we find,  
“ And all its proportions are perfect in kind,  
“ And worthy of Him who upon the white throne,  
“ Is sceptred and crown’d as Jehovah alone.”

And as in this City we ever should be,  
The face of Jehovah forever to see,  
He from us would go and beside the throne stand,  
Prepar’d to fulfill great Jehovah’s command.  
Before the high throne he adoringly bow’d,  
And “ holy, thrice holy,” he shouted aloud,  
“ Let all in the City Jehovah adore,  
“ His praise in loud anthems proclaim evermore.”  
Then we to the mansions of glory made haste,  
And enter’d their portals with purity graced;  
We mingled with those who in ages of yore,  
The weight of infirmities patiently bore,—  
But started as pilgrims this City to gain,  
And now in its palaces glorifi’d reign.  
We talk’d of the age when the first of our race,  
Resplendent appear’d in their innocent grace,  
How wicked Apollyon rebellion produced,  
And man from the throne of Jehovah was loos’d,  
And all were subdu’d and brought under his sway,  
And each was content his commands to obey.  
But some in all ages his sceptre forsook,  
And unto the City their pilgrimage took,  
And cross’d o’er the tide and have enter’d this place,  
To dwell in the light of Jehovah’s bright bright face.  
Now myriads on myriads the mansions possess,  
Who shine as the sun in their luminous dress,

And multitudes greater are now on the way,  
And soon at the throne their devotion will pay.  
The ages to come will the numbers increase,  
Until the rebellion forever shall cease,  
And all in this City shall reign evermore,  
And at the high throne of Jehovah adore.  
With Prophets and Patriarchs freely we talk'd,  
As we thro' the midst of that great City walk'd;—  
Each moment new faces appeared to our view,  
To others we bid but a transient adieu,—  
We drank from the river that flow'd from the throne,  
And breath'd the aroma from flora full blown,  
We pluck'd the rich fruitage from tall em'rald trees,  
Which flung out their odors our senses to please.  
The calm of contentment created surprise,  
And spread thro' our being as light thro' the skies;—  
As far as the moon is outshone by the sun,  
So far were our notions of glory outdone.  
Whatever we saw with perfection was crown'd,  
And harmony absolute freighted each sound,  
While every desire overflow'd with delight,  
And pleasures shone out like the stars of the night.  
No mist shall ere rise and our vision obscure,  
The heat of the sun we shall never endure,—  
No frost will come near us to smite us with pain,  
Or strive o'er the flora supernal to reign.  
The deep crystal river that flows thro' the place,  
Whose source is conceal'd 'neath the throne's shining base,  
Shall ne'er be disturb'd by the storm or the gale,  
For ne'er will they rise and this City assail.

The leaves of the trees from their age will not die,  
And fall to the root to lay sapless and dry ;  
No rainclouds appear to discharge their content,  
The ether is not by the sharp lightning rent ;—  
No ear by the thunder is ever dismay'd,  
Against us the hailstones will ne'er be array'd ;—  
The autumn and winter ne'er venture around,  
And ne'er in the City their triumph shall sound ;  
The light of the City shall never know wane,  
And night with his sceptre can never here reign.  
Jehovah triune is the glory and light,  
And all the great City is radiant and bright ;—  
Disease shall not come and with weapons assail,  
And wear us away till our energies fail,  
No limbs shall be broken, no ulcers shall smart,  
No pain like an arrow shall enter the heart,  
No fever shall lay its hot hand on our brow,  
The foul loathsome plague will its furrow ne'er plow.  
In gastly array shall no famine appear,  
The cry of the thirsty we never shall hear,  
With earthquake the City shall never vibrate,  
Nor flaming volcanoes destruction create.  
The deadly miasma will never arise,  
And look thro' the City with covetous eyes ;—  
The horror of darkness we never shall fear,  
The roar of the lion no more shall we hear,  
The scream of the vulture that teareth the prey,  
Will never be heard thro' the unending day.  
The mountain so steep with its summit so cold,  
Will ne'er stand before us with terrors untold,

The miry morass where the erring were lost,  
The swift, boiling river which all of us crossed,  
Will ne'er cast reflection inside of the gate,  
That trouble and anguish they might there create,  
The wide burning desert were serpents bore sway,  
And strangers oft faint 'neath the hot solar ray,  
Where fierce lightnings flashed and the harsh thunders roll,  
And missiles of torture strike deep in the soul;  
Where black clouds arise and present their huge form,  
And sweep the hot desert with terrible storm,  
Our eyes shall not see nor our hearts melt with fears,  
Nor give an oblation of wailing and tears,  
The Pleasures of sin which a carnīval held,  
Where many a soul had his requiem knell'd,  
Where snaring pavilions stood tempting around,—  
And sensual enjoyments were cov'ring the ground,  
Will never be seen in this City of light,  
Nor cast a dark shadow our spirits to blight.  
As far as the night stands remov'd from the day,  
So far stands the quaking volcano away.  
The turbulent laver that rose as a tide,  
And madly rush'd down o'er the mounts heaving side,  
Can never dismay us with thunder or flame,  
Or venture against us its weapons to aim.  
As long as this City eternal shall stand,  
The house of the bless'd in the midst of this land,  
Apollyon's vast armies will ne'er pass the gate,  
And war and rebellion he'll never create.  
The roar of their cannon we never shall hear,  
Their sharp gleaming blades never more shall we fear,

The fleets that came up on the mistmantled tide,  
Drew near and against us their cannon they plied,  
Their shot and their shell in this place shall not fall.  
To mangle the saints and the angels appal.  
Among the bright mansions no evil haunt stands.  
No Sign to allure us, attention commands,—  
The riot parade thro' the jewel-pav'd street,  
The eye of the multitude never shall greet.  
No work shall be done that shall cause us to tire,  
No mansions consum'd by the fierce burning fire.  
Destruction comes not from whirlwind or flood,  
And murder ne'er staineth the City with blood.  
No robber is seen bearing treasure away,  
The burglar hides not from the light of the day.  
And rebels in bands for dominion ne'er strive,  
Nor master the slave thro' the City will drive.  
The kings who have reign'd by the torch and the sword,  
Will never be able the river to ford,  
And those who have striven each other to rend,  
Can never the bright sapphire pavement ascend.  
No idols of gold in this City appear,  
And never a spirit their vengeance will fear;—  
The pale face of envy none ever shall see,  
And malice so deadly here never can be.  
Revenge with his weapons went down in the tide,  
And hate with the sinless could never abide.  
No tear dims the eye and no sigh moves the breast,  
Attention, deep sorrow will never arrest;—  
No fire of fierce anger lies hid in the heart,  
Which may like the spark from the smitten flint start.

Illwill was o'ercome in the terrible fight,  
And evil desire will ne'er venture in sight,—  
No lust with lewd visage will walk thro' the street,—  
With drunkards and gamblers we never shall meet,  
And none will ere dress in the garb of despair,  
Nor yet will be aw'd by insanity's glare,—  
And gloom shall not shadow the saint's beaming face,  
The outlines of care the most skillful ne'er trace,  
No heart feels the touch of depravity's hand,  
And pride never speaketh the word of command,—  
The seed of impatience was never here sown,  
The damsels of vanity ne'er shall be known,  
Oppression and bondage are terms never heard,  
And cruelty! no one shall utter the word;—  
The garments of bigotry ne'er shall be worn,  
No garland of fashion the saints shall adorn,  
And doubts shall not stand as if ready for war,  
Alarms ne'er shall break like the waves on the shore,  
Then blessings abound as the fullness of light,  
Each one like the stars in the azure is bright,  
Sweet peace like a morning when nature is still,  
With calmness the City forever will fill,  
And love like the heat of the great orb of day,  
Which over the face of creation bears sway,  
Surroundeth the throne of Jehovah the great,  
And from his bright visage the beams radiate.  
And in his pure creatures it burns like a flame,  
And stamps on their foreheads its wonderful name.  
The saints by its bonds to each other are bound,  
Its rays as an halo their being surround,



It glows in their face like the bright rosy morn,  
The rarest of jewels that ever was worn.  
No feeling ariseth where love is supreme,  
But such as is tender and pure in extreme ;—  
No thought can be form'd but is stamp'd with its seal,  
The mint whence it came it will surely reveal,  
Each word that is said with affection doth glow,  
Each look tells the fountain from which it doth flow.  
Yes, love is the spring that controls every tongue ;—  
That temper'd each anthem the saints ever sung,—  
It moveth the hand and directeth the feet,  
And causeth the heart with its rapture to beat,  
It mantles the visage with glory and smiles,  
And captures attention with innocent wiles.  
And up thro' the soul rise the pure springs of joy.  
Which flow thro' the being without an alloy,  
As long as the cycles eternal prevail,  
Those full flowing rivulets never can fail ;  
Each face is serene with a gentleness sweet,  
And meekness holds sway with dominion complete.  
Truth shines in full splendor like noon-day's bright sun.  
Thro' ages unending its cycles will run,  
Delight as a jewel each crown doth adorn,  
Which they in the City so proudly have worn ;  
And all thro' the future its glory will shine,  
Whose radiance with truth and with love will combine.  
Longsuffering and patience are both satisfi'd ;  
Their virtues and graces no more shall be tried,  
Then worship and song sweet employment shall give,  
For such is the life that the glorifi'd live.



The multitude countless as stars of the night,  
All splendidly rob'd in their garments of white,  
Stand round the high throne and adoring they fall,  
Jehovah then crown as supreme over all.  
Jehovah the Father we praise for His love,  
Who sent His own Son from the bright throne above.  
To break from our being the chains of our foe,  
That we from his bondage in freedom might go,  
And enter this City its king to adore,  
And with him in triumph to reign evermore.  
Jehovah the Son the immaculate Lamb,  
Who made Himself known as Jehovah, I AM,  
Who came to Appollonville seeking the lost,  
Determin'd to save us tho' blood it might cost;—  
We sing how He yielded to be crucifi'd  
And sank in the darkness of Death's swelling tide.  
The waters gave way and the billows were cleft,  
The dark swelling river behind Him was left;  
He show'd His great pow'r over demons and men,  
And back to His throne and His Father again,  
In triumph return'd having sinners redeem'd,  
While glory and majesty from His face beam'd.  
A fountain He opened and fill'd it with blood,  
And in it we wash'd and were cleansed by the flood,  
And now in the light of His face we shall live,  
And homage eternal we to Him shall give,  
Jehovah the Spirit the last of the Three,  
Yet equal in glory His attributes be,  
Who came to our aid and our natures made new,  
And help'd us to bid prince Apollyon adieu;

The Spirit divine we shall praise evermore,  
Together with Father and Son we'll adore,  
Whose presence was with us to comfort and bless,  
And sav'd in the time of our deepest distress,  
And gave us a title and right to this place,  
With unclouded vision to gaze on His face.  
Jehovah the Triune exalted on high,  
With anthems eternal we all magnify,—  
And praise like an halo His throne shall surround,  
And like His bright glory shall ever abound.  
As long as the walls of this City endure,  
As long as the throne of Jehovah stands sure,  
As long as the cycles eternal shall go,  
The anguish of parting we never shall know.  
No cold tide of Death thro' the City shall roll,  
Whose billows shall rise and o'erwhelm the soul,  
And bear it away never more to return,—  
The desolate leave in their anguish to burn,  
And go thro' the streets like the mourners of yore,  
While tears from their eyes like the rain-drops shall pour.  
Forever deliver'd from parting's sharp sword,  
The blessings of meeting unite as a cord.  
And hold us in one thro' the ages unknown,  
And bind with its gravity firm to the throne.  
The portals of knowledge are open to all,  
With voice sweet as music inviting they call,  
To study the myst'ry that Deity shrouds,  
Exploring the river where luminous clouds,  
Are like the shekinah that plainly reveal'd,  
The place where Jehovah his face had conceal'd.

The annals that tell how the universe came,  
With uncounted orbs of ineffable flame,  
Are for us to search and their treasures possess,  
Which openeth their casket of jewels to bless.  
Some seek information how bright angels fell,  
And fled from this City in torment to dwell.  
The wonderful scheme which Jehovah did plan,  
Which had for its object the rescue of man,  
Are subjects of thought for the glorifi'd mind,  
And seekers rejoice in the treasures they find.  
The manner in which the great Spirit Divine,  
Makes light in our heart from His countenance shine,  
And washes our spirit as white as the snow,  
And saves it forever from sorrow and woe,  
Will furnish reflection for ages unknown,  
Whose cycles in turn will revolve round the throne.  
The problem of life which the wise have revolv'd,  
Is there to the ignorant easily solv'd;—  
The problem of memory, conscience and will,  
Shall many a page of discovery fill.  
How body and spirit united could be,  
Each one in the City most plainly will see:—  
How spirit can live when the body shall die,—  
How spirit can see when the flesh is laid by;—  
How hearing and taste to perfection shall rise,  
When by the cold river the mortal flesh lies,  
Will furnish reflection to saints glorifi'd,  
The knowledge of which as the light will abide.  
The treasures of love which thro' ages have grown,  
Are stor'd in the archives that stand near the throne,

Invite all the saints as to a great feast,  
That all may partake, both the greatest and least.  
Acquaintance is made with the martyrs of old,  
Who went to the slaughter contented and bold,  
The chain and the stake and the strong iron bar;  
Threw open the door of the bright crystal car,  
Which bore them safe over the dark swelling tide,  
That they with Jehovah might ever abide,  
And gain the reward which the City ensures,  
To him who the prison and furnace endures.  
Then Prophets and Judges from trials severe,  
Have cross'd o'er the river and now they appear,  
Before the high throne in their garments of white,  
And go thro' the City as angels of light;  
And these tell the story of ages remote,  
Of which the historian but sparingly wrote.  
Then all when they will to the battlements go,  
And view the bright orbs which around them do glow,  
By thought and desire they are borne far away,  
That each for himself may the star-worlds survey,  
And quick as the wish can take form in the mind,  
So quickly the City they leave far behind,  
And thro' the vast regions of ether they fly,  
To study the systems that fill up the sky.  
For worlds without number in infinite space,  
Abound and revolve in their own proper place.  
From orb unto orb as the lightning they go,  
Till system on system they visit and know.  
Each one has new features and laws to reveal,  
Which quicken the spirit, fervor and zeal,

And life in new forms in these systems abound,  
And creatures peculiar to each world are found.  
The ages eternal will not be too long,  
For glorifi'd beings to travel among,  
And study the worlds of the vast universe,  
Whose greatness no angel can ever rehearse.  
When mov'd by the wish they as quick as the light,  
Will back to the City Imperial take flight,  
To worship Jehovah the Sovereign of All,  
With deepest prostration adoringly fall,  
Before the high throne of the Great Triune King,  
With anthem and chorus His glory to sing.

THE END.











